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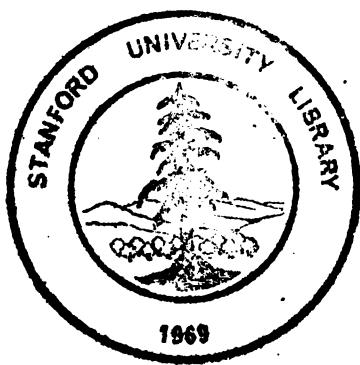
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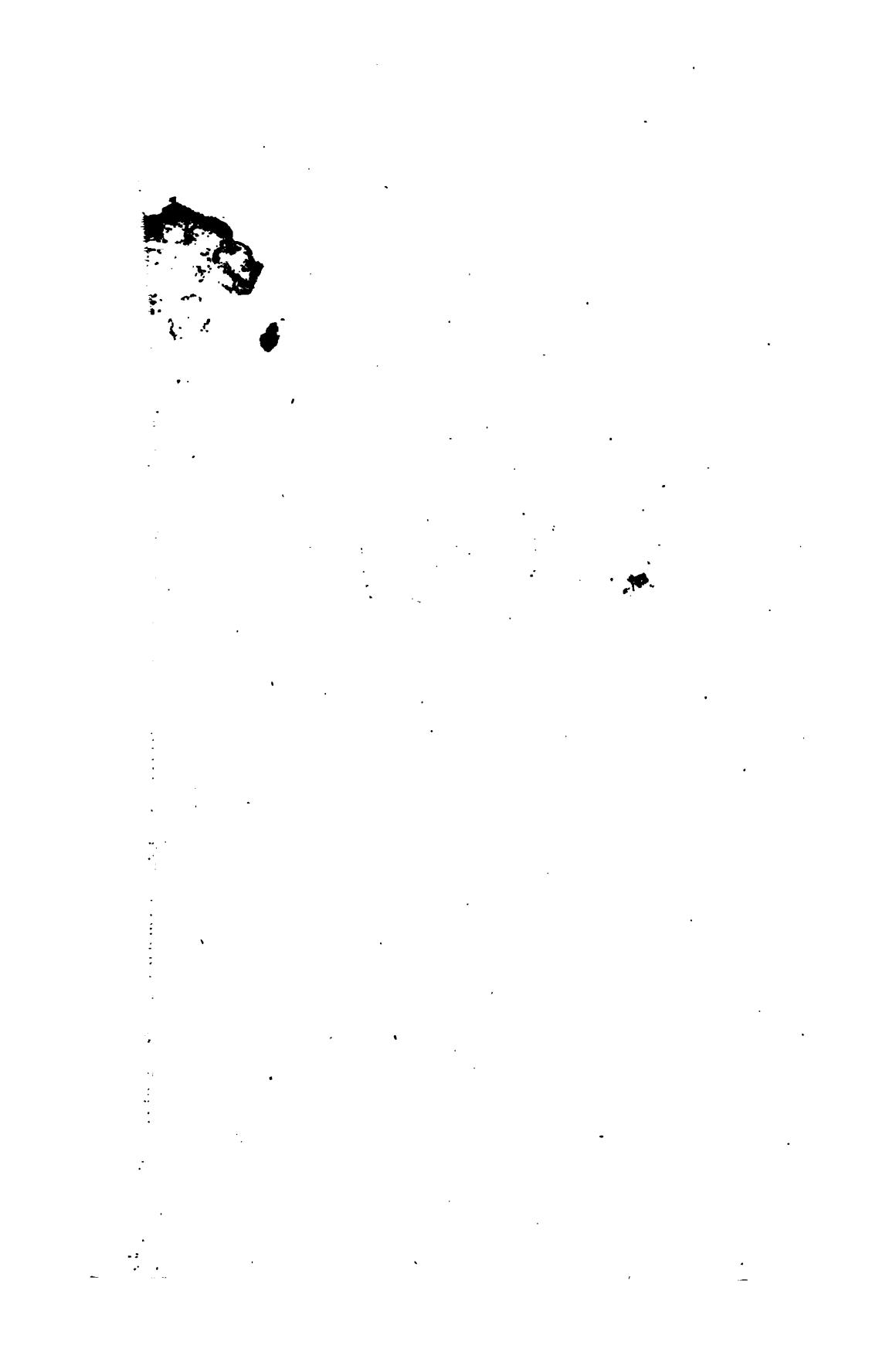
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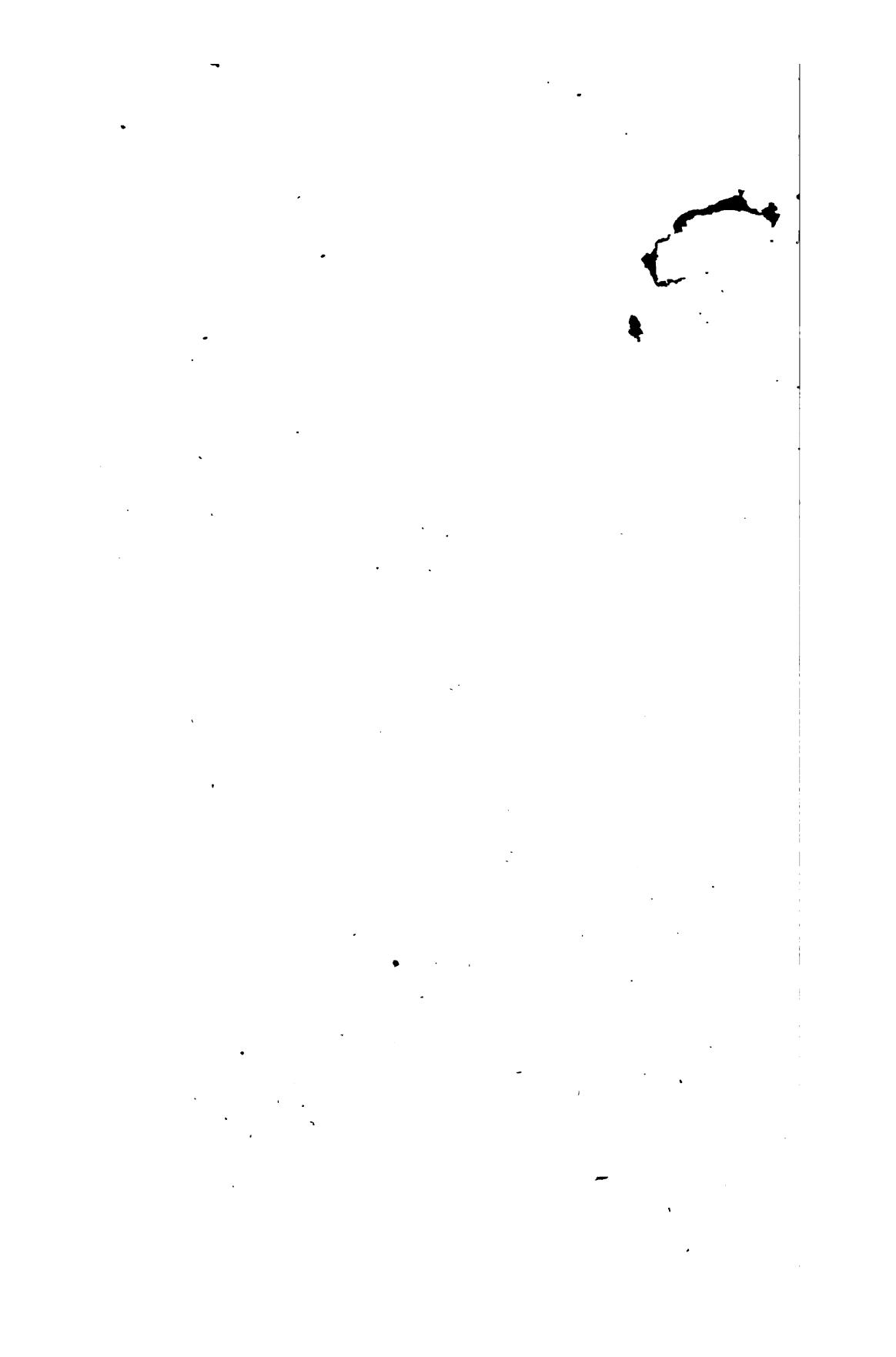
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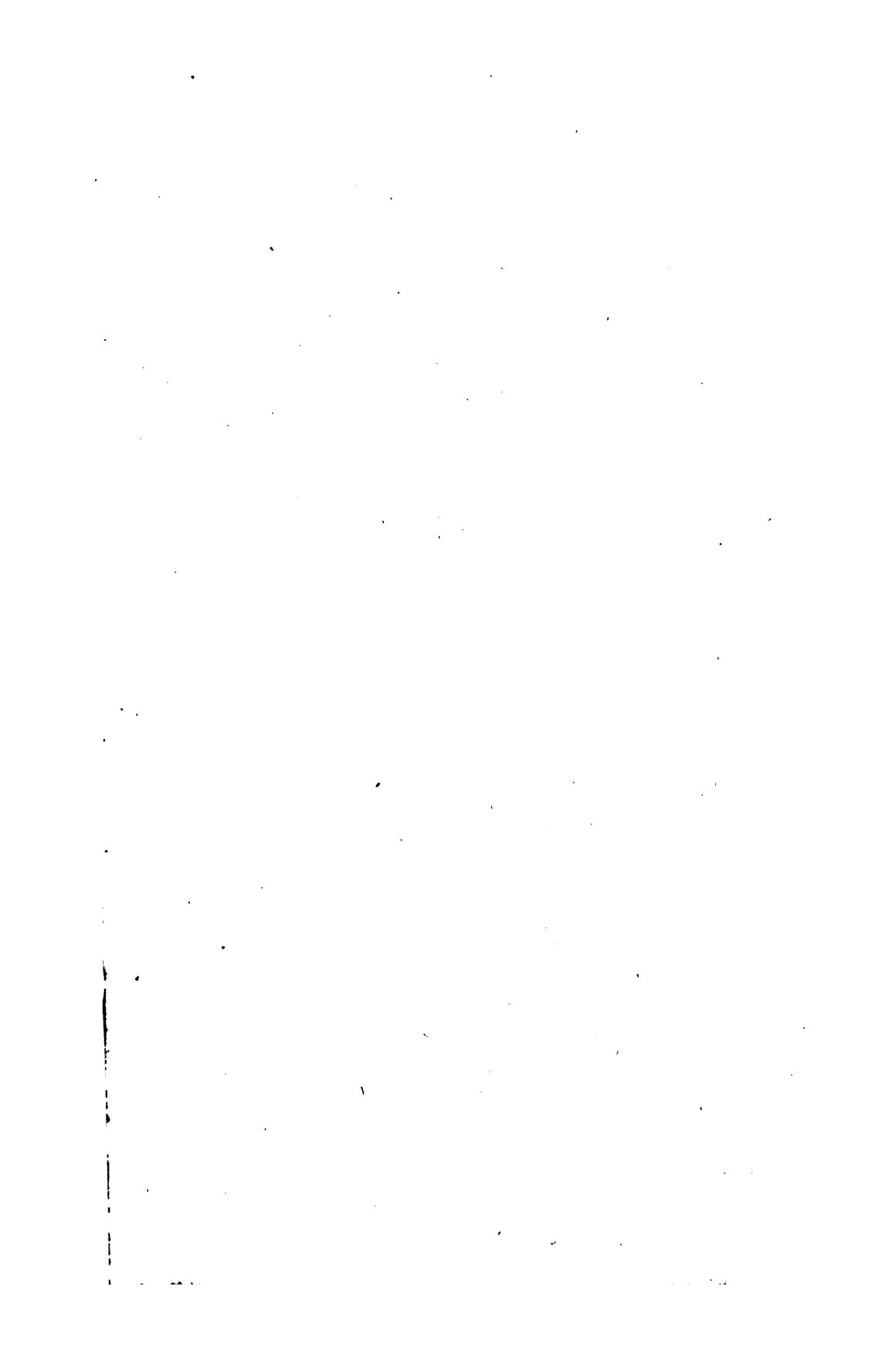
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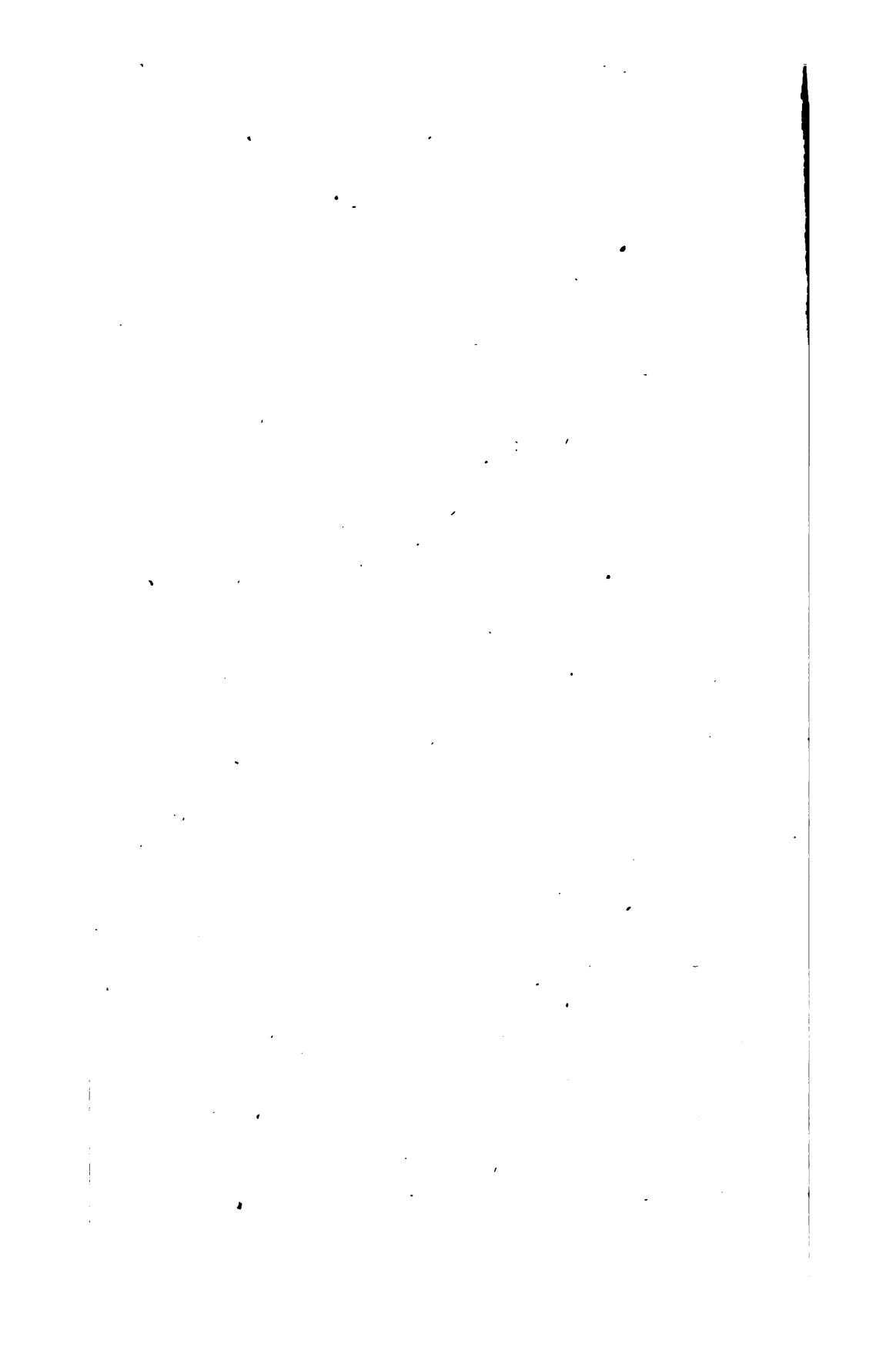
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THE  
GREEK TRAGIC THEATRE:

CONTAINING

ÆSCHYLUS BY DR. POTTER,

SOPHOCLES BY DR. FRANCKLIN,

AND

EURIPIDES BY MICH. WODHULL, ESQ.

A NEW EDITION,

*Revised and corrected throughout by the Translator;*

WITH

A DISSERTATION ON ANTIENT TRAGEDY,

BY THOMAS FRANCKLIN, D.D.

LATE GREEK PROFESSOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE,

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

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VOL. IV. CONTAINING EURIPIDES.

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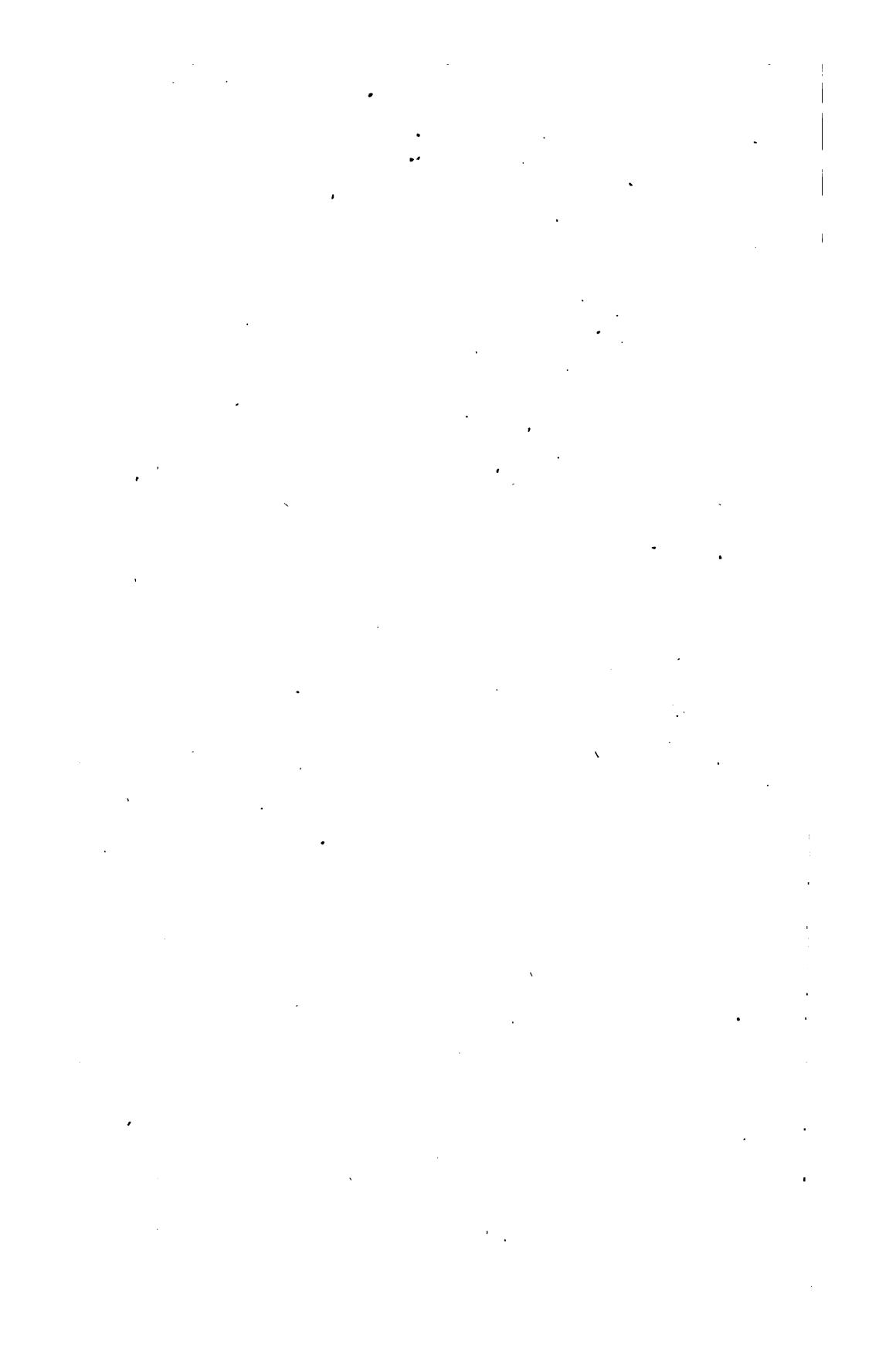
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## THE SUPPLIANTS.

Κριτική της ιδιοκατεύθυνσης της ιερής Θησαίας, ο παράγοντας τον προστάτην απόλευτον μετριούς θαψαρίου ικετευσατός δι Αδραγή Θησαία, και μαζί της Αθηναίων γυναικείων φροντίδας βοηθείας, Θησείς οικείας προστάτης τη μαζεύοντας οι της Ελλεσπόντου της παρνήσει, επταύθεια θεατή.

PAUSANIAS.

**PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.**

**ÆTHRA.**

**CHORUS OF ARGIVE MATRONS.**

**THESEUS.**

**ADRASTUS.**

**HERALD.**

**MESSENGER.**

**EVADNE.**

**IPHIS.**

**A BOY, SUPPOSED TO BE MELON THE SON OF ETEOCLUS.**

**MINERVA.**

**SCENE—THE TEMPLE OF CERES, AT ELEUSINE, IN THE  
ATHENIAN TERRITORY.**

## THE SUPPLIANTS.

ÆTHRA, CHORUS, ADRASTUS.

ÆTHRA.

THOU guardian power of Eleusine's land,  
O Ceres, and ye venerable Priests  
Of that benignant Goddess, who attend  
This temple, blessings for myself I crave,  
For my son Theseus, Athens, and the (1) realm  
Of Pitheus, who, when his paternal care,  
Had rear'd my childhood in a wealthy house,  
Gave me to Ægeus, to Pandion's son,  
So Phœbus' oracles decreed. These prayers  
I offer'd up when I yon aged Matrons  
Beheld, who their abodes at Argos leave,  
And with their suppliant branches at my knees  
Fall prostrate, having suffer'd dreadful woes :  
Now are they childless ; for before the gates  
Of Thebes were slain their seven illustrious sons  
Whom erst Adrastus King of Argos led  
To battle, when for exil'd Polynices  
His son in law, he strove to gain a share  
Of Oedipus' inheritance. The corses  
Of those who by the hostile spear were slain  
Their Mothers would consign to earth ; but spurning  
The laws which righteous Heaven ordain'd, the victors  
Will not allow them to remove the dead.  
But needing equally with them my succour  
Adrastus shedding many a tear, lies stretcht  
On earth, bewailing the disastrous fate  
Of those brave troops whom he to battle led.  
Oft he conjures me to implore my son,  
Either by treaty, or his forceful spear,

(1) Trœzen.

## THE SUPPLIANTS.

Back from those hostile fields to bring the slain  
 And lodge them in a tomb : on him alone  
 And Athens, he this honourable task  
 Imposes. Hither were the victims borne,  
 That we a prosperous tillage may obtain,  
 And for this cause I from my house am come  
 Into this temple, where the bearded (2) grain  
 First rising from the fruitful soil appear'd.  
 Holding loose sprays of foliage in my hand,  
 I wait before the unpolluted altars  
 Of Proserpine and Ceres; for these Mothers  
 Grown hoar with age and of their children reft,  
 With pity mov'd, and to the sacred branches  
 Yielding a due respect. I to the city  
 Have sent a herald to call Theseus hither,  
 That from the Theban land he may remove  
 The causes of their sorrow, or the Gods  
 Appeasing by some pious rites, release me  
 From the constraint these suppliant Dames impose.  
 In all emergencies discretion bids  
 Our feeble sex to seek man's needful aid.

## CHORUS.

An aged woman prostrate at thy knees,  
 Thee I implore my children to redeem  
 Who welter on a foreign plain, unnerv'd  
 By death and to the savage beasts a prey :  
 Thou see'st the piteous tears which from these eyes  
 Unbidden start, and torn with desperate hands  
 My wrinkled flesh. What hope remains for me,  
 Who neither, at my home, have been allow'd  
 The corses of my children to stretch forth,  
 Nor heap'd with earth behold their tombs arise ?  
 Thou, too, illustrious Dame, hast borne a Son

(2) Brodæus has collected testimonies from a Greek glossary to Homer, Phurnutus, Aristides, and Pausanias, to show that Eleusine was the place where corn first made its appearance; upon which the grateful inhabitants erected the famous temple of Ceres on the spot whence they first reaped her bounties.

Crowning the utmost wishes of thy Lord,  
 Speak therefore what thou think'st of our distress  
 In language suited to the griefs I feel  
 For the deceas'd whom I brought forth; persuade  
 Thy Son, whose succour we implore, to march  
 Across Ismenos' channel, and consign  
 To me the bodies of the slaughter'd youths,  
 That I beneath the monumental stone  
 May bury them with every sacred rite.  
 Though not by mere necessity constrain'd,  
 We at thy knees fall down and urge our suit  
 Before these altars of the Gods, where smokes  
 The frequent incense: for our cause is just:  
 And through the prosperous fortunes of thy Son  
 With power sufficient to remove our woes  
 Art thou endued: but since the ills I suffer  
 Thy pity claim, a miserable suppliant,  
 I crave that to these arms thou would'st restore  
 My Son, and grant me to embrace his corse.

ÆTHRA.

O D E.

I.

Here a fresh groupe of mourners stands,  
 Your followers in succession wring their hands.

CHORUS.

Attune expressive notes of anguish,  
 O ye sympathetic choir,  
 And in harmonious accents languish,  
 Such as Pluto loves t' inspire.  
 Tear those cheeks of pallid hue,  
 And let gore your bosoms stain,  
 For from the living is such honour due  
 To the shades of heroes slain,  
 Whose corse's welter on th' embattled plain.

II.

I feel a pleasing sad relief,  
 Unsated as I brood o'er scenes of grief;

## THE SUPPLIANTS.

My lamentations never ending,  
 Are like the moisture of the sea  
 In drops from some high rock descending,  
 Which flows to all eternity.  
 For those youths who breathe no more  
 Nature bids the Mother weep  
 And with incessant tears their loss deplore:  
 In oblivion would I steep  
 My woes, and welcome death's perpetual sleep.

THESEUS, ÆTHRA, ADRASTUS, CHORUS.

THESEUS.

What plaints are these I hear? who strike their breasts,  
 Attuning lamentations for the dead  
 In such loud notes as issue from the fane?  
 Borne hither by my fears with winged speed,  
 I come to see if any recent ill  
 May have befallen my Mother; she from home  
 Hath long been absent.—Ha! what objects new  
 And strange are these which now mine eyes behold?  
 Fresh questions hence arise: my aged Mother  
 Close to the altar seated with a band  
 Of foreign matrons, who their woes express  
 In various warbled notes, and on the ground  
 Shed from their venerable eyes a stream  
 Of tears: their heads are shorn, nor is their garb  
 Suited to those who tend the sacred rites?  
 What means all this? My Mother, say; from you  
 I wait for information, and expect  
 Some tidings of importance.

ÆTHRA.

O my Son  
 These are the Mothers of those seven fam'd chiefs  
 Who perish'd at the gates of Thebes: you see  
 How they with suppliant branches on all sides  
 Encompass me.

THESEUS.

But who is he who groans

## THE SUPPLIANTS.

7

So piteously, stretcht forth before the gate?

ÆTHRA.

Adrastus, they inform me, king of Argos.

THESEUS.

Are they who stand around, those (3) Matrons' Sons?

ÆTHRA.

Not theirs; they are the children of the slain.

THESEUS.

Why with those suppliant tokens in their hands  
Come they to us?

ÆTHRA.

I know: but it behoves

Them, O my Son, their errand to unfold.

THESEUS.

To thee who in a fleecy cloak art wrapp'd,  
My questions I address: thy head unveil,  
Cease to lament, and speak; for while thy tongue  
Utters no accent, nought canst thou obtain.

ADRASTUS.

O king of the Athenian land, renown'd  
For your victorious arms, to you, O Theseus.  
And to your city, I a suppliant come.

THESEUS.

What's thy pursuit, and what is it thou need'st?

ADRASTUS.

Know you not how ill-fated was the host  
I led?

THESEUS.

Thou didst not pass thro' Greece in silence.

ADRASTUS.

The noblest youths of Argos there I lost.

THESEUS.

Such dire effects from luckless war arise.

(3) Finding by Dr. Musgrave's note, that there is the authority of a manuscript for reading *τρεις* instead of *τρία*, I gladly avail myself of it, as an amendment of the text which Minerva's apostrophe at the close of this play to *Ægialeus* son of Adrastus strongly supports.

## THE SUPPLIANTS.

ADRASTUS.

From Thebes I claim'd the bodies of the slain.

THESEUS.

Did'st thou rely on Heralds to procure  
Leave to inter the dead?

ADRASTUS.

But they who slew them  
Deny this favour.

THESEUS.

What can they allege  
'Gainst a request which justice must approve?

ADRASTUS.

Ask not the reason: they are now elate  
With a success they know not how to bear.

THESEUS.

Art thou come hither to consult me then,  
Or on what errand?

ADRASTUS.

'Tis my wish, O Theseus,  
That you the Sons of Argos would redeem.

THESEUS.

But where is Argos now? were all her boasts  
Of no effect?

ADRASTUS.

We by this one defeat  
Are ruin'd, and to you for succour come.

THESEUS.

This on thy private judgement, or the voice  
Of the whole city?

ADRASTUS.

All the race of Danaus  
Implore you to inter the slain.

THESEUS.

'Gainst Thebes seven squadrons?

ADRASTUS.

To confer a favour  
On my two Sons in law.

## THE SUPPLIANTS.

THESEUS.

To what brave chiefs  
Of Argos didst thou give thy Daughters' hands?

ADRASTUS.

My family in wedlock I with those  
Of our own nation join'd not.

THESEUS.

Didst thou yield  
Those Argive damsels to some foreign bridegrooms?

ADRASTUS.

To Tydeus; and to Polynices sprung  
From Theban sires.

THESEUS.

What dotege could induce thee  
To form alliances like these?

ADRASTUS.

Dark riddles  
Phœbus propounded, which my judgement sway'd.

THESEUS.

Such union for the virgins to prescribe,  
What said Apollo?

ADRASTUS.

That I must bestow  
My Daughters on the lion and the boar.

THESEUS.

But how didst thou interpret this response  
Of the prophetic God?

ADRASTUS.

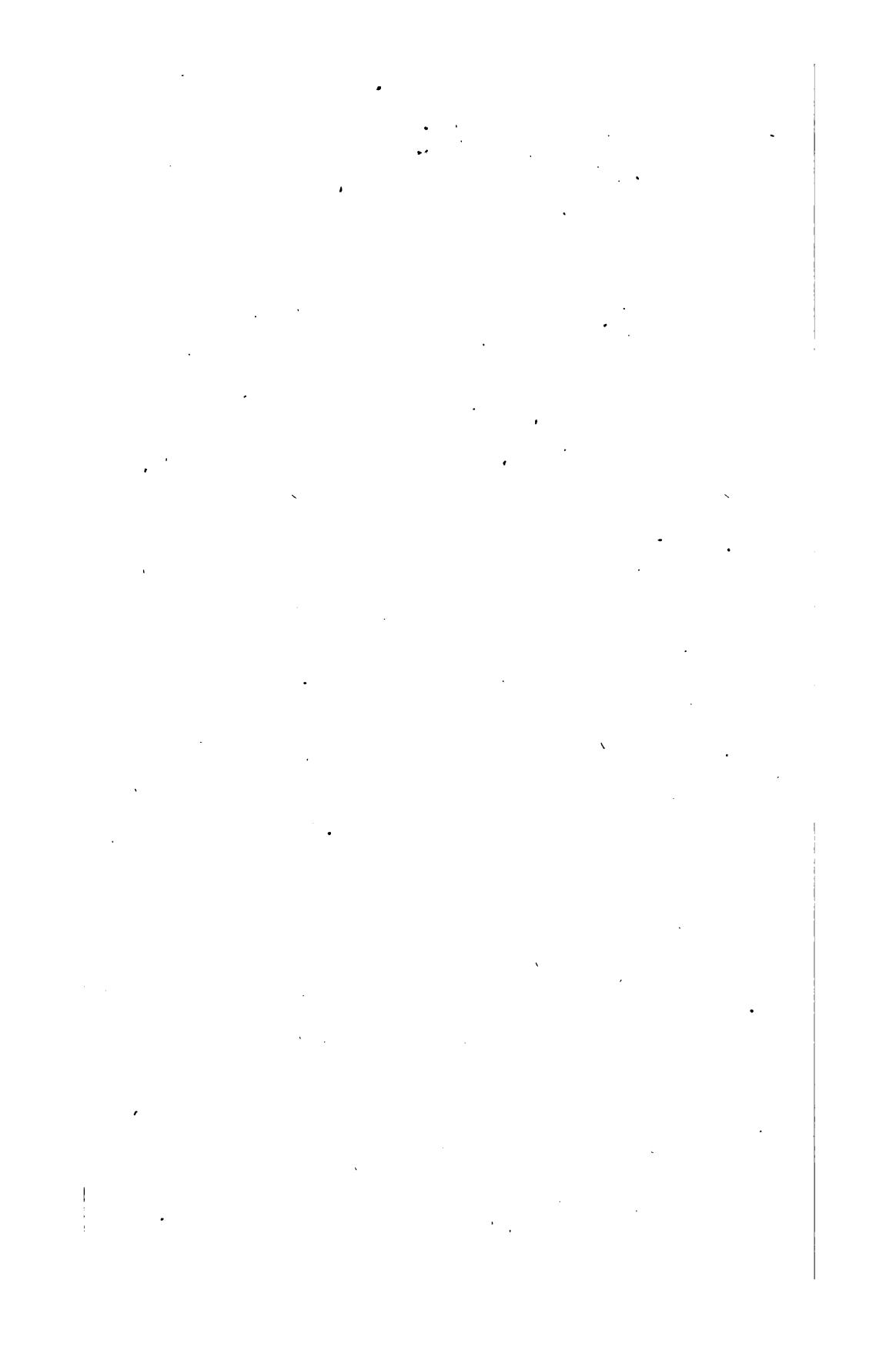
By night two exiles  
Came to my door.

THESEUS.

Say, who and who: thou speak'st  
Of both at once.

ADRASTUS.

Together Tydeus fought  
And Polynices.



## THE SUPPLIANTS.

Κριτος ες ιδυταιριοι τοτι ει Θηβαις, ε παρηι τοις οφεσηκεσι αιολοι  
μητοις θεοφανεισι αιετεισσατος δι Αδραγη Θησει, και μαχης Αθηναιων  
γυνομετης επρος Βοιωτιας, Θησεις οι εκφωνησι τη μαχης πομισαις ει την  
Ελαιοστοινια την πηγης, επταυθα ιδωψι.

PAUSANIAS.

Would from their sons such honors have obtain'd.  
 'Tis wisdom in the opulent to look  
 With pity on the sorrows of the poor,  
 And in the poor man to look up to those  
 Who have abundant riches, as examples  
 For him to imitate, and thence acquire  
 A wish his own possessions to improve.  
 They too who are with prosperous fortunes blest  
 Should feel a prudent dread of future woes ;  
 And let the bard who frames th' harmonious strain  
 Exert his genius in a cheerful hour,  
 For if his own sensations are unlike  
 Those which he speaks of, never can the wretch  
 Who by affliction is at home opprest,  
 Give joy to others : there's no ground for this.  
 But you perhaps will ask me ; " Passing o'er  
 " The land of (5) Pelops, why would you impose  
 " Such toil on the Athenians ?" This reply  
 Have I a right to make ; ' The Spartan realm  
 ' Is prone (6) to cruelty, and in its manners  
 ' Too variable, its other states are small  
 ' And destitute of strength ; your city only  
 ' To this emprise is equal, for 'tis wont  
 ' To pity the distress'd, and hath in you  
 ' A valiant king ; for want of such a chief  
 ' Have many cities perish'd.'

## CHORUS.

I address thee  
 In the same language, to our woes, O Thesens,  
 Extend thy pity.

THESEUS.  
 I with others erst

(5) The Peloponnesus.

(6) Reiskius observes that the ancient reading of *πόλιν* must be corrupt, Adrastus being King of Argos, and not of Sparta, but has suggested nothing in its stead; Heath, Markland, and Musgrave, concur in substituting *πόλιν οἰκεῖα* or *οἰκεῖα*; which removes the objection.

Have on this subject held a strong (7) dispute;  
 For some there are who say the ills which wait  
 On man exceed his joys; but I maintain  
 The contrary opinion, that our lives  
 More bliss than woe experience. For if this  
 Were not the fact, we could not still continue  
 To view the sun. That God, whoe'er he was  
 I praise, who sever'd mortals from a life  
 Of wild confusion, and of brutal force,  
 Implanting reason first, and then a tongue  
 That might by sounds articulate proclaim  
 Our thoughts, bestowing fruit for food, and drops  
 Of rain descending from the skies, to nourish  
 Earth's products, and refresh the thirst of man,  
 Yet more, fit coverings, from the wintry cold  
 To guard us, and Hyperion's scorching rays;  
 The art of sailing o'er the briny deep,  
 That we by commerce may supply the wants  
 Of distant regions, to these gifts by Heaven  
 Is added; things the most obscure, and plac'd  
 Beyond our knowledge, can the Seer foretell,  
 By gazing on the flames which from the altar  
 Ascend the skies, the entrails of the victims,  
 And flight of birds. Are we not then puff'd up  
 With vanity, if when the Gods bestow  
 Conveniencies like these on life, we deem  
 Their bounty insufficient? our conceit  
 Is such, we aim to be more strong than Jove:  
 Tho' pride of soul be all that we possess,  
 We in our own opinion are more wise  
 Than the immortal Powers. To me thou seem'st  
 One of this number, O thou wretch devoid  
 Of reason, to Apollo's mystic voice

(7) " This disputation of Theseus is beautiful, though it may seem to  
 " some rather abruptly introduced. To the same purport was the oration  
 " of Themistocles before the sea fight at Salamis. Herodotus, L. 8. c. 88."  
 MARKLAND.

Yielding blind deference, who thy Daughters gav'at  
To foreign Lords, as if the Gods were sway'd  
By human passions. Thy illustrious blood  
With foul pollution mingling, thine own house  
Thus hast thou wounded. Never should the wise  
In leagues of inauspicious wedlock yoke  
Just and unjust : but prosperous friends obtain  
Against the hour of danger. Jove to all  
One common fate dispensing, oft involves  
In the calamities which guilt draws down  
Upon the sinner, him who ne'er transgress'd.  
But thou by leading forth that Argive host  
To battle, tho' the Seers in vain forbad,  
Despising each oracular response,  
And wilfully regardless of the Gods,  
Hast caus'd thy country's ruin, overrul'd  
By those young men who place their sole delight  
In glory, and promote unrighteous wars,  
Corrupting a whole city ; this aspires  
To the command of armies, by the pomp  
Attending those who hold the reins of power  
A second is corrupted ; some there are  
Studiois of filthy lucre, who regard not  
What mischief to the public may ensue.  
Three ranks there are of citizens ; the rich,  
Useless, and ever grasping after more ;  
While they, who have no property, and lack  
E'en necessary food, by fierce despair  
And envy actuated, send forth their stings  
Against the wealthy, by th' insidious tongue  
Of some malignant demagogue beguil'd :  
But of these three the middle rank consists  
Of those who save their country, and enforce  
Each wholesome usage which the state ordains.  
Shall I then be thy champion ? what pretence  
That would sound honourably can I allege  
To gain my countrymen ? depart in peace !

For baleful are the counsels thou hast given  
That we should urge prosperity too far.

## CHORUS.

He did amiss: but the great error rests  
(8) On those young men, and he deserves thy pardon.

## ADRASTUS.

I have not chosen you to be the judge  
Of my afflictions, but to you, O King,  
As a physician come; nor, if convicted  
Of having done amiss, to an avenger  
Or an opprobrious censor, but a friend  
Who will afford his help: if you refuse  
To act this generous part, to your decision  
I must submit: for what resource have I?  
But, O ye venerable Dames, retire  
Leaving those verdant branches here behind,  
And call to witness the celestial powers,  
The fruitful Earth with Ceres lifting high  
Her torch, and that exhaustless source of light  
The Sun; that we by all the Gods in vain  
Conjur'd you (9). (It is pious to relieve

(8) Instead of having recourse to any of the various conjectural readings in the stead of *γενες*, with which I have crowded the margin of my copy of Barnes's edition, I am inclined to consider the expression as particularly just and forcible. Theseus in the preceding speech represents Adrastus as seduced by those young men who cause the ruin of a nation by plunging it into unjust wars to serve their own ambitious purposes. The Chorus in their reply admit that he was to blame, but that the main fault lay in those young men, having it is most probable particularly in view Polynices and Tydeus, to whom we find in the *Phoenissæ*, v. 430, that Adrastus bound himself by an oath to reinstate them in their kingdoms, and thus involved his own country in ruin to support his sons in law.

(9) The passage included in a parenthesis is translated from three lines, which first made their appearance in an ancient edition I have never been able to meet with, which is without date of year or place, but supposed to have been printed at Frankfort, by Peter Brubach, whose edition of Sophocles was published in 1544; being omitted by subsequent editors, they were unknown to most readers of Euripides till Reiske inserted them in his observations on this Author, printed at Leipsic 1754. Mr. Markland has given me the example of thus inserting them in the text, and Dr. Musgrave has admitted them in his notes; Barnes appears

Those who unjustly suffer, and the tears  
 Of these your hapless kindred are you bound  
 To reverence, for your Mother was the Daughter  
 Of Pitheus) Pelops' Son; born in that land  
 Which bears the name of Pelops, we partake  
 One origin with you: will you betray  
 These sacred ties, and from your realm cast forth  
 Yon hoary suppliants, nor allow the boon  
 Which at your hands they merit? act not thus;  
 For in the rocks hath the wild beast a place  
 Of refuge, in the altars of the Gods  
 The slave: a city harrass'd by the storm  
 Flies to some neighbouring city: for there's nought  
 On earth that meets with everlasting bliss.

## CHORUS.

Rise, hapless woman, from this hallow'd fane  
 Of Proserpine, to meet him; clasp his knees,  
 Entreat him to bestow funereal rites  
 On our slain Sons, whom in the bloom of youth  
 Beneath the walls of Thebes I lost: my Friends,  
 Lift from the ground, support me, bear along,  
 Stretch forth these miserable, these aged hands.  
 Thee, O thou most belov'd and most renown'd  
 Of Grecian chiefs, I by that beard conjure,  
 While at thy knees thus prostrate, on the ground  
 I for my Sons, a wretched suppliant sue,  
 Or, like some helpless vagabond, pour forth  
 The warbled lamentation. Generous Youth,  
 Thee I entreat, let not my Sons, whose age  
 Was but the same with thine, in Thebes remain  
 Unburied, for the sport of savage beasts!  
 Behold, what tears stream from these swimming eyes,  
 As thus I kneel before thee, to procure,  
 For my slain Sons, an honorable grave.

to have been a stranger to this passage, and never to have seen Brubach's edition, but his own conjecture supplied a verse very nearly similar to the last of the three, as necessary to fill up the chasm.

## THE SUPPLIANTS.

17

THESEUS.

Why, O my Mother, do you shed the tear,  
Covering your eyes with that transparent veil?  
Is it because you heard their plaints? I too  
Am much affected. Raise your hoary head,  
Nor weep while seated at the holy altar  
Of Ceres.

ÆTHRA.

Ah!

THESEUS.

You ought not thus to groan  
For their afflictions.

ÆTHRA.

O ye wretched Dames!

THESEUS.

You are not one of them.

ÆTHRA.

Shall I propose  
A scheme, my Son, your glory to encrease,  
And that of Athens?

THESEUS.

Wisdom oft hath flow'd  
From female lips.

ÆTHRA.

I meditated words  
Of such importance, that they make me pause.

THESEUS.

You speak amiss, we from our friends should hide  
Nought that is useful.

ÆTHRA.

If I now were mute,  
Myself hereafter might I justly blame  
For keeping a dishonourable silence.  
Nor thro' the fear lest eloquence should prove  
Of no effect, when issuing from the mouth  
Of a weak woman, will I thus forego  
An honourable task. My Son, I first

Exhort you to regard the will of Heaven,  
 Lest thro' neglect you err, else will you fail  
 In this one point, though you in all beside  
 Think rightly. I moreover still had kept  
 My temper calm, if to redress the wrongs  
 Which they endure, an enterprising soul  
 Had not been requisite. But now, my Son,  
 A field of glory opens to your view,  
 Nor these bold counsels scruple I to urge  
 That by your conquering arm you would compell  
 Those men of violence, who from the slain  
 Withhold their just inheritance a tomb,  
 Such necessary duty to perform,  
 And quell those impious miscreants who confound  
 The usages establish'd through all Greece:  
 For the firm bond which peopled cities holds  
 In union, is th' observance of the laws.  
 But some there are who will assert, "that fear  
 " Effeminate caus'd thee to forego  
 " Those wreaths of fame thy country might have gain'd;  
 " Erst with a (10) bristled monster of the woods  
 " Didst thou engage, nor shun th' inglorious strife:  
 " But now call'd forth to face the burnish'd helm  
 " And pointed spear art found to be a dastard."  
 Let not my Son act thus: your native land,  
 Which for a want of prudence hath been scorn'd,  
 You see, tremendous as a Gorgon, rear  
 Its front against the scorner: for it grows  
 Under the pressure of severest toils.  
 The deeds of peaceful cities are obscure,  
 And caution bounds their views. Will you not march,  
 My Son, to succour the illustrious dead,

(10) A wild Sow, named Phaea, which infested the fields of Crotynion near Corinth. Plutarch speaks of Theseus' slaying this beast as one of his earliest exploits; and Ovid as one of those by which he proved himself a benefactor to mankind. Strabo calls this Sow Mother to the Calydonian Boar which was killed by Meleager.

And these afflicted Matrons? for your safety  
 I fear not, while with justice you go forth  
 To battle. Though I now on Cadmus' Sons  
 Behold auspicious Fortune smile, I trust  
 They will ere long experience the reverse  
 Of her unstable die: for she o'erturn  
 All that is great and glorious.

## CHORUS.

Dearest Æthra,  
 Well didst thou plead Adrastus' cause and mine;  
 Hence twofold joy I feel.

## THESEUS.

He hath deserv'd  
 O Mother, the severe reproofs which flow'd  
 From my indignant tongue, and I my thoughts  
 Of those pernicious counsels whence arose  
 His ruin, have express'd. Yet I perceive  
 What you suggest, that ill would it become  
 The character I have maintain'd, to fly  
 From danger. After many glorious deeds  
 Atchiev'd, among the Greeks, I chose this office,  
 An exemplary punishment t' inflict  
 On all the wicked. Therefore from no toils  
 Can I shrink back, for what would those who hate me  
 Have to allege, when you who gave me birth,  
 And tremble for my safety, are the first  
 Who bid me enter on the bold emprise?  
 I on this errand go, and will redeem  
 The dead by words persuasive, or if words  
 Are ineffectual, with pretended spear,  
 And in an instant, if the envious Gods  
 Refuse not their assistance. But I wish  
 That the whole city may a sanction give:  
 They to my pleasure their assent would yield;  
 But to the scheme, if I propose it first  
 To be debated, I shall find the people  
 More favourable: for them I made supreme,

And on this city, with an equal right  
 For all to vote, its freedom have bestow'd.  
 Taking Adrastus with me for a proof  
 Of my assertions, midst the crowd I'll go,  
 And when I have persuaded them, collecting  
 A chosen squadron of Athenian youths,  
 Hither return, and halting under arms,  
 To Creon send a message to request  
 The bodies of the slain. But from my Mother,  
 Ye aged Dames, those holy boughs remove,  
 That I may take her by that much-lov'd hand,  
 And to the royal dome of *Ægeus* lead.  
 Vile is that Son, who to his parents yields  
 No grateful services, for, from his children,  
 He who such glorious tribute pays, receives  
 Whate'er through filial duty he bestow'd.

## CHORUS.

O D E.

## I. 1.

O Argos, fam'd for steeds, my native plain,  
 Sure thou, with all Pelasgia's wide domain,  
 Hast heard the King's benevolent design,  
 And wilt in grateful strains revere the Powers Divine.

## I. 2.

May Theseus put an end to all my woes,  
 Rescuing those bloody corses from our foes  
 Still objects of maternal love ; his aid  
 Shall by th' Inachian realm's attachment be repaid.

## II. 1.

To pious deeds belongs a mighty name,  
 And cities sav'd procure eternal fame.  
 Will he do this ; with us in friendship join,  
 And to the peaceful tomb our slaughter'd Sons consign ?

## II. 2.

Minerva's town, support a Mother's cause,  
 Thou from pollution canst preserve the laws

Which man holds sacred, thou rever'st the right,  
Sett'st the afflicted free, and quell'st outrageous might.

## THESEUS, ADRASTUS, CHORUS.

## THESEUS TO A HERALD.

Thou, always practising this art, has serv'd  
Thy city, and to various regions borne  
My embassies: when therefore thou hast cross'd  
Asopus, and Ismenos' stream, address  
The Theban Monarch in these courteous words;  
" Theseus, who dwells in an adjacent realm,  
" And hath a right such favour to receive,  
" Requests you as a friend t' inter the dead,  
" And gain the love of all Erechtheus' race."  
To this petition if they yield assent,  
Come back again in peace: if they refuse,  
Thy second message shall be this; " My band  
" Of chosen youths in glittering mail array'd  
" They must expect: for at the sacred fount  
" Callichore, e'en now the assembled host  
" Halts under arms, prepar'd for instant fight."  
For in this arduous enterprise, with zeal  
The city of its own accord engag'd,  
When they perceiv'd my wish. But who intrudes  
E'en while I yet am speaking? he appears  
To be a Theban Herald, though I doubt it.  
Stay; for thy errand he may supersede,  
And by his coming obviate my designs.

THEBAN HERALD, THESEUS, ADRASTUS,  
CHORUS.

## THEBAN HERALD.

Who is the sovereign ruler of this land?  
To whom must I unfold the message sent  
By Creon who presides o'er the domains  
Of Cadmus, since before Thebes' seven-fold gates

Slain by his Brother Polynices' hand  
Eteocles expir'd?

THESEUS.

With an untruth

Thy speech, O stranger, hast thou op'd by asking  
For a King here: for Athens, this free city,  
By no one man is govern'd, but the people  
Rule in succession year by year; to wealth  
No preference is allow'd, but the poor man  
An equal share of empire doth possess.

THEBAN HERALD.

By yielding up this point, to me you grant  
Advantage such as equals the first throw  
At dice; the city whence I came is rul'd  
By one man only, not by multitudes:  
No crafty orator with specious words  
For his own interest turns the wavering minds  
Of its inhabitants, this moment dear  
To all around, and lavish of his favours,  
The next a public bane, yet he conceals  
By some fresh calumny his errors past,  
And scapes the stroke of justice. How can they  
Who no sound judgements form, the people, guide  
A city well? for Time instead of Haste  
Affords the best instructions. But the man  
Who tills the ground, by poverty deprest,  
If to that poverty he add the want  
Of due experience, through the manual toils  
He is engag'd in, to the public good  
Can ne'er look up. Those too of noble birth  
Are much disgusted when the worthless hold  
Posts of the highest rank, and he who erst  
Was nothing, with his tongue beguiles the crowd.

THESEUS.

This witty Herald to his message adds  
The flowers of eloquence. But on this strife  
Since thou hast enter'd, hear me; for 'twas thou

That gav'st the challenge to debate : no curse

(11) Is greater to a city than a King.

For first where'er no laws exist which bind

The whole community, and one man rules,

Upon his arbitrary will alone

Depend the laws, and all thy rights are lost.

But under written laws the poor and rich

An equal justice find ; and if reproach'd,

They of low station may with equal scorn

Answer the taunting arrogance of wealth ;

And an inferior, if his cause be just, }

Conquers the powerful. This too is a mark

Of freedom, where the man who can propose

Some wholesome counsel for the public weal,

Is by the herald called upon to speak.

Then he who with a generous zeal accepts

Such offer, gains renown ; but he who likes not

His thoughts to utter, still continues mute.

How can a city be administer'd

With more equality ? where'er the people

Are sovereigns of the land, a rising race

Of heroes gives them joy ; but these a King

Esteems his foes ; the brave, with those who bear

The character of wise, he slays, still trembling

For his ill-gotten power. How can that city

On a firm basis stand, where valiant youths,

Like the green sheaf cut from the vernal mead,

Are in their bloom mown down ? why then acquire

Large fortunes for our children, to augment

The treasures of a king ? or why train up.

Our virgin Daughters with an anxious care,

Merely to gratify the loose desires

(11) " The word *τύραννος* here evidently means a King, for he is called  
 " *βασιλεὺς*, v. 444 ; and the dispute is about Monarchy, or the power of  
 " one man compared with a Democracy: though in some places the  
 " Poet may seem to confound Royalty with Tyranny ; in order, I apprehend,  
 " to place it in a more invidious light." MARKLAND.

Of an imperious Monarch, and cause tears  
 To stream from their fond Parents? May I end  
 My life, ere these indignant eyes behold  
 The violation of my Daughter's honour!  
 Thus far in answer to thy speech.—Now say,  
 What claims hast thou to make on this domain?  
 Wert thou not hither by thy city sent,  
 Thou, the impertinent harangues thou cam'st  
 To utter, should'st bewail. A messenger  
 When he hath spoken what his lords enjoin,  
 Ought to depart with speed. Next time let Creon  
 A less loquacious messenger dispatch  
 To the Athenian land.

## CHORUS.

Alas! when Fortune  
 Profusely showers her gifts upon the wicked,  
 How insolent they are, as if they deem'd  
 They should for ever prosper!

## THEBAN HERALD.

I will now

Speak what I have in charge; your thoughts indeed  
 Differ from mine on these contested points;  
 But I and all the Theban race pronounce  
 This interdict: let not Adrastus enter  
 The land, or if he be already here,  
 Ere yon bright chariot of the Sun descends,  
 Regardless of these mystic branches borne  
 By suppliant matrons, drive him from the realm,  
 Nor furiously attempt to take away  
 The slain by force, for in the Argive state  
 You have no interest. If to my advice  
 You yield due credence; by no boisterous waves  
 O'er taken in your course, you cross the deep  
 Shall sail your Nation's pilot, else the storm  
 Of direful war shall burst on us and you,  
 And your allies. Deliberate well, nor give  
 An haughty answer, by my words provok'd,

And of the freedom of your city vain:  
 For a reliance on superior might  
 Is most pernicious, oft hath it embroil'd  
 Contending states, and rous'd inmoderate ire.  
 For when whole cities by their votes decide  
 In favour of a war, there's not a man  
 Expects to perish; all avert the doom  
 Which threatens their own, upon another's head.  
 But while they give their suffrages, if Death  
 Were present to their eyes, Greece ne'er had ow'd  
 Its ruin to a frantic lust for war.  
 We all know how to choose the better part,  
 Distinguish good from ill, and are aware  
 That Peace, the benefactress of mankind (12)  
 Is preferable to war, by every Muse  
 Held justly dear, and to the fiends of Hell  
 A foe, in population she delights,  
 And wealth abundant: but these blessings slighting,  
 We wickedly embark in needless wars;  
 A man to servitude consigns the man  
 His arms subdu'd, on city the same doom  
 City imposes. But you aid our foes  
 E'en after they are dead, and wóuld inter  
 With pomp funereal those who owe their fate.

(12) An imitation of this passage occurred where I should by no means have thought of searching for it.

Euripides tragicæ que gloria prima Camenæ,  
 Pacem describens, " opulentam" tumque " beatam"  
 Nominat hæc addens: " inter pulcherrima Divas."  
 Atque alibi " quantum bello potiorque serena  
 " Sit Pax in primis qui Musas promovet almas  
 " Luctibus ac adversatur, sobolisque suavi  
 " Dexteritate, hinc atque opibus congaudet opimis."

Leland. Encom. Pacis, p. 8. ed. Lond. 1546, and reprinted in his Collectanea, v. 5. p. 75. ed. Lond. 1770. The Antiquarian Bard has evidently translated his four last lines from hence, and Καλλιτελέα μαστίχας θεας in the fragment of our Author's Cresphontes, v. 15, may have furnished him with the expression " inter pulcherrima Divas."

To their own arrogance; Forsooth, you deem  
 That justice was infring'd, when smok'd the body  
 Of frantic Capaneus, by thunder smitten,  
 Upon that ladder, which he at the gates  
 Erecting, swore he would lay waste our city,  
 Or with dread Jove's consent, or in despite  
 Of the vindictive God: nor should th' abyss  
 Have snatch'd away that (13) Augur, swallowing up  
 His chariot in the caverns of the earth:  
 Nor was it fitting that those other Chiefs  
 Should at the gates lie breathless, with their limbs  
 Disjointed by huge stones; boast that your wisdom  
 Transcends e'en that of Joye himself, or own  
 The Gods may punish sinners. It behoves  
 Those who are wise, to love their children first,  
 Their aged parents next, and native land,  
 Whose growing fortunes they are bound t' improve,  
 And not dismember it. In him who leads  
 An host, or pilot station'd at the helm,  
 Rashness is dangerous: he who by discretion  
 His conduct regulates, desists in time,  
 And caution I esteem the truest valour.

## ADRASTUS.

The vengeance Jove inflicted on our crimes  
 Should have suffic'd: but it behoves not thee,  
 Thou most abandon'd miscreant, to insult us  
 With contumelious words.

## THESEUS.

Adrastus, peace!

Restrain thy tongue, and in my speech forbear  
 To interrupt me: for this Herald brings  
 For thee no embassy, but comes to me,  
 And I must answer.—First will I confute  
 The bold assertion which thou first didst make.  
 I own not the authority of Creon,  
 Nor can he by superior might enforce

From Athens these submissions : to its source  
 The river shall flow upward erè we yield  
 To base compulsion. I am not the cause  
 Of this destructive war ; nor did I enter  
 The realms of Cadmus with those armed bands,  
 But to inter the bodies of the slain  
 (No violence to Thebes, no bloody strife  
 Commencing), is, I deem, an act of justice,  
 And authoriz'd by the establish'd laws  
 Of every Grecian state. In what respect  
 Have I transgress'd? if from those Argive chiefs  
 Ye suffer'd aught, they perish'd : on your foes  
 With glory ye aveng'd yourselves, and shame  
 To them ensued. No longer any right  
 Have ye to punish. O'er the dead let dust  
 Be strewn, and every particle revert  
 Back to its antient seat whence into (14) life  
 It migrated, the soul ascend to Heaven,  
 The body mix with earth : for we possess,  
 By no sure tenure, this decaying frame,  
 But for a dwelling merely, through the space  
 Of life's short day, to us doth it belong,  
 And after our decease, the foodful ground  
 Which nourish'd, should receive it back again.  
 Think'st thou the wrong thou dost, when thou deniest  
 Interment to the dead, confin'd to Argos?  
 No ; 'tis a common insult to all Greece,

(14) An obvious tautology is avoided by reading  $\zeta\nu$  instead of  $\sigma\mu'$ , as proposed by Mr. Toup in his Emend. in Suidam, and Dr. Musgrave in his note on this passage. The following passage of Lucretius is noticed as exactly similar with this part of Theseus' speech in Euripides, by Barthius in his Adversaria, and a note of Tanaquil Faber in Havercamp's edition of Lucretius ;

Cedit item retro, de Terrâ quod fuit ante,  
 In Terras ; & quod missum est ex ætheris oris  
 Id rursum Cæli fulgentia templa receptant.

Both the Greek and Latin Poet are supposed to have taken the thought from the writings of the Philosopher Epicharmus.

When of due obsequies bereft, the slain  
 Are left without a tomb: the brave would lose  
 Their courage, should such usages prevail.  
 Com'st thou to threaten me in haughty strain,  
 Yet meanly fear'st to let the scatter'd mold  
 Cover the dead? what mischiefs can ensue?  
 Will they, when buried, undermine your walls,  
 Or in earth's hollow caves beget a race  
 Of children able to avenge their wrongs?  
 Absurdly hast thou lavish'd many words  
 In base and groundless terrors. O ye fools,  
 Go make yourselves acquainted with the woes  
 To which mankind are subject. Human life  
 Is but a conflict: some there are whose bliss  
 Approaches them, while that of others waits  
 Till a long future season, others taste  
 Of present joys: capricious Fortune sports  
 With all her anxious votaries; through a hope  
 Of better times to her the wretched pay  
 Their homage; he who is already blest  
 Extolls her matchless bounty to the skies,  
 And trembles lest the veering gale forsake him.  
 But we who know by what precarious tenure  
 We hold her gifts, should bear a trifling wrong  
 With patience, and, if we the narrow bounds  
 Of justice overleap, abstain from crimes  
 Which harm our country. If thou ask, what means  
 This prelude? I reply; to us who wish  
 To see them laid in earth with holy rites,  
 Consign the weltering corses of the slain,  
 Else is it clear what mischiefs must ensue,  
 I will go forth, and bury them by force.  
 For 'mong the Greeks it never shall be said  
 This (15) antient law, which from the Gods receiv'd

(15) The law here alluded to is probably that mentioned by *Aelian*,  
 Var. Hist. L. 5. c. 14. Ναός καὶ σῆς Αττικῶν οὐκτρύχιον συμπλετούσιν, παῖς τοις αὐτοῖς αὐτοῦ γένεται. "This also is an Athenian law, that

## THE SUPPLIANTS.

29

Its sanction : though transmitted down to me  
And to the city where Pandion rul'd,  
Was disregarded.

### CHORUS.

Courage! while the light  
Of justice is thy guide, thou shalt escape  
Th' invidious censures of a busy crowd.

### THEBAN HERALD.

May I comprise in a few words the whole  
Of our debate?

### THESEUS.

Speak whatsoe'er thou wilt :  
For no discreet restraint thy tongue e'er knew.

### THEBAN HERALD.

The corses of those Argives youths, from Thebes  
You never shall remove.

### THESEUS.

Now to my answer  
Attend, if thou art so dispos'd.

### THEBAN HERALD.

I will :

For in your turn I ought to hear you speak.

### THESEUS.

On the deceas'd will I bestow a grave,  
When I have borne their relicks from the land  
Wash'd by Asopus' stream.

“ whoever meets with the unburied body of a man, shall be indispensably bound to cast earth over it.” In the Antigone of Sophocles, the Messenger, speaking of Polynices' corse, says,

*Διπλή δ' οὐρανος προνομη τοι ενώ πάντας.*

Light lay the scatter'd earth  
As only meant t' avoid th' imputed curse.

FRANKLIN.

The same idea prevailed among the Romans : and we find the ghost of Archytas in Horace threatening the Mariner with the vengeance of Heaven against both himself and his posterity, if he neglected the pious office of strewing dust over his shipwrecked corse, which the waves had cast upon the shore.

THEBAN HERALD.

In combat first  
Great hazards must you brave.

THESEUS.

Unnumber'd toils  
Have I ere now in other wars endur'd.

THEBAN HERALD.

Was there to you transmitted from your Sire  
Sufficient strength to cope with every foe?

THESEUS.

With every villain: for on virtuous deeds  
No punishment would I inflict.

THEBAN HERALD.

Both you  
And Athens have been wont in various matters  
To interfere.

THESEUS.

To many a bold emprise  
She owes the prosperous fortunes she enjoys.

THEBAN HERALD.

Come on, that soon as you attempt to enter  
Our gates, the Theban lance may lay you low.

THESEUS.

Can any valiant champion from the teeth  
Of a slain Dragon spring?

THEBAN HERALD.

This to your cost  
Shall you experience, tho' you still retain  
The rashness which untutor'd youth inspires.

THESEUS.

By thy presumptuous language, thou my soul  
To anger canst not rouse: but from this land  
Depart, and carry back those empty words  
With which thou hither cam'st: for we in vain  
Have held this conference. [Exit THEBAN HERALD.

Now must we collect  
Our numerous infantry in arms array'd,

With all who mount the chariot, and the steed  
 Caparison'd, his mouth distilling foam,  
 Urge to the Theban realm ; for I will march  
 Up to the seven-fold gates by Cadmus rear'd  
 (16) This arm sustaining a pretended spear,  
 And be myself the Herald. But stay here,  
 Adrastus, I command thee ; nor with mine  
 Blend thy disastrous fortunes : for the host  
 I under happier auspices will lead  
 To the embattled field, renown'd in war,  
 And furnish'd with the spear to which I owe  
 My glories. I need only one thing more,  
 Help from the gods, who are the friends of justice :  
 For where all these advantages concur,  
 They to our better cause ensure success ?  
 But valour's of no service to mankind  
 Unless propitious Jove his influence lend.

[*Exit THESEUS.*

ADRASTUS.

Unhappy Mothers of those hapless chiefs,  
 How doth pale fear disturb this anxious breast !

CHORUS.

What new alarm is this thou giv'st ?

ADRASTUS.

The host  
 Of Pallas our great contest will decide.

CHORUS.

By force of arms, or conference, dost thou mean ?

ADRASTUS.

T'were better thus ; but slaughter, the delight

(16) Carmelli in his Italian version has thrown this line into a parenthesis. Markland had on conjecture altered *aw;* ipse into *aw-hic* ; but in his note gives the preference to Reiskius's arrangement, who carries it two lines backward. Dr. Musgrave, whom I have followed, brings it one line forward, and by so doing gives I think greater force and beauty to the speech. Mr. Tyrwhitt and he are also my authorities for putting into the mouth of Adrastus the following speeches, usually ascribed to Æthra.

Of Mars, and battle, thro' the Theban streets,  
With many a beaten bosom shall resound.

CHORUS.

Wretch that I am! what cause shall I assign  
For such calamities?

ADRASTUS.

But some reverse

Of fortune, may again lay low the man  
Who, swollen with gay prosperity, exults;  
This gives me confidence.

CHORUS.

Th' immortal Gods  
Thou represent'st as if those Gods were just.

ADRASTUS.

For who but they o'er each event preside?

CHORUS.

Heaven's partial dispensations to mankind  
I oft contemplate.

ADRASTUS.

Thou thy better judgement  
To thy past fears dost sacrifice. Revenge  
Calls forth revenge, and slaughter is repaid  
By slaughter; for the Gods into the souls  
Of evil men pernicious thoughts infuse,  
And all things to their destin'd period guide.

CHORUS.

O D E.

I.

O could I reach yon field with turrets crown'd  
And leave thy spring Callichoré behind.

ADRASTUS.

Heaven give thee pinions to outstrip the wind!

CHORUS.

Waft me to Thebes for its two streams renown'd.

## ADRASTUS.

(17) There might'st thou view the spirits of the slain  
 Whose corses welter on the hostile plain.  
 Still dubious are the dread awards of fate.  
 But the undaunted King of this domain,  
 In yon embattled field what dangers may await

## CHORUS.

## II.

On you, ye pitying Gods, again I call,  
 In you my trust I place, your might revere,  
 And with this hope dispell each anxious fear.  
 O Jove, whom love's soft bandage did enthrall,  
 When beauteous Io met thy fond' embrace,  
 Erst to a heifer chang'd, from whom we trace  
 Our origin, make Argos still thy care.  
 Thy image rescuing from its loath'd disgrace,  
 To the funereal pyre these heroes will we bear.

## MESSENGER, ADRASTUS, CHORUS.

## MESSENGER.

With many acceptable tidings fraught

(17) Though the reading of  $\psi\chi\alpha$ , which I have followed, is defended by Barnes with respect to the quantity, in a manner which appears to me entirely satisfactory, especially if with Scaliger we compound  $\alpha\psi\chi\alpha$  into  $\alpha\psi\chi\alpha$ ; the conjectural innovation of  $\tau\psi\chi\alpha$ ; fortunas, proposed by Mr. Heath and Mr. Tyrwhitt, has found admission into the Latin versions of Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave. "How could she see the souls of her Sons?" is a question asked by the former of these editors in opposition to the old reading. Metaphysical controversies are much beyond my sphere, but such is the language of Euripides and the antient Poets.  $\Pi\omega\ \omega\tau\ \vartheta\omega\tau\ \psi\chi\alpha\ \tau\omega\omega\tau\ \omega$ ; is an exclamation of the unfortunate Hecuba in the eighty-seventh line of the Tragedy which bears her name; on which the Scholiast observes  $\omega\tau\ \psi\chi\alpha\ \tau\omega\omega\tau\ \omega$ . In the eleventh book of the Odyssey, where Ulysses sees and converses with the souls of Tiresias and other illustrious Greeks, the word  $\psi\chi\alpha$  is used by Homer, as is that of anima in Virgil where he speaks of those with whom  $\mathcal{E}$ neas held a like intercourse. Moreover the idea of the ghosts of those warriors being seen to wander in discontent, and hover about the spot where their bodies lay unburied, is perfectly classical, and conformable to what we read of Elpenor's shade in Homer, and that of Palinurus in Virgil.

## THE SUPPLIANTS.

(18) I come, ye Dames, and am myself just 'scap'd  
 (For I was taken prisoner in that battle,  
 When the seven squadrons, led by the deceas'd,  
 Upon the banks of Dirce's current fought);  
 It is my joyful errand to relate  
 The conquest Theseus gain'd: but your fatigue  
 Of asking tedious questions will I spare;  
 For to that Capaneus, th' ill-fated chief  
 Whom Jove with flaming thunderbolts transpierc'd,  
 Was I a servant.

## CHORUS.

O my friend, you bring  
 A favourable account of your return,  
 And Theseus' mighty deeds: but if the host  
 Of generous Athens too be safe, most welcome  
 Will be the whole of what you now relate.

(18) This violation of the unity of time, which is by far the most gross of any that occurs in Euripides, if we except that he is charged with committing (as I hope I have shewn) upon very slight grounds, in the immediately preceding tragedy of Andromache, has not escaped the censure of the critics: but the attack made upon it by Muretus, var. lect. L. xiv. c. 16. being somewhat inaccurately worded, Barnes thence takes occasion rather to extenuate the charge; and Markland observes with an air of triumph, that the stricture "on the messenger's returning from Thebes "to Athens in less time than he could have performed the journey in a "dream" is doubly inaccurate, as the messenger is a prisoner who had been detained at Thebes ever since the former war, and escaping from thence, brought these tidings to Eleusine, not Athens. The distance of Eleusine from Thebes appears indeed from the maps somewhat smaller than that of Athens: but in every other respect the objection will rather gain than lose force by being stated with minuteness and accuracy. Scarce forty lines have intervened since Theseus left the temple to put himself at the head of his troops, who were waiting for him at the spring of Callichore; from thence he has marched to Thebes and given battle to Creon, who repeated his refusal to deliver up the slain: the Thebans being defeated after a very obstinate conflict, and the gates of the city thrown open to admit the fugitives, an Argive prisoner made his escape, and now arrives at Eleusine with an account of the engagement, so circumstantial that the very delivering it takes up near treble the space of time that has elapsed since Theseus left the temple.

## MESSENGER.

'Tis safe; and what Adrastrus strove t' effect,  
 When from the stream of Inachus he led  
 His forces, and against the Theban towers  
 Wag'd war, is now accomplish'd.

## CHORUS.

But relate

How *Ægeus*' Son with his intrepid comrades  
 Jove's trophies rear'd, for you th' engagement saw,  
 And us who were not there, can entertain.

## MESSENGER.

In a right line the solar beams began  
 To strike the earth; upon a tower I stood  
 Commanding a wide prospect o'er the field,  
 Above the gate Electra. Thence I mark'd  
 The warriors of three tribes, to the assault  
 Advancing in three several bands, array'd  
 In ponderous armour, to Ismenos' stream,  
 The first division, I am told, its ranks  
 Extended; the illustrious Son of *Ægeus*,  
 Their monarch, was among them; round their chief  
 The natives of Cecropia's antient realm  
 Were station'd; the Paralians arm'd with spears  
 Close to the fount of Mars; on either flank  
 Of battle stood the cavalry dispos'd  
 In equal numbers, and the brazen cars  
 Skreen'd by Amphion's venerable tomb.  
 Meanwhile the Theban forces were drawn forth  
 Without the bulwarks, placing in their rear  
 The bodies which they fought for; fiery steed  
 To steed; to chariot, chariot stood oppos'd.  
 But Theseus' Herald, in a voice so loud  
 That all might hear, cried out, "Be mute, ye people,  
 " Attend in strictest silence, O ye troops  
 " Who spring from Cadmus; we are come to claim  
 " The bodies of the slain, which 'tis our wish  
 " To bury, in compliance with the laws

“ Establish’d thro’ all Greece : we for their deaths  
“ Require not an atonement.” To these words  
No answer by his herald Creon gave,  
Firm under arms the silent warrior stood.  
They who the reins of adverse chariots held  
Began the battle, hurrying through the ranks  
With glowing wheels, nor shunn’d the lifted spear ;  
Some fought with swords, while others urg’d their steeds  
Again into the fray, encountering those  
Who had repelled them. But when Phorbas, leader  
Of the Athenian cavalry, observ’d  
The chariots of the foe in throngs advance,  
He and the chieftains of the Theban horse  
In the encounter mingled, and by turns  
Prevail’d and were discomfited. I speak not  
From fame alone; but what myself beheld,  
For I was present where the chariots fought,  
And the brave chiefs who in those chariots rode.  
In an assemblage of so many horrors,  
I know not which to mention first; how thick  
The clouds of dust which blacken’d all the sky,  
Or those who tangled in the stubborn reins  
Were dragg’d at random o’er the field, and bath’d  
In their own gore, their chariots overthrown  
Or broken ; others headlong from their seat  
Were violently dash’d upon the ground,  
And breath’d their last amid their splinter’d wheels.  
When Creon saw his cavalry prevail,  
Hastily snatching up a pointed spear,  
Onward he march’d impetuous, lest his troops  
Should lose their courage ; nor through abject fear  
Did Theseus’ bands recoil : without delay,  
On to the combat, sheath’d in glittering arms  
The dauntless chief advanc’d, and now began  
In the main body of each adverse host  
An universal conflict; with the slain  
The slayer mingled lay ; while clamorous shouts

Were heard from those that to their comrades cried;  
 " Strike! with your spears oppose Eretheus' race."  
 A legion sprung from the slain Dragon's teeth  
 With courage fought, and press'd on our left wing  
 So hard that it gave way, while by our right  
 Discomfited the Theban squadrons fled.  
 Thus in an equal balance long remain'd  
 The fate of war, but here again our Chief  
 Deserv'd applause, for he not only gain'd  
 All that advantage his victorious troops  
 Could give him, but proceeded to that wing  
 Which had been worsted: with so loud a shout  
 That earth resounded, " Valiant youths," he cried,  
 " If ye repell not those portended spears  
 Of the fierce Dragon's brood, Minerva's city  
 Is utterly destroy'd." These words infus'd  
 New confidence in all th' Athenian host,  
 Then snatching up the ponderous club he won,  
 Near (19) Epidaurus, with his utmost force

(19) Epidaurus, in the province of Argos, is described by Strabo as being situated near the bay of Saron, and opposite to the island Ægina: the distance is not great from thence to Træzene the city of Pittheus, under whose care Theseus was educated. Plutarch speaks of that hero's killing Periphetes, a famous robber in the neighbourhood of Epidaurus, as his earliest exploit. Theseus, as a mark of his triumph, used to bear the club he took from his vanquished foe, whom Pausanias and Ovid have dignified with the appellation of the Son of Vulcan. The antient Poets often put such weapons into the hands of their Heroes, in order to convey to the reader an idea of superior strength; thus Nestor, speaking of his youthful exploits;

Ταῦτα δὲ Ερευθαλίων πρόσωπος μεταποιεῖ οὐς  
 Τερψίχορος μεραρχοῦ Αρείθουσαν αναπτοῦ,  
 Διο Αρείθουσαν τον επικίνδυνον καρυπητόν  
 Ανδρες κακίσκοντο, καλλιέργεια τε γηταίνει,  
 Ουτεκ' αρ' οι ταξιδιοι μαχητούσι δεῖρι τε μακρινοῖ,  
 Άλλα σιδηρειν καρυτον ρυγμές φαλαρούγγας.

HOMER IL. L. 7. v. 136.

There Ereuthalion brav'd us in the field,  
 Proud Arëithous' dreadful arms to wield;  
 Great Arëithous known from shore to shore  
 By the huge knotted iron mace he bore;

He swang that formidable weapon round,  
 Seveing, like tender poppies from the stalks,  
 At the same stroke, their necks and helmed heads,  
 Yet scarcely could he put to flight the troops  
 Of Argos. With a shout, then vaulting high,  
 I clapp'd my hands while to the gates they ran.  
 Through every street re-echoed mingled shrieks  
 Of young and old, who by their fears impell'd  
 Crowded the temples. But when he with ease  
 The fortress might have enter'd, Theseus check'd  
 The ardour of his host, and said he came,  
 Not to destroy the city, but redeem  
 The bodies of those slaughter'd chiefs. A man  
 Like this should be selected for the leader  
 Of armies, who 'midst dangers perseveres  
 Undaunted, and abhors the madding pride  
 Of those, who flush'd with triumph, while they seek  
 To mount the giddy ladder's topmost round,  
 Forfeit that bliss they else might have enjoy'd.

## CHORUS.

Now I have seen this unexpected day,  
 I deem that there are Gods, and feel my woes  
 Alleviated since these audacious miscreants  
 Have suffer'd their deserts.

No lance he shook, nor bent the twanging bow,  
 But broke with this the battle of the foe.

POPE.

It is recorded also of Aeneas;

Nec longè Cissea durum  
 Immanemque, Gyam sterpentes agmina clavâ  
 Dejecit letho, nihil illos Herculis arma  
 Nil validæ juvere manus. VIRGIL, Æn, L. 10. v. 317.

Not far from him was Gyas laid along  
 Of monstrous bulk, with Cisseus fierce and strong;  
 Vain bulk and strength, for when the chief assail'd,  
 Nor valour nor Herculean arms avail'd. DRYDEN.

The English reader who is in the least conversant with classical poetry or  
 painting, will immediately recognize the club, though not mentioned in  
 this version, as the characteristic weapon of Hercules.

## ADRASTUS.

Why do they speak  
 Of wretched man as wise? On thee, O Jove,  
 Our all depends, and whatsoe'er thou will'st  
 We execute. The power of (20) Argos seem'd  
 Too great to be resisted; we relied  
 On our own numbers and superior might.  
 Hence when Eteocles began to treat  
 Of peace, though he demanded moderate terms,  
 Disdaining to accept it, we rush'd headlong  
 Into perdition: while the foolish race  
 Of Cadmus, like some beggar who obtains  
 Immense possessions suddenly, grew proud,  
 And pride was the forerunner of their ruin.  
 Mortals, devoid of sense, who strain too hard  
 Your feeble bow; and after ye have suffer'd  
 Unnumber'd evils justly, to the voice  
 Of friends still deaf, are guided by events;  
 And cities, who by treaty might avert  
 Impending mischief, choose to make the sword,  
 Rather than reason, umpire of your strife.  
 But whither do these vain reflections tend?  
 What I now wish to learn is, by what means  
 Thou didst escape: I into other matters  
 Will then make full enquiry.

## MESSENGER.

While the tumult  
 Of battle in the city still prevail'd,  
 I thro' that gate came forth, by which the troops  
 Had enter'd.

## ADRASTUS.

But did ye bear off the bodies  
 Of those slain chiefs for whom the war arose?

(20) The substitution of *Αγε* for *αγε*, which stands in the Aldus edition, and that of Barnes, is authorized, as we are informed by Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave, by the manuscripts in the royal library at Paris.

MESSENGER.

Who o'er seven noble houses did preside.

ADRASTUS.

What's this thou said'st ? but where are all the rest  
Of the deceas'd, an undistinguish'd crowd ?

MESSENGER.

Lodg'd in a tomb amid Cithæron's vale.

ADRASTUS.

Beyond or on this side the mount ? and who  
Perform'd this mournful duty ?

MESSENGER.

Theseus' self:

The rock Eleutheris o'ershades their grave.

ADRASTUS.

But as for those he hath not yet interr'd,  
Where did he leave their corses ?

MESSENGER.

Near at hand,

For every duty that affection prompts  
Is plac'd within our reach.

ADRASTUS.

Did slaves remove

The dead with their ignoble hands ?

MESSENGER.

No slave

Perform'd that office: if you had been present  
You would have cried, " What love doth Theseus bear  
" To our slain friends !" he lav'd the griesly wounds  
Of these unhappy youths, the couch prepar'd,  
And o'er their bodies threw the decent evil.

ADRASTUS.

Most heavy burden ! too unseemly task !

MESSENGER.

What shame to feeble mortals can arise  
From those calamities which none escape ?

ADRASTUS.

Ah ! would to Heaven that I with them had died !

## THE SUPPLIANTS.

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### MESSENGER.

In vain you weep, and cause full many a tear  
To stream from these your followers.

### ADRASTUS.

Here I stand  
As the chief mourner, though by them, alas!  
Have I been taught to grieve. Of that no more.  
With hands uplifted I advance to meet  
The dead, and pouring forth a votive dirge  
Too soothe Hell's griesly Potentate, once more  
Will I accost those friends, of whom depriv'd  
I wail my solitude. This only loss  
Man never can retrieve, the fleeting breath (21)  
Of life; but the possessions we impair,  
By various means may be again acquired.

[Exit MESSENGER.

### CHORUS.

O D E,

#### I.

Dash'd are our joys with mingled pains;  
While Athens and its leaders claim  
Fresh wreaths of laurel with augmented fame;  
Doom'd to behold the pale remains  
Of my lov'd children, bitter, pleasing sight,  
I after grief shall feel an unforeseen delight.

(21) "This passage is imitated from Homer,

" Λύγια μέτι γερέ τι βοσκε, κατά γρια μυρίσα,  
" Κτητού δέ τραπέδες τε κατά οντανες Εανός καρφα  
" Ανδρες δέ φυγήν παλαιν ελθεν επει λέγη,  
" Οιδέ φελτη, επει αρ καταφέττεις εργος οδοταν.

Il. L. 9, v. 406.

" Lost herds and treasures we by arms regain,  
" And steeds unrival'd on the dusty plain;  
" But from our lips the vital spirit fled  
" Returns no more to wake the silent dead."

POPE.

" Brôdæus has already made the same observation."

BARNES.

## II.

O that old Time's paternal care  
 Had kept me from the nuptial yoke.  
 What need had I of Sons ? this grievous stroke  
 Could never then have been my share :  
 But now I see perpetual cause to mourn ;  
 My Children, from these arms for ever are ye torn,  
 But lo the corses of those breathless youths,  
 Are born in pomp funereal. Would to Heaven  
 I with my Sons might perish, and descend  
 The shades of Pluto !

ADRASTUS.

Matrons, o'er the dead,  
 Pale tenants of the realms beneath, now vent  
 Your loudest groans, and to my groans reply.

CHORUS.

O Children, whom in bitterness of soul,  
 With a maternal fondness, we accost ;  
 To thee, my breathless Son, to thee I speak,

ADRASTUS.

Ah me ! my woes !

CHORUS.

We have endur'd, alas !  
 Afflictions the most grievous.

ADRASTUS.

O ye Dames  
 Of my lov'd Argos, view ye not my fate ?

CHORUS.

Me, miserable and childless they behold !

ADRASTUS.

Bring to their hapless friend each bloody corse  
 Of those fam'd Chiefs (22) dishonourably slain,

(22) From the account given to Jocasta by the messenger in the *Phoenissæ*, we learn that Hippomedon, Parthenopeus, and Capaneus, perished in the assault made by the Argives on the seven towers of Thebes; after which the two Sons of Oedipus, Eteocles and Polynices, having, in order to prevent farther effusion of blood, agreed to decide their claims to the throne by single combat, a spot was fixed on for that

## THE SUPPLIANTS.

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And by the hands of cowards: when they fell,  
The battle ended.

CHORUS.

O let me embrace  
My dearest Sons, and in these arms sustain !

ADRASTUS.

Thou from these hands receiv'st them: such a weight  
Of anguish is too grievous to be borne. —

CHORUS.

By their fond Mothers, you forget to add.  
Wretch that I am !

ADRASTUS.

Ah, listen to my voice.

CHORUS.

Both to yourself and us these plaints belong.

ADRASTUS.

Would to the Gods that the victorious troops  
Of Thebes, had slain and laid me low in dust!

CHORUS.

O that in wedlock I had ne'er been join'd  
To any lord !

purpose without the walls of the city, and in the mid-way between both armies: the Thebans still kept on their armour; but the Argives had imprudently thrown theirs aside: immediately on the two Princes falling by each other's hand, (an event not guarded against in the treaty), the Thebans ungenerously availed themselves of this advantage, and attacked the Argives, who were not prepared to resist them, and are hence said to have fallen *πειρασθεντες*, which without this retrospect sounds absurdly when applied to men slain at the head of their troops in an engagement where they behaved with distinguished courage. As to Amphiareus who was swallowed up with his chariot and horses, Euripides has left it dubious whether he perished immediately after that attempt to storm the city, which preceded the duel between the two Brothers, or in flying with Adrastus: but the two other chiefs, Tydeus and Eteocles, may be considered as having survived Polynices, and as being the persons here spoken of *πειρασθεντες*; after whose deaths Adrastus having lost all hopes, quitted the field of battle, and escaped through the swiftness of his horse. Most of the Latin interpreters concur in rendering the last mentioned words in *quibus finitum erat certamen*: Reiskius and Mr. Markland suppose the word *locis* to be understood; but I rather apprehend the Argive king to be still speaking of these his slain friends.

## THE SUPPLIANTS.

ADRASTUS.

Ye miserable Mothers

Of those brave youths, who for their country died,  
An ocean of calamity, behold.

CHORUS.

We, hopeless mourners, with our nails have torn  
These bleeding visages, and on our heads  
Strewn ashes.

ADRASTUS.

Ah! ah me! thou opening ground,  
Swallow me up. O scatter me, ye storms;  
And may Jove's lightning on this head descend!

CHORUS.

You witness'd in an evil hour the nuptials  
Of your two Daughters, in an evil hour  
Apollo's mystic oracles obey'd.  
The Wife whom you have taken to your arms  
Is that destructive fiend who left the house  
Of Edipus, and chose with you to dwell.

THESEUS, ADRASTUS, CHORUS.

THESEUS.

The questions I design'd to have propos'd  
To you, ye noble Matrons, when ye utter'd  
Your loud complaints amidst th' assembled host,  
I will omit, and mean to search no farther  
Into the moving history of your woes.  
But now of thee, Adrastus, I enquire,  
Whence sprung these Chiefs whose prowess did transcend  
That of all other mortals? thou art wise,  
And these transactions, which full well thou know'st,  
Canst to our youthful citizens unfold.  
For, of their bold atchievements, which exceed  
The power of language to express, myself  
(23) Have been a witness, when they strove to storm

(23) " Heath and Markland render *λέων* intelligo, because Theseus did not accompany the first expedition against Thebes, and therefore was not an eye-witness to the exploits performed by the Argive leaders.

The Theban walls, But lest I should provoke  
 Thy laughter, this one question will I spare ;  
 With what brave (24) champion in th' embattled field  
 Each fought, and from the weapon of what foe  
 Receiv'd the deadly wound: for these vain tales  
 But serve an equal folly to display  
 In those who either hear them, or relate,  
 Should he who mingles in the thickest fray,  
 From either army, while unnumber'd spears  
 Before his eyes are thrown, distinctly strive  
 To ascertain what dauntless warrior lanch'd  
 With surest aim the missile death. These questions  
 I cannot ask, nor credit those who dare  
 To make such rash assertions. For the man  
 Who to his foes in combat stands oppos'd,  
 Can scarce discern enough to act the part  
 Which his own duty calls for.

## ADRASTUS.

Now attend,

For no unwelcome task have you impos'd  
 On me, of praising those departed friends,

" This does not seem to me a sufficient reason, why we should transfer  
 " ~~and~~ from *seeing* to the faculty of *understanding*, contrary to the usage  
 " of the Greeks. Pausanias relates (p. 729, ed. Kuhnii, Leipsic 1696.)  
 " that the Peloponnesians being unacquainted with the proper methods of be-  
 " sieging a fortress, made their attacks rather with *passion* than *judgement*.  
 " Theseus therefore, when he was at Thebes, might have gone round the  
 " walls, and beheld their attempts, by the places they had assailed be-  
 " ing pointed out to him." Dr. MUSGRAVE.

The above interpretation appears to me more probable from the account Statins gives of Thebes being exposed to great danger, from the breaches made in its walls by the former assailants being not yet repaired when it was besieged a second time by Theseus.

Murorum patet omne latus, rupinimine portæ  
 Exposunt; prior hosti habet, fastigia desunt;  
 Dejecit Capanens. Stati Theb. L. 12. v. 704.

(24) This has the appearance of being intended as a sarcasm on the battles of Homer, and is equally applicable to those of almost every other Epic writer.

Ingenuous shame, and every man whose habits  
 Have erst been virtuous, not without a blush,  
 Becomes a dastard: courage may be taught;  
 Just as a tender infant learns to speak  
 And listen to the words he comprehends not;  
 But he such wholesome lessons treasures up  
 Till he is old. From this example train  
 Your progeny in honour's arduous paths.

## CHORUS.

I educated thee, my hapless Son,  
 Thee in this womb sustain'd, and Childbirth's pangs  
 For thee endur'd; but now hath Pluto seiz'd  
 The fruit of all my toils, and I, who bore  
 An offspring, am abandon'd to distress,  
 Without a prop to stay my sinking age.

## ADRASTUS.

The Gods themselves in louder strains extoll  
 (25) Oicleus' illustrious Son, whom yet alive  
 They with his rapid coursers snatch'd away  
 And bore into the caverns of the earth.

(25) *Amphiareus.* Dr. Musgrave puts the encomiums on this hero and Polynices into the mouth of Theseus; but from the circumstance of Pindar and Euripides being contemporary writers, and the 6th Olympic Ode containing an account of "the praises with justice bestowed on the deceased prophet Amphiareus son of Oicleus by the tongue of Adrastus," the Ode of Pindar bearing date the 85th Olympiad, whereas this Tragedy of Euripides appears to have been exhibited in the 3d year of the 90th Olympiad, as Barnes infers from the oath proposed by Minerva in the last scene, being the same with that which Thucydides, L. 5. c. 47. mentions being taken by the Argives when they formed a league with Athens in the twelfth year of the Peloponnesian war. It appears, therefore, highly probable that Euripides should concur with what had been advanced little more than 20 years before by Pindar, so far as to put these words into the mouth of Adrastus rather than Theseus: but, on the other hand, Dr. Musgrave's arguments in favor of ascribing the speech to Theseus, from Polynices being evidently unknown to Adrastus at the time of his taking shelter in his vestibule, when he appears to have recommended himself to the Argive king merely by his dauntless ferocity in encountering Tydeus, as well as from the stress apparently laid on the word *μην* in the original, are so strong, that I thought it adviseable to take the middle way, by dividing the speech, and have followed Dr. Musgrave in his distribution of the subsequent dialogue.

THESEUS.

Nor shall I utter falsehood, while my tongue  
 Recounts the praise of Polynices, Son  
 Of Oedipus; for as his guest the Chief  
 Receiv'd me, ere, a voluntary exile,  
 Abandoning his native city rear'd  
 By Cadmus, to the Argive realm he went.  
 But know'st thou how I wish thou should'st dispose  
 Of their remains?

ADRASTUS.

All that I know is this,  
 Whatever you direct shall be obey'd.

THESEUS.

As for that Capaneus who by the flame  
 Lanch'd from Jove's hand was smitten.—

ADRASTUS.

Would you burn  
 His corse apart as sacred?

THESEUS.

Even so.

But all the rest on one funereal pyre.

ADRASTUS.

Where mean you to erect his separate tomb?

THESEUS.

I near these hapless youths have fix'd the spot (26)  
 For his interment.

(26) Reikius, and after him Mr. Tyrwhitt and Dr. Musgrave, read *εκεινων*; instead of *εκεινων*. Mr. Markland just mentions the proposed alteration in his notes, but gives it no sanction either by inserting it in his Latin version or the various readings at the foot of his page. There seems to be as little harm and at the same time as little use in it as is possible in the substitution of one word for another, where the sense differs so totally as "*Wretches and Temple*." The body of Capaneus is evidently borne *without* the Temple for interment as well as the other Chiefs, nor does the spot where the funereal rites of Eteocles and the rest were performed appear to have been at any considerable distance, from their ashes being soon after brought in urns to their Mothers by the children.

## THE SUPPLIANTS.

ADRASTUS.

To your menial train  
Must this unwelcome office be consign'd.

THESEUS.

But to those other warriors will I pay  
Due honours. Now advance, and hither bring  
Their corses.

ADRASTUS.

To your children, wretched Matrons,  
Draw near.

THESEUS.

Adrastus, sure thou hast propos'd  
What cannot be expedient.

ADRASTUS.

Why restrain  
The Mothers from their breathless Sons' embrace?

THESEUS.

Should they behold their children thus deform'd,  
They would expire with grief. The face we lov'd,  
Soon as pale death invades its bloom, becomes  
A loathsome object. Why would'st thou encrease  
Their sorrows?

ADRASTUS.

You convince me. Ye must wait  
With patience; for expedient are the counsels  
Which Theseus gives. But when we have consum'd  
In blazing pyres their corses, ye their bones  
Must take away. Why forge the brazen spear,  
Unhappy Mortals, why retaliate slaughter  
With slaughter? O desist; no more engross'd  
By fruitless labours, in your cities dwell,  
Peaceful yourselves, and through the nations round  
A general peace diffusing. For the term

The interment therefore of Capaneus *within sight of the Temple*, and at  
the same time *near to his hapless Friends*, but in a separate tomb, is what  
I cannot consider as in the least inconsistent with unity of place.

## THE SUPPLIANTS.

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Of human life is short, and should be pass'd  
With every comfort, not in anxious toils.

[*Exeunt THESEUS and ADRASTUS.*

### CHORUS.

O D E.

#### I.

No more a Mother's happy name  
Shall crown my fortunes or exalt my fame,  
Midst Argive Matrons blest with generous heirs.

Of all the parent's hopes bereft,  
By Dian, patroness of childbirth left,  
Ordain'd to lead a life of cares,  
To wandering solitude consign'd,  
I like a cloud am driven before the howling wind.

#### II.

We, seven unhappy Dames, deplore  
The seven brave Sons we erst exulting bore,  
Illustrious champions who for Argos bled:

Forlorn and childless, drench'd in tears  
Downward I hasten to the vale of years,  
But am not number'd with the dead  
Or living: a peculiar state  
Is mine, on me attends an unexampled fate.

#### III.

For me nought now remains, except to weep:

In my Son's house are left behind  
Some tokens; well I know those tresses shorn  
Which no wreath shall ever bind,  
No auspicious songs adorn,  
And golden-hair'd Apollo scorn,  
With horror from a broken sleep  
Rous'd by grief at early morn  
My crimson vest in gushing tears I steep.

But I the pyre of Capaneus behold  
Already blazing, near his sacred tomb

Heap'd high; and plac'd without the fane, those gifts  
 Which Theseus' self appropriates to the dead:  
 Evadne too, the Consort of that Chief,  
 Who by the thunderbolts of Jove was slain,  
 Daughter of (27) noble Iphis is at hand.  
 Why doth she stand upon the topmost ridge  
 Of you aerial rock, which overlooks  
 This dome, as if she hither bent her way?

## EVADNE, CHORUS.

EVADNE.

O D E.

I.

What cheering beams of radiant light  
 Hyperion darted from his car,  
 And how did Cynthia's lamp shine bright,  
 While in the skies each glittering star  
 Rode swiftly through the drear abodes of night,  
 When Argive youths a festive throng  
 T' accompany the nuptial song  
 For Capaneus and me awak'd the lyre?  
 Now frantic hither am I borne  
 Resolv'd to share my Lord's funereal pyre,

(27) Though the word ἄνωξ is rendered *rex* in all the Latin versions I have met with, except that of Dorotheus Camillus, printed at Basil in 1541, who has very judiciously translated it *excellens vir*, it is very evident that this personage, whom Carmelli calls *il Re Ife*, had not the least pretensions to royalty, but was, as Mr. Markland expresses it in his note on the 873d line of this Tragedy, *unus ex principibus Argivis*, a man of high rank, but apparently of a very inconsiderable fortune, his son Eteocles being represented by Adrastus as having lived in a state of absolute indigence, a circumstance which, notwithstanding his noble descent, and the honorable employments he is said to have filled, needed not to have called forth an exclamation of surprise from the last mentioned Commentator; as Athens (if not Argos), long after the days of Theseus, and even subsequent to those of Euripides, had no occasion to refer to the stage for such a character, but experienced in Phocion the same uncorrupted integrity, and poverty united with power in a degree far beyond what is by the Poet fabled of Eteocles.

With him to enter the same tomb,  
 End with him this life forlorn,  
 In Pluto's realms, the Stygian gloom.  
 If Heaven assent, the most delightful death  
 Is when with those we love we mix our parting breath.

## CHORUS.

Near to its mouth you stand and overlook  
 The blazing pyre, Jove's treasure, there is lodg'd  
 Your Husband whom his thunderbolts transpierc'd.

EVADNE.

## II.

Life's utmost goal I now behold,  
 For I have finish'd my career:  
 With stedfast purpose uncontroll'd  
 My steps doth Fortune hither steer.  
 In the pursuit of honest fame grown bold,  
 Am I determin'd from this steep  
 Into the flames beneath to leap,  
 And mine with my dear Husband's ashes blend;  
 I to the couch of Proserpine,  
 With him in death united, will descend.  
 Thee in the grave I'll ne'er betray:  
 Life and wedlock I resign.  
 May some happier spousal day  
 At Argos for Evadne's race remain,  
 And every wedded pair such constant loves maintain.

## CHORUS.

But, lo, 'tis he ! I view your aged Sire,  
 The venerable Iphis, who approaches  
 As a fresh witness of those strange designs  
 Which yet he know's not, and will grieve to hear.

IPHIS, CHORUS, EVADNE.

## IPHIS.

O most unhappy! hither am I come,  
 A miserable old man, with twofold griefs  
 By Heaven afflicted; to his native land,

The body of Eteoclus my Son  
 Slain by a Theban javelin, to convey,  
 And seek my Daughter, with impetuous step,  
 Who rush'd from her apartment ; in the bond  
 Of wedlock she to Capaneus was join'd,  
 And wishes to accompany in death  
 Her Husband ; for a time she in my house  
 Was guarded, but since I no longer watch'd her,  
 'Midst the confusion of our present ills  
 She scap'd ; but we have reason to suspect  
 That she is here ; inform us, if ye know.

EVADNE.

Why do you question them ? here on this rock  
 I, O my Father, o'er the blazing pyre  
 Of Capaneus stand, hovering like a bird.

IPHIS.

What gale hath borne thee hither ? or what means  
 That robe, my Daughter ? wherefore, from thy home  
 Departing, to this region didst thou fly ?

EVADNE.

'Twould but exasperate you to be inform'd  
 Of my intentions: therefore, O my Sire,  
 Am I unwilling you should hear.

IPHIS.

What schemes  
 Are these which thy own Father may not know ?

EVADNE.

In you I should not find an equal judge  
 Of my intentions.

IPHIS.

But on what account  
 Thy person with that habit hast thou grac'd ?

EVADNE.

A splendid action, O my Sire, the robe  
 I wear, denotes.

IPHIS.  
 Ill-suited is a garb

So costly to the matron who bewails  
Her Husband's death.

EVADNE.

For an unheard-of purpose  
In gay habiliments am I atti'd.

IPHIS.

Why stand'st thou near the grave and blazing pyre?

EVADNE.

Hither I come to gain a mighty conquest.

IPHIS.

O'er whom would'st thou prevail? I wish to know.

EVADNE.

O'er every woman whom the Sun beholds.

IPHIS.

By Pallas in the labours of the loom  
Instructed, or with a judicious soul  
That best of gifts endued?

EVADNE.

With dauntless courage:

For in the grave I with my breathless Lord  
Shall be united.

IPHIS.

What is it thou say'st?  
Or with what views a riddle thus absurd  
Hast thou propounded?

EVADNE.

Hence into the pyre  
Of Capaneus will I leap down.

IPHIS.

My Daughter,  
Before the multitude forbear to hold  
This language.

EVADNE.

There is nothing I have said  
But what I wish that every Argive knew.

IPHIS.

Yet will I not consent thou should'st fulfil  
Thy desperate purpose.

EVADNE, *as she is throwing herself from the Rock.*

It is all the same :

Nor can you now by stretching forth your hand  
Stop my career. Already have I taken  
The fatal leap, and hence descend, with joy,  
Though not indeed to you, yet to myself,  
And to my Lord, with whose remains I blaze.

CHORUS.

Thou hast committed an atrocious deed,  
O woman.

IPHIS.

Wretched me ! I am undone,  
Ye Dames of Argos.

CHORUS.

Horrid are these ills  
Which thou endur'st, the deed thine eyes behold  
Is the most daring.

IPHIS.

No man can ye find  
Than me more miserable.

CHORUS.

O wretch ! a (28) portion  
Of Oedipus's fortunes was reserv'd  
For thee in thy old age : thou too, my city,  
Art visited by the severest woes.

IPHIS.

Why was this privilege, alas ! denied  
To mortals, twice to flourish in the bloom  
Of youth, and for a second time grow old ?  
For in our houses, we, if aught is found  
To have been ill contriv'd, amend the fault  
Which our maturer judgement hath descried ;  
While each important error in our life

(28) " Because one of his children perished by a voluntary death, and  
" through her own fault, like Eteocles and Polynices the two Sons of  
" Oedipus. Hence in the Thebaid of Statins, Creon, lamenting the fate  
" of his son Menæceus, says, *Oedipodi par est fortuna doloris ac mihi.*"

MARKLAND.

Admits of no reform : but if with youth  
And ripe old age we twice had been indulg'd,  
Each devious step that mark'd our first career  
We in our second might set right. For children,  
Seeing that others had them, much I wish'd,  
And pin'd away with vehement desire :  
But if I had already felt these pangs,  
And from my own experience learnt, how great  
Is the calamity, to a fond Father,  
To be bereft of all his hopeful race,  
I into such distress had never fallen  
As now o'erwhelms me, who begot a youth  
Distinguish'd by his courage, and of him  
Am now depriv'd. No more. But what remains  
For me ? wretch that I am, shall I return  
To my own home, view many houses left  
Without inhabitants, and waste the dregs  
Of life in hopeless anguish, or repair  
To the abode of Capaneus, with joy  
By me frequented while my Daughter liv'd ?  
But she is now no more, who lov'd to kiss  
My furrow'd cheeks and strok'd this hoary head.  
Nought can delight us more than the attention  
Which to her aged Sire a daughter pays :  
Though our male progeny have souls endued  
With courage far superior, yet less gently  
Do they these soothing offices perform.  
Will ye not quickly drag me to my home,  
And in some dungeon's gloomy hold confine,  
To wear away these aged limbs by famine ?  
Me, what, alas, can it avail, to touch  
My Daughter's bones ! what hatred do I bear  
To thee, O irresistible old age !  
Them too my soul abhors who vainly strive  
To lengthen out our little span of life ;  
By th' easy vehicle, the downy couch,  
And by the boasted aid of magic song,

Labouring to turn aside from his career  
 Remorseless Death : when they who have no longer  
 The strength required to serve their native land,  
 Should vanish, and to younger men give place.

## SEMICHORUS.

Lo there the bones of my slain Sons, whose corses  
 Already in funereal pyres have blaz'd,  
 Are borne along. Support a weak old Woman :  
 The pangs which for my Children's loss I feel  
 Deprive me of all strength. I long have mourn'd,  
 And am enervated by many griefs.  
 Can any curse severer be devis'd  
 For mortals, than to see their children dead ?

## (29) BOY.

O my unhappy Mother, from the flames

(29) This speaker does not appear to be any new personage now for the first time introduced on the stage, but one of the Sons of the seven Chiefs, who appeared with Adrastus and the Chorus on the first opening of this Tragedy. Barnes supposes this Boy to be Sthenelus the son of Capaneus ; and here it may be proper to observe, that as on the one hand Iphis' calling him *τεκνόν* is by no means conclusive, neither on the other does the expression *μαῖη* appear to add the least force to the objections urged against Barnes by Heath and Markland, because *μαῖη* here means Grandmother, as in the Iphigenia in Aulis *Ηαῖη Ταλάντη* stands for Talaus the Grandfather of Euryalus : and Pelens in the Andromache calls his Son Achilles, and his Grandson Neoptolemus both *τεκνά*. That the youth, whoever he is, accosts his Grandmother by the term *μαῖη* is evident from his saying *μή οὐ ταῦ τεκνά*, " Thy children are no more," which sounds as if addressed to the Wife of Iphis, the Mother of Eteocles and Evadne : but it would be peculiarly unnatural for Sthenelus, who had just seen his Mother leap into the flames, to take hardly any notice of her death, while he breaks out into such vehement lamentations over his Father slain in battle. Eustathius in his commentary on Homer's Iliad, L. iv. v. 407, has included, in the list of the Epigoni, Melon the Son of Eteocles, whom I apprehend to be the Boy here speaking. In the following dialogue I have been guided by Barnes and Mr. Markland in the distribution of the speeches : theirs I cannot but consider as far more judicious than that of their successors. Nor does Iphis' closing a former speech with " its being fit for an old Man to give place to his juniors," by any means induce me to conclude that he there leaves the stage, as supposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt in his appendix to Dr. Musgrave's Exercitationes

I bear my Father's relics, which my sorrows  
Have made more weighty: this small urn contains  
All my possessions.

SEMICHORUS.

Why dost thou convey  
The sad and pleasing cause of many tears  
To the afflicted Mothers of the slain,  
A little heap of ashes in the stead  
Of those who in Mycenæ were renown'd?

BOY.

But I, a wretched Orphan, and bereft  
Of my unhappy Father, shall receive  
For my whole portion a deserted house,  
Torn from the tutelary arms of him  
To whom I owe my birth.

SEMICHORUS.

Where, where are those  
Whom sorrowing I brought forth, whom at my breast  
With a maternal tenderness I rear'd,  
Their slumbers watch'd, and sweetest kisses gave?

BOY.

Your Children are departed, they exist  
No longer, O my Mother, they are gone  
For ever, by devouring flames consum'd;  
In the mid-air they float, borne on light wing  
To Pluto. O my Sire, for sure thou hear'st  
Thy Children's lamentations, shall I bear  
The shield hereafter to avenge thy death?

IPHIS.

May the time come, my Son, when the just Gods  
To me, shall for thy valiant Father's death

in Euripides: the sentiment *εκτιναγμένης φύλακος* φίλοις φύλακας στον (ορντικούς) μάρτυρας, will I apprehend to most readers seem very natural in the Mouth of Iphis; whereas nothing can be more the reverse than to make the Chorus say (as Mr. Tyrwhitt and Dr. Musgrave have done) "I shall no more behold "the dear image of thy Mother," when the Chorus consists of the Mothers of the slain Chiefs.

A full atonement grant: that grievous loss  
In this torn heart yet rankles unappeas'd.

BOY.

I our hard fortunes have enough bewail'd,  
My sorrows are sufficient. I will take  
My stand where chosen Grecian chiefs, array'd  
In brazen arms, with transport will receive me  
Th' avenger of my Sire. E'en now these eyes  
Behold thee, O my Father, on my cheeks  
A kiss imprinting, tho' the winds have borne  
Thy noble exhortations far away.  
But thou hast left two mourners here behind,  
Me and my Mother: venerable man,  
No time can from thy wounded soul efface  
The grief thou for thy Children feel'st.

IPHIS.

The load

Of anguish which I suffer is so great  
That it hath quite o'ercome me. Hither bring,  
And let me clasp those ashes to my breast.

BOY.

These bitter lamentations have I heard  
With streaming tears; they rend my inmost soul.

IPHIS.

Thou, O my Son, art lost; and I no more  
Thy Mother's dear, dear image shall behold.

THESEUS, ADRASTUS, IPHIS, CHORUS.

THESEUS.

Behold ye, O Adrastus, and ye Dames  
Of Argive race, these Children, in their hands  
Bearing the relics of their valiant Sires  
By me redeem'd: Athens and I, these gifts  
On you bestow: still are ye bound to cherish  
A memory of those benefits, obtain'd  
Thro' my victorious spear To all I speak  
In the same terms. With honour due repay

This city, and the kindness, which from us  
 Ye have experienc'd, to your children's children  
 Transmit thro' latest ages. But let Jove  
 Bear witness, with what tokens of our bounty  
 Ye from this realm depart.

ADRASTUS.

Full well we know  
 What favours you, O Theseus, have conferr'd  
 Upon the Argive land, when most it needed  
 A Benefactor; hence will we retain  
 Such gratitude as time shall ne'er efface.  
 For we, the generous treatment which from you  
 We have receiv'd, as largely should requite.

THESEUS.

Is there ought else I can bestow?

ADRASTUS.

All hail;  
 For you and Athens every bliss deserve.

THESEUS.

May Heaven this wish accomplish! and may'st thou  
 My friend, with equal happiness be crown'd.

MINERVA, THESEUS, ADRASTUS, IPHIS,  
 CHORUS.

MINERVA.

Attend, O Theseus, to Minerva's words,  
 And thou shalt learn what thou must do to serve  
 This country; give not to the boys these bones  
 To bear to Argos, on such easy terms  
 Dismissing them. But to requite the toils  
 Of thee and of thy city, first exact  
 A solemn oath, and let Adrastus swear,  
 For he, its King, for the whole Argive realm  
 Is qualified to answer, and be this  
 The form prescrib'd; " Ne'er will Mycene's sons  
 " Into this land a hostile squadron lead,  
 " But hence, with their pretended spears, repell

“ Each fierce invader.” If the sacred oath  
 They impiously should violate, and march  
 Against thy city, pray that utter ruin  
 May light on Argos, and its perjur’d state.  
 But where the Gods require that thou shalt slay  
 The victims, I will tell thee; in thy palace  
 On brazen feet a massive tripod stands  
 Which erst Alcides, when the walls of Troy  
 He from their basis had o’erthrown, and rush’d  
 New labours to accomplish, gave command,  
 Close to the (30) Pythian altar, should be plac’d.  
 When on this tripod thou hast slain three sheep,  
 The destin’d victims, in its hollow rim  
 Inscribe the oath; then to that God consign  
 Who o’er the Delphic realm presides: such tablet  
 To Greece shall testify the league ye form.  
 But in the bowels of the earth conceal  
 The knife with which the victims thou hast slain,  
 For this, when shewn, should they hereafter come,  
 With armed bands, this city to assail,  
 Will strike Mycene’s warriors with dismay,  
 And their return embitter. When these rites  
 Thou hast perform’d, the ashes of the dead  
 Send from this region, and to them assign  
 That grove in which their corses have by fire  
 Been purified, the spot where meet three roads  
 Sacred to th’ (31) Isthmian Goddess. This to thee,

(30) Dramatic Poets are seldom accurate in their Chronology; upon referring to the word Ἱδης in Suidas, I find the *Temple of Apollo at Athens*, known by that name, was erected, near seven hundred years after the days of Theseus, by Pisistratus; and it appears from Thucydides, L. vi. c. 54, that the *altar* here spoken of, (which that Historian, who was some years younger than Euripides, informs us was standing in his time) owed its foundation to Pisistratus, son of Hippias, and grandson to the celebrated tyrant of that name who built the temple.

(31) “ Ino, or Leucothea, to whom the rock in the Isthmus, where she threw herself into the sea, was afterwards deemed sacred: it is evident from Pausanias, that many places in the Peloponeus bore the

O Theseus, have I spoken : to the Boys  
 Who spring from those slain Argive chiefs I add ;  
 Ismenos' city, soon as ye attain  
 Maturer years, shall ye in ruin lay,  
 Retaliating the slaughter of your Sires ;  
 Thou too, Ægialeus, an youthful Chief,  
 Shalt in thy Father's stead command the host,  
 And marching from Ætolia's realm, the Son  
 Of Tydeus, Diomede by name ; the down  
 No sooner shall o'erspread your blooming cheeks,  
 Than with a band of Argive warriors clad  
 In glittering armour, with impetuous rage,  
 Ye the seven Theban turrets shall assail ;  
 Them, in your wrath, shall ye, in manhood's prime,  
 Like whelps of lions visit, and lay waste  
 The city. What I have foretold, ere long  
 Will be accomplish'd. By applauding Greece  
 Call'd the Epigoni, ye shall become  
 A theme for your descendants' choral songs,

" name of Ino, who, in her flight towards the Isthmus, is said to have  
 " passed over Gerania, a mountain of Megara, which juts out into the  
 " sea, and is situated between Eleusinia and the Isthmus. The Argive  
 " chiefs were buried near the road between Eleusine and Megara, which  
 " appears to have been situated at the foot of Gerania : she must there-  
 " fore have passed through Eleusinia. Is it not probable then, that, at the  
 " time of her being there, she should have sat down at some spot where  
 " three roads meet, either from not knowing which path to take, or  
 " through fatigue; or at least that such an account should have been  
 " forged and obtained credit among the people, whence the place after-  
 " wards retained her name from the tradition of such event, whether true  
 " or false? moreover, that no one may consider this as spoken at random,  
 " it is proved by the testimony of Plutarch, Sympos. 5, prob. 3. that  
 " there was a place in Megara which derived its name from the flight  
 " of Ino."

Dr. MUSGRAVE.

Had our Author's Tragedy of Ino, several fragments of which are still extant, been transmitted to us entire, it would, in all probability, have entirely cleared up this point. But the above is so satisfactory a defence of the vulgar reading and punctuation, that I omit troubling the reader with the attempts of Brodæus, Barne, and Markland, to apply what is here said of the Deity of the Isthmus rather to Diana or Neptune.

Such squadrons ye to battle shall lead forth  
Favour'd by righteous Jove.

THESEUS.

Thy dread injunctions,  
Minerva, aweful Queen, will I obey :  
For I, while thou direct'st me, cannot err.  
I from Adrastus will exact that oath,  
Deign only thou to guide my steps aright,  
For to our city if thou prov'st a friend  
We shall enjoy blest safety.

CHORUS.

Let us go,  
Adrastus, and eternal friendship swear  
To Theseus and his city, for the toils  
They have endur'd, our grateful reverence claim.

## IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

Sæpius olim

Religio peperit scelerosa atque impia facta :  
Aulide quo pacto Triviai virginis Aram  
Iphianassai turparunt sanguine foedè  
Ductores Danaum, delecti, prima virorum.

LUCRETIUS.

**PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.**

**AGAMEMNON.**

**AN AGED ATTENDANT.**

**CHORUS OF DAMES OF CHALCIS.**

**MENELAUS.**

**MESSENGER.**

**CLYTEMNESTRA.**

**IPHIGENIA.**

**ACHILLES.**

**SCENE — THE COAST BORDERING ON THE HAVEN OF  
AULIS IN BEOOTIA.**

## IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

AGAMEMNON, AN AGED ATTENDANT.

AGAMEMNON.

COME forth, my aged follower, from this tent.

ATTENDANT.

I come. But what fresh scheme employs the thoughts  
Of royal Agamemnon?

AGAMEMNON.

Thou shalt hear.

ATTENDANT.

I haste. Old age gives keenness to these eyes,  
And makes them strangers to sleep's balmy gifts.

AGAMEMNON.

What star now holds his course?

ATTENDANT.

'Tis Sirius borne

Near the seven Pleiades in mid career.

AGAMEMNON.

No sound is heard, or from the feather'd choir,  
Or ocean's waves; the silent winds still keep  
Euripus in a calm.

ATTENDANT.

But why rush forth,

My Sovereign, from your tent? for o'er this coast  
Of Aulis still an universal rest  
Prevails, and station'd on yon walls remain  
The centinels, in motionless array.  
Shall we go in?

AGAMEMNON.

Thee, O thou aged man,  
Happy I deem, and happy all who live

From danger free, inglorious and unknown :  
But those on whom great honours wait, I hold  
Less to be envied.

ATTENDANT.

Hence doth life acquire  
Its splendour.

AGAMEMNON.

Yet such splendour oft is found  
Precarious. Empire, tempting to the view,  
Comes laden with affliction. For some God,  
To whom our homage was not duly paid,  
At times our prosperous fortunes hath o'erthrown :  
Again, a Monarch's transitory bliss,  
By the discordant froward wills of those  
We rule, hath been embitter'd.

ATTENDANT.

In a King

I blame such language. From a mortal Sire  
You spring not to receive unmingled good,  
O Agamemnon : Atreus' son must feel  
Vicissitudes of joy and grief, the lot  
Of human kind : reluctance nought avails,  
For thus hath Heaven ordain'd. You snatch the torch,  
And write that very letter, which your hand  
Still bears irresolutely, then erase  
The signature, seal, break it open, dash  
The (1) tablet on the ground, shed many a tear,

(1) " The younger Racine, himself a Poet, justly praises this picture  
" as admirable, in the Mem. of the Acad. des Inscript. T. viii. p. 290.  
" Ovid has with great success transferred the thought of Euripides,  
" copied, I apprehend, from hence, to Biblis preparing to reveal by  
" letter her incestuous love to her Brother Caunus ;

" Incipit; et dubitat, scribit, damnatque tabellas ;  
" Et notat: et delet; mutat, culpatque probatque,  
" Inque vicem sumtas ponit, positasque resumit.

MET. L. ix. v. 522.

" The pencil then in her fair hand she held,  
" By fear discourag'd, but by love compell'd,

And shew such wild confusion, that your brain  
 Seems touch'd with frenzy. Wherefore laboring heaves  
 Your bosom; what new grievance wounds my Lord?  
 To me reveal your cares, and be assur'd,  
 You to a faithful and a virtuous man  
 Will utter them. Me, Tyndarus, with your Bride  
 Erst sent as an addition to her dower,  
 An upright guardian to the royal fair.

## (2) AGAMEMNON.

To Leda, from Aetolian Thestius sprung,  
 Were born three Daughters; Phœbe, Clytemnestra  
 My wife, and Helen, to whose love aspir'd  
 The wealthiest youths of Greece; each rival, threats  
 Of murderous vengeance utter'd, if he fail'd  
 To win the Maid, her Father hence remain'd  
 Long in suspence, whether he should bestow (3)  
 Or not bestow her, and on wavering Fortune

" She writes, then blots, writes on, and blots again,

" Likes it as fit, then rases it as vain." S. HARVEY.

Valkenaer Not. in Hippolytum, p. 299.

Barnes, Carmelli, and others, understand by *πλακη* "a torch," but Valkenaer is followed by Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave, in interpreting it of the tablet made of the wood of the pine tree, on which Agamemnon was writing his letter.

(2) This speech, though interwoven with the dialogue, is evidently calculated only to give information to the Spectators, as the Attendant, to whom it is addressed, could be no stranger to the history of Tyndarus's family, in which he had resided as a servant till the marriage of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra: the following fragment however, preserved by Aelian, and cited as from this play, is with great probability supposed, by Dr. Musgrave, to have formed part of the Prologue, which appears to have been spoken by Diana.

A Hind with branching horns, I in the hands  
 Of Grecian Chiefs will place, which they shall slay,  
 And deem that they have sacrific'd thy Daughter.

(3) " This seems taken from Aeschylus:

" Απορησω δι, καυ φοβος μ' ηχη φονευ,  
 " Δρασται τι, ων δρασται τι, καυ τοχη ελευ.

Suppl. v. 384.

Perplex'd I fear

" To act, or not to act, and fix my choice."

Potter,  
 MARKLAND.

How with most surely he might fix his hold :  
 At length this thought occurr'd, he made them swear,  
 Join hands in token of the sacred league,  
 Sprinkle libations as the victims blaz'd,  
 And bind themselves with curses to assist  
 That favour'd youth who for his bride obtain'd  
 The bright Tyndarean nymph, and from his house  
 If any ravisher should bear away  
 The lovely prize, to war with all their might  
 Against him, and his city overthrow,  
 Greek or Barbarian. But their plighted troth  
 When they had given, soon as the aged Tyndarus  
 Had overreach'd them by this sage device  
 His Daughter he permitted to select  
 One of her suitors, as the welcome gale  
 Which Venus raises, should direct her love.  
 Her choice was Menelaus: would to Heaven  
 He never had obtain'd her. But from Troy  
 Fame loudly tells how Paris, who had judg'd  
 Betwixt contending Goddesses, arriv'd  
 On Sparta's shore with glittering vest attir'd  
 In burnish'd gold, and gay Barbaric pomp :  
 He, amorous youth, departing, bore away  
 The amorous Helen, and to Ida's mount,  
 On which he fed the lowing herd, convey'd  
 In Menelaus' absence. Hence thro' Greece  
 The raging Husband flew, and by that oath,  
 Which they to Tyndarus erst had sworn, conjur'd  
 Each (4) rival chief to vindicate his wrongs,

(4) In *Apollodorus* we meet with a list of Helen's Suitors, twenty-nine in number, including most of the Grecian Heroes, celebrated by Homer in his *Iliad*, except Achilles: Helen, indeed, in the Tragedy of Euripides which bears her name, speaking to Teucer, says, she has heard that Achilles was one of Helen's lovers: but Pausanias in the 24th chapter of his *Laconica* is clearly of a different opinion, and considers Achilles, from what he himself says in the first book of the *Iliad*, as a volunteer in the cause, a circumstance very essential to that Hero's character, whose remaining disguised in female apparel at the court of Ly-

To arms hence rushing with impetuous speed,  
 The Greeks their troops assemble in these straits  
 Of Aulis; ships with targets, neighing steeds  
 And brazen chariots for the war prepar'd!  
 Me have they chosen to command this host,  
 Because I am his Brother, for the sake  
 Of Menelaus; but this rank I wish  
 Another in my stead had gain'd. Our troops,  
 Collected from each various Grecian realm,  
 Are in this port, bound by an envious calm.  
 (5) But after hesitating long, the Seer  
 Calchas this dreadful oracle pronounce'd,  
 That Iphigenia must be offer'd up  
 In sacrifice to Diana, who these fields  
 Inhabits, that our fleet shall sail auspicious  
 And conquer Troy, these bloody rites perform'd,  
 But fail if we neglect them: such response  
 Soon as I heard, Talthybius I enjoin'd

comedes till he was discovered by Ulysses, must cause him to appear in a very dishonourable light, if previously bound by an oath to Tyndareus to assist in the recovery of his Daughter; a reproach which is wholly obviated by Apollodorus's account of his being conveyed to the Island of Scyros in disguise, at the time of his being only nine years of age, by his Mother Thetis, who foresaw his perishing in the war against Troy.

(5) The expression *επειρετο μεγαλων* rendered by Barnea, *cum vides angeretur animo*, is more literally translated in the old version under the name of Dorotheus Catinellus, *utus hésitationē*. Catinellus, in his note, explains it, *quid agendum easet pendenī animi*. In the tale forged by Simon in Virgil, the account of the reluctance shewn by Calchas to direct a human victim to be slain at the altar, so nearly resembles what is here said of him, that it strikes me as probably suggested by the words here made use of; Ulysses being also there privy to the transaction.

Bis quinos silet ille dies: tectusque recusat.

Prodere vōce sua quenquād aut opponēre morti.

AEn. L. ii. v. 126.

Unexceptionable as the text appears, and though we hear of no manuscript that dissent from this reading, which is that of Aldus and Barnes, not to mention a catalogue of other editors, Reiskeius proposes altering *επειρετο* into *μεγαλωτο*, Hémistérusius substitutes *μεγαλων* for *επειρετο*; and Heath, Markland, and Dr. Musgrave, prefer *μεγαλων*; but I am not able to discover any reason they have for wishing to change the text.

By proclamation to disband the host,  
 Resolving that I never would permit  
 My Daughter to be slain; till me at length  
 By every argument my Brother won  
 To undertake an office most abhor'd.  
 I wrote, and to my Wife dispatch'd the scroll,  
 That hither, as Achilles' destin'd Bride,  
 Our Daughter she should send: I of his rank  
 Full highly spoke, and said he would not join  
 The fleet, unless a Consort of our lineage  
 Were borne to Phthia. These persuasive words  
 I to my Wife address'd: the virgin's nuptials  
 Are but a fiction craftily devis'd.  
 Calchas alone, of all the Grecian host,  
 Ulysses, Menelaus, and myself,  
 Know the true fact. My unadvis'd decrees  
 Are justly countermanded in this letter  
 Which thou beheld'st me, mid'st the gloom of night,  
 Opening and folding up again. But go,  
 And take it hence to Argos: the contents,  
 Yet unreveal'd, in words will I explain  
 To thee at large, because, thou to my Wife,  
 And th' interests of my house, still faithful prov'st.

## ATTENDANT.

Inform me what they are, so shall my tongue  
 Agree with the commissions of my Lord.

## AGAMEMNON.

“ After my former letter, I again  
 “ To thee, O progeny of Leda, write;  
 “ Thy Daughter to Eubœa's winding shores (6)

(6) The Euripus was so narrow in the part where it separated Aulis, which is situated in the province of Boeotia, from Chalcis in the island of Eubœa, that we find mention made by Strabo, of a bridge of communication being there thrown over it. The Chorus indeed in the ensuing Ode represent themselves as having passed by water from Chalcis to Aulis. In the transposition of the two lines spoken by the Attendant, and throwing the contents of the letter into one continued speech, I have obeyed the directions of Reiskius, Markland, and Musgrave,

“ And Aulis’ haven send not, we her nuptials  
 “ Will, at a future season, celebrate.”

ATTENDANT.

But of his promis’d Consort when depriv’d  
 Will not Achilles instantly burst forth  
 Into a storm of anger against you  
 And Clytemnestra ? in this too there lies  
 Much danger: speak your thoughts.

AGAMEMNON.

With his name only

Achilles furnishes us ; in the maid  
 He bath no real interest, nor knows aught  
 Of such espousals: to my present schemes  
 An utter stranger, never bath he heard  
 How I my Daughter call’d his destin’d Bride (7)  
 Pretending to consign her to his arms.

ATTENDANT.

Most shocking was this enterprise, O King,  
 Having pronounc’d her thus the future Wife  
 Of Thetis’ son, your Daughter to these shores  
 A victim for the Greeks, would you have brought.

AGAMEMNON.

Alas ! I was not in my perfect mind.  
 The snares of fate entangle me: but hence

(7) “ From this form of speech we learn, that after such giving his  
 “ Daughter the name of her intended husband, she would no longer  
 “ be called simply Iphigenia, but Achilles’s Iphigenia. Penelope, in  
 “ Ovid’s Epistles, refers to this custom.

“ Tua sum tua dicar oportet ;  
 “ Penelope conjux semper Ulyssis ero.”  
 Still am I yours, and this distinction claim,  
 Still to be call’d by your illustrious name,  
 And to the latest period of my life,  
 Remain Penelope Ulysses wife.

Mr. Markland, from whom I have extracted the above, proceeds with a variety of other instances, some of which seem apposite to the purpose, and others utterly foreign from it, particularly Κλεοβίης Αγαρίτη from Herodotus, L. vi, 131, which there evidently means Agarista, the Daughter, and not the affianced Bride or Wife of Clisthenes.

Proceed with active step, nor let old age  
Retard thy journey.

ATTENDANT.

O my Lord, I haste.

AGAMEMNON.

Where groves o'erhang the fountains, sit not down,  
Nor yield incautious to bewitching Sleep.

ATTENDANT.

Forbear that word ill-omen'd. (8)

AGAMEMNON.

As thou tread'st  
Where the roads separate, watchfully observe  
On rapid axle lest a car whirl by,  
And bear my Daughter to the Grecian fleet.

ATTENDANT.

This shall be done.

AGAMEMNON.

Away, and if thou meet  
Their chariot, seize the reins, and send them back  
To those fam'd cities which the Cyclops rear'd.

(8) Sleep being considered by the ancients as the Brother of Death, according to Homer,

Ἐνδέ Τηνε Εὐφράτην, καρυνθίῳ Διατάσσει.

Il. xiv. v. 231.

And seeks the cave of Death's half-brother Sleep. POPE.

In like manner among the forms which Æneas meets with in Virgil at his entrance on the infernal regions are

Lethumque, laborque

Tum consanguineus Lethi sopor. Æn. L. vi. v. 278.

Here toils and Death and Death's half-Brother Sleep. DRYDEN.

In Hesiod's Generation of the Gods, Death and Sleep are represented as having Night for their Mother without any Father.

Νύξ δὲ επει τηνε συγενη τε Μορον, και κηρα μιλανην,  
και Σανασον, τηνε δ' Υπνον, οηδε δε φυλον ανηρον,  
Ουλην καιμαθεσα Θεα τηνε Νυξ ερβοντε.

Theog. v. cxi.

Now darksome Night fruitful began to prove  
Without the knowledge of connubial love,  
From her black womb sad Destiny and Fate  
Death, Sleep, and numerous Dreams derive their date. COOKE.

## ATTENDANT.

But how, if I speak thus, shall I find credit,  
Or with your Daughter or the royal Dame?

## AGAMEMNON.

The seal, which on that letter I have stamp'd,  
Preserve unbroken. Go, for Morn lights up  
Her torch already, and Hyperion's steeds  
Breathe fire. Assist my toils. Unmingled bliss  
Till ends this fleeting life, hath none obtain'd;  
The man exempt from grief was never born. [Exeunt.

## CHORUS.

O D E.

I. 1.

To Aulis' sandy coast I steer'd my way,  
Thro' Euripus' billowy straits  
Which separate from this winding bay  
Chalcis, my native city, to whose gates  
Diffusing riches o'er the genial soil  
(9) Fam'd Arethuse conducts her spring,  
And hastes her tributary waves to bring  
To the dread ruler of the main :  
That I might see yon host o'erspread the plain,  
And the stout sailors with obdurate toil,  
The tough oar plying, and unfurl'd each sail,  
The Demigods of Greece convey :  
Our Husbands tell ; in gallant pride  
A thousand vessels plough the azure tide ;  
Brave Menelaus sheath'd in mail,  
And Agamemnon, o'er the watery way  
For Troy conduct them, Helen to regain  
From Eurotas' reedy plain  
Whom Paris bore, a gift the Queen of Love  
Promis'd, when at the fount she strove

(9) Thus likewise Pliny; Eubœa fonte Arethusa nobilis.

With Juno and Minerva, where her eyes  
The golden apple won, superior beauty's prize.

## I. 2.

With victims strewn, I pass'd Diana's grove,  
Blushes ting'd my glowing cheek,  
But youthful ardour bid me rove,  
A new and wondrous spectacle to seek,  
The camp intrench'd, the tents, and numerous steeds.  
Two social Chiefs, each Ajax, there  
My eyes beheld, this brave Oileus' heir,  
That drew from Telamon his birth ;  
The pride of Salamis, his parent earth,  
Protesilaus too; in flowery meads  
(10) Sporting with sculptur'd dice the warriors lay ;  
Then Palamedes, Nauplius Son  
Of Neptune was his Sire, and near  
Whirling a quoit did Diomede appear ;

(10) The word Πέσσω, which likewise occurs in the Medea, v. 68, and the Suppliants, v. 409, has been productive of much controversy and various interpretations, some rendering it *Dice* and others *Chess*. In the first book of Homer's Odyssey, the suitors of Penelope are represented as playing at this game. The explanatory terms made use of by the Scholiast are κύβα and ιππό : Pope translates it *Chess*, and refers us to Athenaeus, who has preserved a circumstantial account of the manner in which Apion the Grammarian relates that Cteson an inhabitant of Ithaca informed him, that the suitors played at this game, which appears to be of a distinct species from either *Dice* or *Chess*. Herodotus asserts that the Lydians in the reign of Atys son of Maea, were the discoverers : των κύβων και των αριστερών και της σφαγής and every other species of games except των Πέσσων, the invention of which is unanimously ascribed to Palamedes at the siege of Troy. The reader, who is curious in these matters, will find the subject largely discussed by Eustathius, p. 1396, ed. Romæ 1550 : and Metius in his treatise de Ludis Graecorum. Freret in the Academie des Inscriptions, v. 5, hist. p. 252, asserts that the game of *Chess* was unknown till the fifth century, and originated from an Indian Bramin : the circumstance which strikes me as giving a decisive weight to his account is, that ζεργία the Greek word for *Chess*, said to be derived from the Persian language, is unknown to the more antient writers and lexicographers, but occurs in the Scholia to Theocritus' Idyll. vi. v. 18. Meursius Glossarium Graeco-Barbarum, et Du Cange Glossarium ad Scriptores mediae et infimæ Græcitatæ.

Astonish'd multitudes survey  
 Meriones, far fam'd for trophies won,  
 Who from the God of War his lineage boasts,  
 And from the wave-encircl'd coasts  
 Of Ithaca, for mountains steep renown'd,  
 Laertes' Son in arms was found,  
 Accompanied by Nireus to the field,  
 (11) To whose engaging form each Grecian Chief  
 must yield.

## I. 3.

Achilles too I saw, whose agile feet  
 Equalld in their career the passing wind,  
 Him Thetis bore, and Chiron form'd his generous mind.  
 Close by the shore where lay the anchor'd fleet ;  
 In arms he strove with 'emulative pace  
 From rapid steeds to win the race.  
 But with loud shouts Eumelus whirl'd along, (12)  
 Four coursers graceful to behold  
 Caparison'd with studded gold

(11) This Ode being in a great measure borrowed from the catalogue of the Grecian fleet in the second book of the Iliad : the beauty of Nireus, on which Homer so much expatiates, naturally claims a place for him in this account of the Heroes, given by the Dames of Chalcis, who form the Chorus, notwithstanding

Αλαπάδνας την, Πλαυζες δε αι επλιθε λαος.

Few his troops, and small his strength in arms.

POPE.

In the sixth book of Quintus Calaber, Nireus falls by the spear of Eurypylus. It may seem extraordinary that the Tragic Poet should thus join Ulysses and Nireus, two persons of manners as unsuitable to each other, as the islands over which they reigned were remote ; Syma, whence, Homer mentions Nireus bringing three ships, and of which Diodorus Siculus also informs us he was King, being according to Strabo, one of those islands which are at no great distance from the coast of Caria, with the main continent of Greece, and large tracts of ocean between that and Ithaca. In Homer, Ulysses commands twelve ships. II. L. xii. v. 631—637.

(12) Homer gives Eumelus two mares whose superior speed to any horse in the Grecian camp is celebrated II. l. ii. v. 763—767; and in the Chariot race, at the funereal Games of Patroclus, they are at the point of obtaining him the prize, when he is thrown from his seat by

Onward he drove, and wav'd his lengthen'd thong ;  
 White spots adorn'd the two that bore the yoke,  
 Two more abreast, in slighter harness wheel'd  
 The gliding car, which scarce impress'd the field ;  
 Their solid hoofs with oft-repeated stroke  
 Dash'd on ; yet they obey'd the reins,  
 Dappled their legs, flame-colour'd were their manes,  
 Yet could not speed like theirs avail  
 To outstrip Pelides, with unwearied force

Minerva, who favours his competitor Diomedes : Eumelus brings eleven ships from Phereia, mentioned v. 711. 715. among the catalogue of the Grecian forces. That the reader may not be interrupted with a note to every sentence, I here proceed with my references to the second book of the Iliad, where the Myrmidons in fifty ships commanded by Achilles are mentioned, v. 681—685, the division from Argos, over which Diomedes is first in command, Sthenelus second, and Euryalus third, consists of eighty ships, v. 559—568 ; the ships of Athens here commanded by the Son of Theseus (either Acamas or Demophoon) instead of sixty, are fifty, under Menestheus, whose reign, though its duration was more than twenty years, we find (as I have had occasion to mention in a note on the Hecuba, and as appears more fully from the Tragedy entitled The Children of Hercules) is entirely passed over by Euripides, who makes Acamas and Demophoon the immediate successors of their Father Theseus, v. 546—556 ; the fifty ships of the Boeotians under Peneleus, Leitus, and three other Chiefs, have 120 warriors in each, v. 495—510 ; the Phocians (who are here but just mentioned) have forty ships commanded by Schedius and Epistrophus, v. 517—526 ; the Locrians the same number under Ajax Oileus, v. 527—535 ; the division from Mycene, an hundred, commanded by Agamemnon himself, v. 569—580 ; from Pylos and other parts of Messenia, 90 under Nestor, v. 594—602 ; instead of twelve, Homer mentions twenty two ships from *Aeolia* in Thessaly and the regions bordering on Dodona in Epirus, commanded by Guneus, v. 748—755 ; the troops of Eliz (sometimes called Epeans, from one of their kings Epeus, Son of Eudymion, mentioned by Passanias in the commencement of his fifth book) came in forty ships under four leaders, one of them Thalpius the Son of Eurytus ; the same number from the islands called Echinades, situated near the mouth of the river Achelous in *Etolia*, under Megea, v. 625—630 ; the twelve ships from Salamis, under Ajax Telamon, v. 557. Only part of the Grecian fleet is here mentioned by Euripides, who sometimes does not specify the number of ships, but wherever he does, his list accords in this respect with Homer's ; the Tragic Bard having only taken away ten ships from the squadron of the *Aenians* in order to add them to that of his countrymen the Athenians.

Hard by the spokes he held his course,  
Tho' cas'd in cumbrous mail.

## II. 1.

Then onward to their numerous ships I came,  
Stupendous objects, with delight  
Each spectator to inflame,  
And strike a wondering female's dazzled sight.  
With fifty barks, were plac'd in the right wing  
The Myrmidons from Phthia's land :  
On each high poop, the sculptor's mimic hand  
In golden imagery express'd  
A lovely Nereid in cerulean vest.  
Achilles' dauntless troops these ensigns bring.  
Next stood the Argive fleet, whose numerous bands  
Of Sailors plied the dashing oar,  
'Twas by Mecisteus' offspring led  
Euryalus, his Grandsire Talaus bred  
The stripling, and that high command,  
With him fierce Sthelenus united bore.  
The Son of Theseus from th' Athenian strand  
With sixty barks for combat mann'd  
Near these was station'd ; on each burnish'd car  
Seen from the lofty deck afar,  
Auspicious sign to guard them from the storm ;  
The Mariners revere Minerva's pictur'd form.

## II. 2.

Full fifty ships, I saw, Boeotia's fleet,  
With victorious ensigns grac'd,  
The Dragon stretcht at Cadmus' feet  
Emboss'd in gold, on every beak was plac'd,  
Q'er these did earth-bora Leitus command :  
But the next barks from Phocis came.  
With equal numbers bearing Locris' name  
Oileus' offspring Ajax join'd  
The fleet, and left fam'd Thronium's walls behind :  
But Agamemnon, with a mightier band,

Mycene by the Cyclops rear'd, forsook,  
 An hundred sail the Monarch brought,  
 (13) His steps Adrastus did attend,  
 And with the zealous courage of a friend  
 The general's arduous post partook ;  
 Thro' Greece, with unremitting ardour fraught,  
 He urg'd each warrior to pursue the Dame  
 Who yielded to a foreign flame,  
 And from her bridal mansions basely fled.  
 With aged Nestor at their head  
 The barks of Pylos full in sight display'd  
 Alpheus, with cloven hoofs, on every poop convey'd.

## II. 3.

Twelve vessels Ænia furnish'd, and its king  
 Guneus presided, Elis' sons next came,

(13) Commentators have varied greatly in their explanations of this passage. Some think Adrastus, King of Argos, and afterwards of Sicyon, is here introduced through a poetical licence, though his death was previous to the siege of Troy. In Barnes's version we find Adrastus hand fugiturus Menelaus; and Mr. Markland concurs in supposing Αδράστος to mean that Hero: but I rather apprehend οὐκ Φίλος Φίλη to denote the person here mentioned to have been a subject of Agamemnon, whom he admitted to the familiarity of a friend; nor is it probable, that any confederate Sovereign should be described as his assistant in marshalling that particular division of the fleet which attended him from Mycene, and least of all, his Brother, Menelaus, who, as Homer informs us, launched a separate squadron of sixty ships from his own Spartan dominions. Upon the whole, I can discover no sufficient motive for either altering, or putting a forced construction on the antient reading, by raising up the manes of the dead. This Adrastus, I grant, is not to be found in Homer; nor is it material to our present inquiry, whether he is wholly passed over as a person in a subordinate station, who performed no memorable achievement, or whether he died, or like Protesilaus and many others were slain by the enemy, in the course of those nine years, which intervened from the rendezvous of the fleet at Aulis, to the last year of the Trojan war, at which period of time the Iliad opens. Since I wrote the above, I have consulted the note on this passage in the new edition of Euripides published by Dr. Musgrave, who with great probability, supposes the Adrastus here spoken of to be the son of Polynicea, mentioned by Pausanias, who had an hereditary claim by his Mother's side to the kingdom of Argos, and interprets οὐκ Φίλος Φίλη his waving all private enmity in support of the general cause of his country.

Whom from their antient Lord the crowd Epeans name,  
 Them to the war did stern Eurytus bring,  
 From the Echinades to Aulis' shores  
 The Taphians plied their lighter oars,  
 Meges commanded, who from Phyleus springs,  
 On their inhospitable strand  
 No mariner presumes to land.

Closing the space between the marshall'd wings,  
 Ajax, the prince of Salamis, appear'd,  
 In twelve swift barks, conspicuous to our view,  
 His sailors I observ'd a dauntless crew :  
 The ship, by a Barbarian pilot steer'd  
 To grapple with such foes, no more  
 Shall ever homeward ply the dashing oar.

Hail, Aulis, from whose sandy plain  
 These eyes delighted saw the naval host ;  
 Th' encampment on thy peopled coast  
 My memory shall retain.

## MENELAUS, ATTENDANT, CHORUS.

ATTENDANT, (*to MENELAUS, who is forcing the Letters from him.*)

Such daring violence, such open wrong,  
 Becomes not Menelaus.

MENELAUS.

Slave, depart ;  
 Thou carry'st thy fidelity too far.

ATTENDANT.

Reproaches on so glorious an account  
 But do me honour.

MENELAUS.

Soon shalt thou repent,  
 If thou presume to act a part ill-suited  
 To thy low rank.

ATTENDANT.

You ought not to have open'd  
 The letter I convey,

MENELAUS.

Nor thou to have borne  
That scroll with mischiefs fraught to every Greek.

ATTENDANT.

Debate that point hereafter, and release it.

MENELAUS.

I will not quit my hold.

ATTENDANT.

Nor will I meanly  
Surrender up my trust.

MENELAUS.

This sceptre soon  
Shall with thy blood defile that hoary head.

ATTENDANT.

To perish in the service of my Lord  
Were sure an honourable death.

MENELAUS.

Let go :  
Slave as thou art, presum'st thou to harangue ?

ATTENDANT.

My royal Master, I am wrong'd; thy letter  
He from my hands hath wrested, nor will act  
As justice dictates.

AGAMEMNON, MENELAUS, ATTENDANT,  
CHORUS.

AGAMEMNON.

What tumultuous sounds  
Burst thro' the gates, what unbecoming words ?

ATTENDANT.

My tale, not his, your first attention claims.

AGAMEMNON.

Say, Menelaus, whence this struggle rose ?  
Why didst thou drag him forcibly along ?

[Exit ATTENDANT.

MENELAUS, holding up the Letter.

Look on my face : to what I shall unfold,  
This is the prelude.

**AGAMEMNON.**

Shall not Atreus' son  
Open his eyes without dismay?

**MENELAUS.**

Behold you  
These characters subservient to designs  
Most infamous?

**AGAMEMNON.**

I see; but first restore  
The letter.

**MENELAUS.**

Not till I its foul contents  
To every Grecian leader have display'd.

**AGAMEMNON.**

What! wert thou mean enough to break the seal  
And thence discover what thou should'st not know?

**MENELAUS.**

These secret machinations, to your sorrow,  
Have I detected.

**AGAMEMNON.**

Tell me how thou cam'st  
To intercept my letters? O ye Gods,  
What shameless treachery in thy soul is lodg'd!

**MENELAUS.**

I waited for your Daughter to arrive  
From Argos at the camp.

**AGAMEMNON.**

Why should'st thou watch  
Aught that is mine? betray not these proceedings  
A want of decency?

**MENELAUS.**

Because my will  
Did instigate; because I am no slave  
To your behests.

**AGAMEMNON.**

Are not these outrages

Most daring ! shall not I in my own house  
Be suffer'd to bear rule ?

MENELAUS.

Your crooked schemes

This present moment vary from the last,  
And at the next as suddenly will change.

AGAMEMNON.

Thoushew'st thy skill : yet is there nought more hateful  
Than the vile sophister's insidious tongue.

MENELAUS.

The soul that wavers is devoid of justice,  
And not to be relied on by our friends.  
I would convince you ; in your wrath reject not  
Th' unwelcome voice of truth. I cannot flatter.  
Full well you know when eagerly you sought  
To be the general of the Grecian troops  
And lead them on for Troy, you in appearance  
Declining what you wish'd for, humbly squeez'd  
The meanest of the people by the hand,  
Your doors were open'd wide for all who chose  
To enter, and to each, e'en to the man  
Who would have wav'd such honour, in his turn  
You courteously gave audience, while you strove  
To render that authority your own  
(14) Which yet was undispos'd of. Having gain'd  
This point, your manners instantly you chang'd,  
And to your former friends no longer shew'd  
Th' attachment you so lately had profess'd,  
Hard of access, and seldom to be found

(14) The phrase *μάρτυς*, which Barnes, and Dr. Musgrave have rendered à vulgo, is in Mr. Markland's version quod in medio jacebat. The meaning seems to be the same with that given by the interpreters to *communia* in Horace, where he says in his Art of Poetry, *difficile est proprie communia dicere*, by which they understand the difficulty of writing on a new subject, or what lies open to all men and is yet unappropriated : as was the case with the command in chief of the Grecian forces on their first assembling, each squadron being led by the King or General of an independent state.

At home. But when in highest stations plac'd,  
An alter'd carriage ill befits the man  
Of real virtue : to his friends he ought  
To be most stedfast, when effectual means  
Of aiding them his prosperous fortune yields.  
My censure, with the faults I first perceiv'd  
In you, have I begun : but since you came  
To Aulis with th' assembled troops of Greece,  
You shrunk to nothing : Heaven's impending wrath  
With consternation fill'd you ; prosperous gales  
Arose not : the impatient host exclaim'd ;  
" Disband the fleet, nor linger here in vain."  
What grief and what confusion did those eyes  
Express, as if depriv'd o' your command  
Over a thousand ships, ere you have cover'd  
The fields of Priam with avenging troops!  
To me you then applied ; " how shall I act,  
" What scheme devise ?" lest stripp'd of such high rank,  
You with your power should forfeit all renown.  
Since Calchas at the holy rites declar'd  
Your daughter to Diana must be given  
In sacrifice, that on these terms, the host  
A favourable voyage would await,  
With joy you promis'd of your own accord  
To offer up the victim, and dismiss'd  
A messenger (pretend not to allege  
'Twas thro' constraint) your Consort to direct  
To send the Virgin hither, on pretence  
That she shall wed Achilles. Now you change  
Your purpose, and in secrecy dispatch  
Another letter, that on no pretence  
Will you your Daughter at the altar slay.  
Witness thou conscious air, for sure thou heard'st  
These inconsistencies. Too many act  
As you have done, in labouring to obtain  
Authority, with meanness then recoil ;  
Some, by the judgement of a foolish crowd,

By their own conscience, others, sway'd, who prove  
 Too feeble to maintain the public weal.  
 But chiefly I lament the woes of Greece,  
 Who nobly aiming at a great revenge  
 'Gainst those Barbarians, leaves the slaves to scoff  
 At our repulse: this shame she owes to you,  
 And to your Daughter. Kindred ties alone  
 With me shall ne'er prevail when I appoint  
 The ruler of a city or the chief  
 Entrusted with the conduct of an host,  
 A general should be eminently wise:  
 Men of superior intellects were born  
 To govern.

## CHORUS.

O how dreadful are their feuds  
 When brothers fir'd with mutual rage contend!

## AGAMEMNON.

I, too, 'gainst thee will utter my complaints  
 In terms concise and guarded, not replete  
 With impudence, but sage fraternal love,  
 For a base man is wont to have no sense  
 Of honest shame. What means that furious look,  
 Why glare those blood-stain'd eyes? who wrongs thee  
 speak  
 What are thy wishes? hop'st thou to obtain  
 (15) A virtuous Consort? such I cannot give,  
 For she thou hadst was lost thro' thy misconduct.  
 Must I, tho' guiltless, in thy stead be doom'd

(15) The reading of the Aldus edition, *λαθε' μης γε της μαστιγίου*, has been retained by Henry Stephens, Canturus, Barnes, and Dr. Musgrave, either without any variation, or such as is immaterial to an English reader; Mr. Markland has, however, in the most peremptory manner, dictated an alteration, the truth of which he says he thinks it impossible to make any doubt of, and instead of *μης γε της μαστιγίου*, reads *μης χρηστούς*: the meaning of the passage thus new modelled is "do you want to have "my Wife?" not a single manuscript is cited in its support: scripturas vestigia, which he mentions in his note, seems too vague an expression, and no such traces do we meet with in any other editor. Were such reading to be adopted, I greatly question whether the Tragic Muse, in

To suffer? can a Brother's rank offend?  
 Yet seek'st thou to embrace the beauteous Dame,  
 Tho' reason, and tho' honour's voice forbid?  
 The pleasures of the worthless are most vile,  
 If I who judg'd amiss at first, have chang'd  
 On thoughts mature my purpose, am I frantic?  
 Thou rather, who hast lost a faithless Wife,  
 And would'st bring back the pest which Heav'n remov'd,  
 The Suitors, that insensate amorous train,  
 Engag'd themselves to Tyndarus by an oath:  
 But Hope became their Goddess; she, I deem,  
 Had more effect on their deluded souls  
 Than all thy interest, or thy vaunted power.  
 Collect this troop, and issue to the field,  
 Where, of thy folly soon am I convinc'd  
 Thou the effects wilt feel. For sure the Gods  
 (16) Are not devoid of wisdom, but perceive  
 What oaths are lawless and by force extorted.  
 Altho' thy interests may require such breach

any age or country whatever, could furnish us with a more striking  
 breach of Horace's precept,

Nec quicunque Deus, quicunque adhibebitur Heros  
 Regali conspectus in auro nuper et ostro,  
 Migrat in obscuras humili sermone tabernas.

“ Who lately shone a Hero or a God,  
 “ Array'd in purple robes and royal gold,  
 “ Shall not adopt the language of the stews.”

DUNCOMBE.

The faults of Agamemnon's character, as drawn by Homer and the three great Tragic Poets of Greece, are perhaps as conspicuous as his virtues, but they are not defects of that nature as to reduce him to a level with the Kings of Lacydon and Scarron, or afford any sanction to the Critics, who introduce him holding such language as is suited only to old Silenus, or the drunken monster Polypheme.

(16) In adding the line οὐ γὰρ αὐτὸν τοῦτο, αὐτὸν τὸν σύννομον, preserved in the writings of Theophilus of Antioch, and Stobæus, Tit. 28. I have followed the directions of Heath and Dr. Massgrave; the many conjectural alterations of the latter in this speech being of a more questionable nature, I do not presume to interfere with them, but endeavour to translate in the best manner I am able, what I apprehend, from the concurrence of Aldus and Barnes, to be the more genuine text.

Of justice, I my children will not slay,  
 To aid thee in thy vengeance for the loss  
 Of an abandon'd Wife. By night, by day,  
 How should I pine, how melt away in tears,  
 After a deed thus impious against those  
 Whom I begot ! The words I use are few,  
 Clear and explicit. If thou wilt not judge  
 Aright, my firm resolves I shall maintain.

CHORUS.

This and your former language disagrees,  
 Yet sure 'twere right our children's lives to spare.

MENELAUS.

Have I no friends? wretch that I am !

AGAMEMNON.

Thou' hast  
 When thou those friends attempt'st not to destroy.

MENELAUS.

How will you prove that from one sire we sprung ?

AGAMEMNON.

In wisdom would I sympathise with thee,  
 But not in madness.

MENELAUS.

Friends are bound to share  
 Their friends' afflictions.

AGAMEMNON.

When by me thou act'st  
 A generous part, remind me of those duties,  
 Not when thou griev'st my soul.

MENELAUS.

Are you then loth  
 To join with Greece in these her common toils ?

AGAMEMNON.

Greece hath been stricken by some envious God :  
 Her frenzy equals thine.

MENELAUS.

In sceptred pomp  
 You now exalt, nor scruple to betray

A Brother's cause: but I will have recourse  
To other stratagems and other friends.

MESSENGER, AGAMEMNON, MENELAUS,  
CHORUS.

## MESSENGER.

O Agamemnon, monarch of all Greece,  
To introduce that Daughter am I come,  
On whom you in your palace erst bestow'd  
The name of Iphigenia; she arrives  
Accompanied by her illustrious mother  
Your Consort Clytemnestra, and your son  
Orestes. With what pleasure will ye meet  
After so long an absence! having finish'd  
Their tedious journey, at the limpid fount  
They lave their wearied limbs; but we have loos'd  
The bridles of their steeds, that they may graze  
Over the verdant mead. But to acquaint you  
With their approach was I sent on before,  
For the troops know already: fame hath spread  
Thro' the whole camp glad tidings, that your Daughter  
Is come: the host, with a tumultuous haste,  
Assemble to behold the royal maid.  
The blest are as a public mark expos'd  
To wonder and renown. But some enquire,  
" Is she espous'd, or what are their designs?  
" Impatient for a sight of his lov'd daughter,  
" Did Agamemnon, our illustrious king,  
" Send messengers to fetch her:" others cry;  
" For her ere Hymen waves his kindled torch,  
" They to Diana, who in Aulis reigns,  
" Present the Nymph; to whom shall she be join'd  
" In wedlock?" for th' initiatory rites  
Bring canisters, and crown your heads with flowers.  
Be it thy care t' arrange the bridal pomp,  
O Menelaus, let the cheering flute.

Thro' each apartment sound, and dancers move  
Their active feet: for with its orient light  
This morn auspicious to the virgin dawns.

AGAMEMNON.

"Tis well. But O retire: for all beside,  
If fate befriend, will we conduct aright.

[*Exit messenger.*]

What shall I say? ah miserable me!

(17) With thine own woes, thou wretch, thy plaints  
begin.

How am I shackled by the galling yoke  
Of dire necessity! o'er all my craft  
Fortune with mightier wisdom hath prevail'd.  
But what a privilege belongs to those  
Of humbler stations! they with freedom weep,  
And speak of their afflictions: but the man  
Whose birth is noble, feels at once the weight  
Of all these evils: thro' each stage of life  
Aw'd by the voice of others, we are slaves  
To a vile rabble. Shame withholds the tear  
Just starting from these eyes; again o'erwhelm'd  
With griefs unnumber'd, blush I that my mourning  
Is thus conceal'd. Enough: but in what terms  
Shall I accost, or how receive my Wife,  
How teach these eyes to greet her? for she adds  
To those afflictions I already feel,  
By coming uninvited: yet 'tis just  
That she a much-lov'd Daughter should attend,  
At her espousals, and consign the maid  
To a fond bridegroom's arms: but here alas,

(17) The following passage in the Hecuba, μαίνη λευ ληρωτα σι, Exod. v. 736, is a mode of speaking similar to what the Poet here makes use of, and the context clearly shews that Agamemnon, according to Carmelli's interpretation, speaks of himself by the term *σιν*. It is necessary to premise thus much in support of the genuine text; as Grotius, Mr. Heath, Mr. Markland, and Dr. Musgrave, have all attempted to undermine it by their conjectural alterations.

She my perfidious conduct will discern.  
 As for this wretched Virgin (but why call  
 The destin'd Wife of Pluto by that name?)  
 How do I pity her! methinks I hear  
 The suppliant uttering these reproachful words,  
 " O Father, wilt thou kill me? may thyself,  
 (18) " May they thou lov'st experience such espousals."  
 Meantime Orestes, by his Sister's side,  
 With inarticulate expressive notes,  
 For he is yet an infant, shall exclaim,  
 How did the son of Priam, Paris, cause  
 My ruin, for his Bride when he presum'd  
 To seize on Helen! thence these woes I date.

## CHORUS.

Such pity, as from foreign Dames is due  
 To the afflictions of a King, I feel.

## MENELAUS.

Give me your hand, O Brother.

## AGAMEMNON.

Take my hand;  
 For I submit: thou triumph'st; but my lot  
 Is misery.

## MENELAUS.

By our common Grandsire's shade,  
 I swear, by mighty Pelops, and by Atreus  
 Our Father, that to you I in plain terms,  
 The real dictates of my heart will speak,  
 And banish all disguise. When I beheld  
 Your streaming tears, compassion bade me weep,  
 And change my former purpose: now no more  
 A foe, to your opinions I accede,

(18) Alluding to the fate of Agamemnon and his concubine Cassandra, which is predicted more at large, with all its concomitant circumstances of horror, in the Agamemnon of Æschylus, v. 1116—1334; the Trojan Captives of our Author, v. 357—362; ed. Barnes, 445—461; and in Lycophron, v. 1099—1119, by the inspired Cassandra herself.

Advise you by no means to take away  
Your Daughter's life, nor to my interests give  
Such preference : for 'twere not just that you,  
While I am blest, should groan, and that your children  
Should breathe their last, while mine yet view the Sun.  
What can I wish for ? may not I elsewhere,  
If wedlock be my purpose, gain a Bride,  
Selected from the noblest Grecian maids ?  
But shall I lose a Brother justly dear,  
My treacherous Consort Helen to redeem,  
And for the wicked thus exchange the good ?  
As youth and inconsiderate rashness prompt  
I acted erst : but take a closer view  
Of these transactions, and am now convinc'd  
What horrors wait the murderer of his Children.  
Again, while pondering on our kindred ties,  
I feel compassion for this hapless Maid,  
Who in the cause of my perfidious wife  
Is doom'd to bleed : for what hath she to do  
With Helen ? let the host, disbanded, leave  
These shores of Aulis : but no longer weep,  
O Brother, and from these fraternal eyes  
Cease to call forth the sympathising tear.  
If the responses of the Gods, which claim  
Your Daughter's life, affect you, let not me  
In these have any share ; for I, to save  
The Virgin, my own interests will forego :  
But anxious to repeal the harsh decree,  
Am I affected by a virtuous cause,  
And to a natural love for him who springs  
From the same Father, owe this sudden change.  
Such is the temper of the man, whose soul  
No vicious habits warp, he ever yields  
To the most wise suggestions.

CHORUS.

Generous words

Are these which thou hast spoken, and most worthy  
Of Tantalus, Jove's Son : thou wilt not shaine  
Thy great progenitors.

AGAMEMNON.

O Menelaus,

I praise thee ; the concessions thou hast made  
Transcend my expectations, they become  
A Brother.

MENELAUS.

Love and Avarice have dissolv'd  
Many fraternal ties : my soul abhors  
Such bitterness 'twixt those of the same house.

AGAMEMNON.

But me in such calamity hath fate  
Involv'd, that my own Daughter I must slay.

MENELAUS.

Why slay her ? who can such constraint impose ?

AGAMEMNON.

The whole assembled armament of Greece.

MENELAUS.

They cannot, if to Argos you send back (19)  
The host.

AGAMEMNON.

From them, thus far have I conceal'd

(19) Brumoy interprets this as spoken of the sending back Iphigenia ; and Mr. Markland, whose notes on the two Iphigenias bear strong marks of being written more hastily than those with which he favoured the public eight years before on the Suppliants of Euripides, proposes *ανω* in the stead of *Αγρος*, which he harshly calls "abshrd." but Argos, as Dr. Musgrave observes, is here, and in a variety of other places in Euripides, made use of as synonymous with all confederate Greece. In Homer we meet with a still more striking instance of the unrestrained signification of the word Argos, or rather of its being reduced to a mere expletive; *Πελασγικης Αγρος*, II. L. ii. v. 681, being the appellation given to the district of Pelasgia in Thessaly : at the same time it is observable, that our Tragic Bard has marked out the city of Argos (which, according to a passage in the Archelaus, preserved among his Fragments, was before the reign of Cadmus inhabited by the Pelasgians, whom Eustathius speaks of as a wandering nation, scattered over all Greece) by the very same term of *Πελασγικης Αγρος*, which occurs both in the Orestes and Phoenissæ.

All that hath pass'd : but this I cannot hide.

MENELAUS.

What mean you? shrink not thro' immoderate fear  
Of a base rabble.

AGAMEMNON.

Calchas will unfold  
This oracle to all the Grecian Chiefs.

MENELAUS.

If he die first, he cannot ; and with ease  
Might we dispatch him.

AGAMEMNON.

The whole race of Seers  
Are mischievous, and ever thirst for power.

MENELAUS.

A worthless and unserviceable crew.

AGAMEMNON.

Perceiv'st thou not my thoughts ?

MENELAUS.

How should I guess  
What you declare not?

AGAMEMNON.

By the subtile seed (20)

(20) Some of the antient writers have asserted, that Anticlea was pregnant by Sisyphus at the time of her being given in marriage to Laertes; and accordingly Sophocles in his Philoctetes, and Euripides in his Cyclops, as well as in the passage before us, call Ulysses the son of that celebrated robber : but when we recollect that Sisyphus was Grandfather to Bellerophon, whose son Hippolochus was father to Glaucus, and his daughter Laodamia, mother to Sarpedon, two of the heroes who were opposed to Ulysses in the Trojan war ; it will perhaps be more reasonable to conclude, that Ulysses acquired the appellation of Σούρπειος οὐρανοῦ merely from his resemblance to Sisyphus in being *αριστερός ανδρῶν* " the craftiest of men," which is the character Glaucus in Homer gives of his ancestor Sisyphus, Iliad, L. vi. v. 253. Abbé Banier, struck no doubt with the great distance of the times in which Sisyphus and Ulysses flourished, has in his dissertation on the Argonauts, Academie des Inscriptions, Tom. ix. mem. p. 83, attempted to prove, that he was Ulysses Great grandson : but when Ulysses, in the Odyssey of Homer, beholds Sisyphus tortured in the infernal regions, he neither attempts to hold any conference with him, nor shews that interest in his sufferings which was

Of Sisyphus are these responses known.

MENELAUS.

Ulysses cannot hurt us.

AGAMEMNON.

With each art

And various wile that gains the fickle throng  
Is he endued.

MENELAUS.

Ambition, hateful pest,  
Engrosses his whole soul.

AGAMEMNON.

Think then thou seest him

Stand up amidst the Grecian host, to publish  
Those oracles which Calchas hath devis'd,  
And how I rashly promis'd that my Daughter,  
The victim whom I now refuse, should bleed  
At Dian's altar: he the troops will rouse  
To mutiny, and, having slain us both,  
Bid them bring forth and sacrifice the virgin.  
If to the Argive shore I speed my flight,  
Greece will invade me with confederate strength,  
O'erthrow those walls the Cyclops rear'd, and lay  
My country waste. Wretch that I am! such woes  
Surround me. To what straits am I now driven  
By the relentless Gods! O Menelaus,  
Prevent one great addition to my pangs,  
By hastening thro' the ranks, lest Clytemnestra

due to one of his ancestors, but immediately passes on to Hercules, by whom he is accosted. Indeed, the above-mentioned treatise of the French Academician exhibits a pedigree swarming with errors the most obvious: the name of Sisyphus's Father is there called Autolychus, instead of *Æolus*; and Homer's Autolychus, there distinguished by the title of Autolychus *the Second*, is said to have been son of Sisyphus and father to Laertes, Ulysses' father; whereas the God Mercury was the reputed father of Autolychus, who is said by Pausanias to have been in fact son to one Dœdalo; and that Autolychus was the father, not of Laertes, but of Anticlea the wife of Laertes and mother of Ulysses, is a fact well known to every man in the least degree conversant with Homer and the mythological writers.

Learn my resolves e'er I have offer'd up  
 The maid to Pluto; wretched tho' I am,  
 Hence I shall spare full many a needless tear.  
 But keep strict secrecy, ye foreign Dames.

[*Exeunt AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS.*

CHORUS.

O D E.

I.

Thrice blest whoin Venus warms with temperate fire,  
 Instructing them their transports to controll,  
 Nor pass the limits of chasti'sd desire:  
 Wild frenzy triumphs in the human-soul,

When Cupid with malignant joy  
 Sends forth his double arrows to destroy;  
 To make man's life more blest the first hath power,  
 From the same quiver flies in evil hour  
 The second shaft, and gives the deadlier wound:  
 O lovely Goddess, never, never shed  
 Such horrors o'er my peaceful bed,  
 Let gentle Graces hover round,  
 And holy Loves their sheltering pinions spread;  
 Be each too rapturous flame supprest,  
 While the soft passions glow within my breast,

II.

The genius and the manners of mankind  
 Oft vary: Virtue still unchang'd remains;  
 By education's aid, the ductile mind  
 At length that great accomplishment obtains.

By Wisdom are her votaries taught  
 Humbly to think and act as heroes ought:  
 Hence shall their well-earn'd fame in blooming prime  
 Display its laurels unimpair'd by time.  
 Just is their title to immortal praise  
 Who follow Virtue, she in calm retreat  
 Confines her female votaries' feet,  
 Whence the forbidden wish ne'er strays:

But manly souls with warlike ardour beat,  
Tempt each diversified emprise,  
And bid their towering cities reach the skies.

## III.

Thou left'st, O Paris, each associate Swain,  
Rear'd with whom midst Ida's grove  
Thy heifers thou didst feed,  
Hymning the wild Barbaric strain,  
While with Olympus strove (21)  
Thy mimic Phrygian reed :  
There brows'd thy lowing herds unheeded by,  
O'er the steep mountain's side,  
When each rival Deity  
The palm ordain'd thee to decide ;  
Hence to Greece thy steps did roam,  
To Lacedæmon's ivory dome :  
When Helen met thy piercing eyes,  
Love's warm suffusion ran thro' every vein,  
Thou too didst feel the thrilling pain,  
Aghast with motionless surprise.  
So Discord rais'd her yengeful hand,  
And madness fir'd the Grecian land,  
Ships float, and javelins gleam around,  
To level Ilion with the ground.

Exalted are the transports of the great !  
Behold the royal daughter of the King,  
Fair Iphigenia, my illustrious Queen ! (22)

(21) The Olympus here spoken of was a native of Mysia, and a disciple of the Satyr Marsyas, well known by his unsuccessful contest with Apollo : Ovid introduces him bewailing the disastrous fate of his master, with *tum quoque clarus Olympus* : honourable mention is made of him by Plato, Plutarch, and other writers : we moreover learn from Hyginus, that his superior skill in playing on the flute, obtained him a prize at the games celebrated by Acastus son of Pelias.

(22) Here the expression of "my Queen" must be considered as a mere title of respect, and not taken so literally as to imply that Chalcis, or

And Clytemnestra of Tyndarean line!  
 Lofty the parent stems from which they rose  
 To such high fortunes: like the Gods supreme  
 They rule this nether world, and on the poor  
 Shower portions of their wealth. Here let us stand,  
 Prepar'd to greet the Queen, Eubcean nymphs,  
 As from her lofty chariot she descends,  
 And in our hands receive her lest she fall.  
 By your assiduous courtesy remove  
 The fears which Agamemnon's royal Daughter  
 May haply on her first arrival feel.  
 Nor with confusion nor in clamorous strains,  
 Let us, who are but strangers in the land,  
 Abruptly to these Argive strangers speak.

## CLYTEMNESTRA, IPHIGENIA, CHORUS.

## CLYTEMNESTRA.

A favourable omen I derive  
 From your benignity, and words whose sound  
 Is most auspicious: hence I entertain  
 Some hope that to blest nuptials I conduct  
 The Virgin. From the car those treasures bring  
 Intended for her dower, and in the tent  
 Deposit carefully: with tender foot  
 And delicate, my Daughter, leave thy seat;  
 But O receive her in your youthful arms,  
 Descending from the chariot, and for me  
 That I with safety may alight, perform  
 The same kind office: but let others stand  
 Before those coursers whom no words can sooth  
 If startled: lift Orestes from his seat,

any part of the island of Eubœa, was at that time subject either to Agamemnon or Achilles, to whom the Chorus (mindful of the secrecy enjoined them) here affect to consider Iphigenia as on the point of being married: for we find by Homer, L. ii. v. 536—545, that Elephenor, son of Chalcodontes, was at the time of the Trojan war king of Eubœa, from whence he sailed with a squadron of fifty ships under his command.

For he is yet an infant. O my child,  
 By the rough motion of this vehicle  
 Sleep'st thou o'erpower'd? wake at this lucky hour;  
 Wake to thy Sister's hymeneal rites.  
 For by affinity, thou nobly born  
 Wilt be connected with a mighty kinsman,  
 The Son of Thetis equal to the Gods.  
 My Daughter, now draw near, and take thy place,  
 O Iphigenia, at thy mother's feet,  
 That there, thou to these foreign dames may'st shew  
 How great my happiness. But hither comes  
 Thy much lov'd Sire; accost him.

IPHIGENIA.

Shall I run,  
 (My Mother, be not angry at the question)  
 And clasp my Father to this throbbing breast?

AGAMEMNON, CLYTEMNESTRA, IPHIGENIA,  
 CHORUS.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

O Agamemnon, my much honour'd lord,  
 We come obedient to your high behest.

IPHIGENIA.

With eager step at length I fain would rush  
 And throw these arms around my dearest Sire,  
 For much I wish to see thee: be not wroth.

AGAMEMNON.

My child, indulge these transports: for thou most  
 Of all my race hast ever lov'd thy Sire,

IPHIGENIA.

After a tedious absence, with delight  
 Thee, O my Father, I again behold.

AGAMEMNON.

Thee too thy Father—every word thou speak'st  
 Equally suits us both.

IPHIGENIA.

All hail, my Sire!

To fetch me hither was most kindly done.

AGAMEMNON.

Alas, I know not whether to assent  
Or contradict thee.

IPHIGENIA.

How disturb'd thou look'st,  
Tho' here thou seest me at thy own desire.

AGAMEMNON.

A General and a King hath many cares.

IPHIGENIA.

Devote the present hour to me—; forget  
Each weightier business.

AGAMEMNON.

Thou, and thou alone,  
Art now the object of my anxious thoughts.

IPHIGENIA.

Clear up that clouded brow then, and with looks  
Of more complacency behold thy Daughter.

AGAMEMNON.

Trust me, I feel the joy thy presence gives.

IPHIGENIA.

Yet from those eyes why streams the frequent tear?

AGAMEMNON.

Because our separation must be long.

IPHIGENIA.

My dearest Sire, I know not what thou mean'st.

AGAMEMNON.

By talking so discreetly on this subject,  
Thou wound'st my soul more deeply.

IPHIGENIA.

I would utter  
The wildest language, could this give thee joy.

AGAMEMNON.

Alas, I am not able to restrain  
My tongue: yet thy behaviour I commend.

IPHIGENIA.

Stay with thy children, O my Sire, at home.

## IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

101

**AGAMEMNON.**

There would I stay for ever : but what grieves  
My soul is this, that I have not the power  
Such wishes to effect.

**IPHIGENIA.**

Curse on the spear  
And Menelaus' sufferings.

**AGAMEMNON.**

Others first,  
Are they ordain'd to ruin, having prov'd  
My bane already.

**IPHIGENIA.**

What a length of time,  
Hast thou in Aulis' haven been detain'd !

**AGAMEMNON.**

There is a something still, which doth prevent  
My sailing hence, with the confederate host.

**IPHIGENIA.**

O say, where fame relates the Phrygians dwell ?

**AGAMEMNON**

Where would to Heaven that Paris, Priam's son,  
Had ne'er abode.

**IPHIGENIA.**

When thou thy Daughter leav'st,  
Is thine a distant voyage ?

**AGAMEMNON.**

Thou art bound  
For the same port with thy afflicted Sire,

**IPHIGENIA.**

Would it were decent for us both to sail  
In the same bark !

**AGAMEMNON.**

What means this strange request ?  
Thou too shalt sail, and have abundant cause  
Not to forget thy Father.

**IPHIGENIA.**

Shall I take

This voyage with my Mother, or alone ?

AGAMEMNON.

Alone, from both thy parents torn by fate.

IPHIGENIA.

Mean'st thou to place me in a foreign realm ?

AGAMEMNON.

No more ; a bashful virgin must not learn  
All these particulars.

IPHIGENIA.

My Sire, with speed  
Return from Ilion's coast, return triumphant,

AGAMEMNON.

I first must offer up a victim here.

IPHIGENIA.

But it behoves thee to consult the Priests  
Before thou enter on this sacred rite.

AGAMEMNON,

Thou too, for near the layers thou must stand,  
Shalt know the whole.

IPHIGENIA.

Must I in choral dance,  
With my young comrades, round the altar move ?

AGAMEMNON.

Thy lot, by far more enviable than mine  
I deem, because thou understand'st not aught  
Of what we are transacting. But now enter  
These doors, and to thy virgin train appear.  
The kiss thou gav'st, and that right hand, embitter  
Our parting : from thy Sire wilt thou be absent  
For a long season. O ye heaving breasts,  
Ye cheeks, and golden tresses, of what woes  
To us hath Troy and Helen been the source !  
But I can speak no more ; for the swift tear,  
E'en while I yet embrace thee, from these eyes  
Forces its way. Retire into the tent.

[Exit IPHIGENIA.

O progeny of Leda, I entreat

Thy pardon, if false tenderness o'ercome  
 My better judgement; now I am bestowing  
 Our Daughter on Achilles; sent indeed  
 With happy prospects to a distant realm:  
 Yet deeply the parental heart it wounds,  
 When to another house the Sire consigns  
 His children, nurtur'd with incessant care.

## CLYTEMNESTRA.

I am not thus insensible, nor prompt  
 To censure you: myself no doubt shall feel  
 An equal pang, with hymeneal rites  
 When from these doors I lead the virgin forth.  
 But custom at this season bids me check  
 My sorrows. I have merely heard the name  
 Of him, to whom our Daughter is affianc'd,  
 But wish to learn his country and descent.

## AGAMEMNON.

Beauteous Ægina, from Asopus sprung.

## CLYTEMNESTRA.

Say to what favour'd mortal or what God  
 Was she in wedlock join'd?

## AGAMEMNON.

Imperial Jove

Compress'd the yielding maid, and was the Sire  
 Of Æacus, Oenone's king. (23)

(23) This island, situated in the Saronian bay, is in Pindar Isthm. Od. 8. v. 45. and Ovid Met. L. 7. v. 472. called Oenopia: but Lycophron, most of the geographical writers, and Pindar himself in three other places, concur with Euripides in giving it the name of Oenone; it afterwards received that of Ægina, from the Princess here mentioned, and is so called in Homer's catalogue of the Grecian ships, where its troops are included in the Argive division under the command of Diomede, which seems as if the island no longer remained subject to Peleus after he had left it, in order to establish himself in Thessaly. Strabo represents it as having undergone a variety of revolutions, and mentions the Argives among the nations by whom it was successively inhabited. The questions here asked by Clytemnestra, which relate to the paternal ancestors of Achilles, do not strike me as shewing the inconsistency or want of memory here objected to by Barnes; as it was very possible for Clytemnestra

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What son

Inherited the realms of  $\Delta$ acus?

AGAMEMNON.

Peleus; and Peleus wedded Nereus' Daughter.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

To him surrender'd by the God her Sire,  
Or did he seize her 'gainst the will of Heaven?

AGAMEMNON.

By Jove himself th' espousals were ordain'd;  
And he to whom belong'd a Father's right,  
To Peleus gave the Nymph.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Where did he wed her?

Mid'st Ocean's waves?

AGAMEMNON.

On Pelion's sacred cliff

Where Chiron dwelt.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

That mount, which we are told  
The Centaurs' race inhabit?

AGAMEMNON.

There the Gods  
With banquets celebrated Peleus' marriage.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But did his Mother Thetis, or his Sire,  
Train up Achilles?

AGAMEMNON.

(24) Chiron, aweful sage,

to have heard that the Goddess Thetis, Daughter of Nereus, was the mother of Achilles, but at the same time to be an utter stranger to the whole history of his father Peleus, and the ancestors of that Monarch.

(24) Chiron was Son of Saturn and the nymph Phœbe, one of the Daughters of Oceanus: the God being surprised in this amour by his Wife Rhea, transformed himself into a Horse, and fled with great precipitation; hence proceeded the mixt form of the child. See Apollonius Rhodius, L. 3. v. 1235—1245; and Virgil Geor. L. 3. v. 93.—Pausanias, in the nineteenth chapter of his fifth book, writes that Chiron after his death was found worthy of being received among the Gods.

Lest profligate examples should corrupt him.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Chiron was wise ; and still more wise the Father,  
Who for his offspring such instructor found.

AGAMEMNON.

Such is the man whom for our Daughter's Husband  
I have mark'd out.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

No despicable choice :

But in what Grecian city doth he dwell ?

AGAMEMNON.

Beside Apidanus in Phthia's land.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Will he the tender virgin thither lead ?

AGAMEMNON.

Be that the care of him who shall possess her.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

May every bliss attend them. But what day  
Have you appointed for the nuptial rite ?

AGAMEMNON.

When full-orb'd Cynthia darts propitious beams.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Have you yet slain the customary victims  
(25) To her who o'er the genial couch presides ?

AGAMEMNON.

I on this very business am intent ;  
It shall be done.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Will you the nuptial feast  
Celebrate next ?

(25) " Clytemnestra means Juno called *Zeym*, of whom Apollonius  
" Rhodius in his Argonautics ;

" Ηγη τη ζευη Διης ουδηλη. L. 4. v. 96.

Juno the nuptial Goddess, Wife of Jove.

" The same expression occurs in Nonnus and Dionysius Halicarnas-  
" sensis." BARNES.

AGAMEMNON.

When I have offer'd up  
Such victims as th' immortal Gods require.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But where shall we the womens' banquet hold ?

AGAMEMNON.

Here at the Argive ships.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Well, if we must ;  
Yet may it prove auspicious.

AGAMEMNON.

Wife, thou know'st  
Thy duty : to my will compliance yield.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What means my Lord ? for I am wont t' obey.

AGAMEMNON.

Myself will to the Bridegroom's arms —

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Shall aught  
That might become a Mother to perform,  
Be done without me ?

AGAMEMNON.

'Midst the troops of Greece  
Consign the Princess.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Where shall I meantime  
Be station'd ?

AGAMEMNON.

Go to Argos, and take care  
Of your young virgin race who there remain.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Leaving my Daughter ? who shall bear the torch ?

AGAMEMNON.

Be mine the welcome office, to illume  
Her Hymeneal rite.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

No antient usage

(26) Gives sanction, and you know'twould be unseemly.

AGAMEMNON.

Thee it becomes not freely to converse  
With the licentious inmates of a camp.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

It well becomes a Mother to dispose  
Of her lov'd Daughter,

AGAMEMNON.

Neither should her Sisters  
Be left alone at home.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

In their apartment,  
They strictly are confin'd.

AGAMEMNON.

Obey.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Forefend,  
Saturnia Queen of Argos. Go, bear rule  
Abroad; domestic empire shall be mine.  
I will conduct my Daughter's bridal pomp.

[Exit CLYTEMNESTRA.

AGAMEMNON.

Alas in vain I came; now all my hopes,  
Are frustrated. I would have sent my wife

(26) Without extending our researches any farther than the writings of Euripides, we find much variation in regard to the person by whom the nuptial torch was to be borne: in the *Phoenissæ*, v. 346, and the Scholiast which I have there quoted, such office is represented as belonging to the mother of the Bridegroom. Clytemnestra here asserts that it suits her best as mother to the Bride. Such employment was unsuited to Thetis, the mother of Achilles, on account of her being a Goddess: but, notwithstanding what is here said of ancient custom, we find the nuptial torch borne also by men; for the messenger in the *Helen*, an attendant of Menelaus, v. 728—730, says he now renews the union of Menelaus and Helen, having formerly borne the torch at their espousals: though it is very evident that Leda, Mother to the Bride, was not then dead; as that very Tragedy, v. 135, and 201, mentions her being supposed to have put an end to her own life, through grief at her Daughter's flight with Paris,

Far out of sight. Eallacious I devise  
 Schemes to impose upon my dearest friends,  
 And am in every artifice defeated.  
 But now with Calchas, holy Seer, I go  
 To search into the curse impos'd on Greece,  
 Tho' grateful to Diana, yet to me  
 Most inauspicious. Every wise man ought  
 To cherish a complying virtuous dame,  
 Beneath the nuptial roof, or live unwedded.

[*Exit AGAMEMNON.*

CHORUS.

O D E.

I.

Where Simois' limpid current glides,  
 The fleet of Greece shall spread war's loud alarms,  
 Fraught with brave chiefs, and with victorious arms:  
 Phœbus in vain o'er Ilion's walls presides.  
 Where fam'd Cassandra, frantic thro' despair,  
 Adorning her dishevel'd hair  
 With a verdant laurel wreath,  
 In strains prophetic, am I told,  
 Doth dark futurity's events unfold,  
 As o'er her soul the powers of inspiration breathe.

II.

Each Phrygian youth shall take his stand,  
 On turrets which o'erlook th' embattled field,  
 Borne o'er the deep, when Mars with brazen shield  
 In barks whose prows menace the hostile strand,  
 As he draws near to their devoted shore,  
 Shall brandish oft the dashing oar,  
 Resolv'd from Priam's realms to bear  
 That Sister to the Sons of Jove,  
 That Helen, who betray'd her plighted love,  
 Hence Grecian chiefs the targe and vengeful lance  
 prepare.

## III.

The rampir'd fortresses of Troy,  
 Enironing with ruthless joy,  
 Shall War's stern God, wide o'er the plain  
 (27) Display the sever'd head of heroes slain :  
 Again that city levell'd with the ground  
 The virgin choir shall wail around,  
 Old Priam's Queen shed deluges of tears,  
 And Helen grieve for having left her lord,  
 Ne'er may the joys of me and of my race  
 Be blasted by such fears  
 As shall the pallid face  
 Of Lydia's wealthy dames o'erspread,  
 Who with the Phrygian matrons in accord  
 Shall utter o'er their looms this lay ;  
 " From the wretched captive's head,  
 " Who comes to shear my braided locks away,  
 " While I bewail in plaintive strains  
 " The ruin that o'erwhelms my native plains,  
 " Thro' her who from that bird did spring,

(27) This inhuman custom of cutting off the heads of slain enemies in order to bear them on spears as trophies, is frequently mentioned both by the antient Poets and Historians. In Virgil when the detachment which had been commanded by Volscens joins the rest of the Latians in their attack on the Trojan camp, they march up to the trenches with loud shouts, displaying the heads of Nisus and Euryalus : and in Nonnus's Dionysiaca, the God Bacchus drawing up his forces previous to their engagement with the Indians, orders the heads of the foes they had slain to be brought forth and planted on the summit of mount Tmolus, as omens of victory,

Διορμένως δε καρπα νεμονται συρβεδα μωρος  
 Τρωνδεις εις τηρμαντια πεπαγμενα μαρτυρι θυσην.

L. 27. p. 272. Ed. Lubini.

La Cerdà, in his note on the former of these passages, has collected a multitude of other instances, which it would be superfluous to recite. For the substitution of *μωρος*, instead of *τωρον* in the next line, we are indebted to Barnes, who is followed by Reiskeus, Mr. Mackland, and Dr. Mugrave : Euripides is supposed to refer to the former destruction of Troy by Hercules.

“ Graceful with towering neck, if fame  
 “ A true report convey,  
 “ That Jove transform'd became  
 “ A Swan, upborne on sounding wing  
 “ When Leda yielde to his flame ?  
 “ Or haply the fantastic Muse,  
 “ From whom these amorous tales began,  
 “ Such shaueful legend forg'd, with impious views  
 “ T' impose on the credulity of man.”

## ACHILLES, CHORUS.

## ACHILLES.

Where is the leader of the Grecian host ?  
 What servant will relate, that here in quest  
 Of him, Achilles, Peleus' son, attends  
 Before the gates ? For in Euripus' gulph  
 On terms unequal is the fleet detain'd ;  
 Some of our countrymen unwedded leave  
 A solitary mansion, on these shores  
 To sit inactive ; others having wives  
 (28) Who yet are childless ; not without the will  
 Of Heaven, the Greeks have with such zeal equipp'd  
 This armament. To speak what justice prompts

(28) Here the printed text seems by no means to stand in need of Dr. Musgrave's proffered assistance: nor can there be any room to doubt that the circumstance of men newly married, leaving their Wives by whom they had not yet any children, is mentioned as an instance of their extraordinary zeal for the cause of their country. Thus, Iphidamas, son of Antenor, is recorded by Homer in the most honourable terms for leaving his Bride in Thrace, and returning home immediately, on hearing, at the very time of his marriage, that the Greeks had invaded Troy ; on his being slain by Agamemnon, the Poet thus celebrates his death :

ος ε μη αθι Πεσεται Καιρηταιος χαλκον ιππη  
 Οιδης, απο μηνης αλοχυ εσωντι αργητ,  
 Καρδαν, η μη χαρη ιδε..

Il. L. xi. v. 241.

Which is thus beautifully paraphrased by Pope ;

“ Stretch'd in the dust th' unhappy warrior lies  
 “ And sleep eternal seals his swimming eyes.

With firmness, is my province: for themselves  
 Let others their peculiar wants express.  
 I from the region of Pharsalia come,  
 From Peleus' house, and on Euripus' banks  
 Waiting for a propitious breeze, restrain  
 The Myrmidons, who with incessant plaints  
 Assail me; "O Achilles on these coasts  
 "Why loiter?" and "How long e'er thou direct  
 "Thy sails for Troy? Or instantly attempt  
 "Some martial feat, or lead thy squadrons home  
 "Nor stay for Atreus' dilatory sons?"

## CLYTEMNESTRA, ACHILLES, CHORUS.

## CLYTEMNESTRA.

Son of that Goddess who derives her birth  
 From Nereus: hearing, as within I sat,  
 Your voice, from my apartment I come forth.

## ACHILLES.

O sacred modesty! what female form  
 Endued with every captivating grace  
 Do I behold?

## CLYTEMNESTRA.

No wonder if you know not  
 Me, whom till now your eyes have never seen:  
 But I commend the reverence you express  
 For modesty.

## ACHILLES.

Inform me, who art thou?  
 Or why to the assembled host of Greece

"Oh worthy better fate! Oh early slain!  
 "Thy country's friends and virtuous, tho' in vain!  
 "No more the youth shall join his Consort's side,  
 "At once a Virgin, and at once a Bride.

It is well known from Deuteronomy, Chap. 24. v. 5, which we find  
 farther illustrated by Selden, in his Uxor Heb. L. 3. c. 3. that the Jewish  
 laws exempted a man from all employments, both military and  
 civil, for one year after his marriage.

Dost thou a woman coine, and mix with troops  
Array'd in glittering mail?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I am the Daughter  
Of Leda, Clytemnestra is my name,  
My Husband, Agamemnon, mighty king.

ACHILLES.

All that was needful, well hast thou express'd,  
And with a due conciseness: yet in me  
Unseemly 'twere to parly with a woman.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Strange! wherefore do you fly? with mine unite  
Your hand, blest omen of the future nuptials.

ACHILLES.

What mean'st thou? Join our hands! I fear the wrath  
Of Agamemnon, with unlicenc'd touch  
Should I profane his Queen.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

'Tis sure allow'd;  
Because, O son of the immortal Thetis,  
My Daughter you so speedily shall wed.

ACHILLES.

Of what espousals talk'st thou? with surprise  
All stupified I stand. Thy reason sure  
Must wander, when this tale thou could'st devise.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

How natural at the sight of our new kindred,  
To feel confusion when they mention marriage!

ACHILLES.

I never sought thy Daughter for my Bride,  
Nor yet by either of the sons of Atreus  
To me was such alliance e'er propos'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What can this mean? while you with wonder start  
At what I say; your words in me create  
The same amazement.

**ACHILLES.**

Thy conjectures form ;  
Our own conjectures we may both indulge :  
For both of us, perhaps, have spoken nought  
But what is truth.

**CLYTEMNESTRA.**

A most atrocious insult  
I have endur'd, have been employ'd it seems  
Thus to propose a mere ideal match,  
That ne'er was meant to take effect : this shames me.

**ACHILLES.**

Some one hath surely sported with us both :  
But scorn th' imposture, let it not disturb thee.

**CLYTEMNESTRA.**

Farewell : for I with stedfast eyes can view  
Your face no longer ; I am now become  
A liar, and have suffer'd grievous wrongs.

**ACHILLES.**

Accept the same farewell : for I in quest  
Of Agamemnon, these abodes will enter.

**ATTENDANT, ACHILLES, CLYTEMNESTRA,  
CHORUS.**

**ATTENDANT:**

Grandson of Æacus, O stranger, stay,  
Son of the Goddess, thee I call, and you  
Daughter of Leda.

**ACHILLES.**

Ha ! who opes the doors !  
And in what wild confusion doth he call me !

**ATTENDANT.**

A servant unpresuming : to my station  
My temper is adapted.

**ACHILLES.**

Say to whom  
Dost thou belong ; for thou art none of mine,

And I have no connection with the house  
Of Agamemnon.

ATTENDANT.

(29) To her family  
Before she wedded: with her, as a gift,  
Her father, Tyndarus, sent me.

ACHILLES.

Here I wait:  
If thou need aught, speak wherefore thou detain'st me.

ATTENDANT.

(30) But are ye two before the gates alone?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Thou may'st communicate thy thoughts as freely  
As if we were alone: but come thou forth  
From this thy royal master's tent.

ATTENDANT.

O Fortune,  
With my precaution join'd, extend your influence  
O'er those I wish to save.

ACHILLES.

Thou must explain

(29) As it appears that the Manuscripts vary, I take the middle course between the *ταῦτα τοι* of Akles and Barnes, and the *ταῦτα τοι* of Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave, by reading *ταῦτα τοι*, and make use of the interpretation given by Reiskius of *ωνούσθεντα*, by which he understands the antient family of Clytemnestra or Tyndarus at Sparta.

(30) A variety of situations occur in the antient drama, such as occasion Commentators to remind us of the great extent of the Athenian stage, to which our modern theatres bear no proportion, and of those divisions in it which might conceal from sight the performers stationed in a remote part: the reader also must have remarked that at the time of the entrance of this Messenger or Attendant (who, as Mr. Markland observes, is evidently the same person with whom Agamemnon converses in the first scene of this Tragedy, though most editors there call him *προφέτης*, and here *Σημείων*) Achilles and Clytemnestra were both retiring, and stood close to the door at a considerable distance from the Chorus, who bore no part in the preceding dialogue.

Thy speech hereafter : these are words of weight.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

In bending suppliant-like to touch my hand,  
If thou hast aught of moment to disclose,  
Waste not thy time.

ATTENDANT.

Know ye not who I am,  
And the attachment I have ever borne  
To you, and to your children ?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Well I know  
Thou in my house hast been a servant long.

ATTENDANT.

And that, as an appendage to your dower,  
The royal Agamemnon erst receiv'd me ?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Thou cam'st to Argos in my train, and mine  
Hast ever been.

ATTENDANT.

E'en thus : and hence more strongly  
To you than to your Lord, am I attach'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Thy business, now at length, to us unfold.

ATTENDANT.

The merciless resolve hér Sire hath form'd  
Is this; to slay your Daughter.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Horrid tale !  
Old man, what mean'st thou ? thou art frantic, sure.

ATTENDANT.

Smiting the hapless Virgin's snowy neck  
With his drawin' sword.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ah, wretched wretched me !  
Hath my Lord lost his reason ?

ATTENDANT.

He still thinks

Aright, except in what relates to you  
And to your Daughter : here his judgement fails.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Say, thro' what cause, what Fiend misleads the King?

ATTENDANT.

An oracle, which Calchas hath pronounc'd,  
That the confederate armament may sail.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Sail whither? wretched me ! and O most wretched  
She, whom her Father hath resolv'd to slay !

ATTENDANT.

To the Dardanian realm ; that Menelaus  
His Consort may recover.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Is the blood  
Of Iphigenia then the price of Helen ?

ATTENDANT.

You comprehend the whole : her ruthless Sire  
Will to Diana sacrifice the maid.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

With what intent those nuptials did he feign,  
By which he drew me hither ?

ATTENDANT.

That with joy  
You might conduct her as the destin'd Bride  
Of great Achilles.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Thou, my Daughter, com'st  
To perish, thou and thy unhappy Mother.

ATTENDANT.

Most piteous wrongs, alas ! ye both endure,  
And Agamemnon's purposes are dreadful.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I am undone : no longer can these eyes  
Withhold th' involuntary tear from streaming.

ATTENDANT.

If e'er in bitterness of soul we weep,  
'Tis for our Children's loss.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But whence, old man,  
Dost thou assert that thou these tidings heard'st?

ATTENDANT.

I, with a second letter, was dispatch'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

To countermand, or to enforce those orders  
That I should bring my Daughter to be slain?

ATTENDANT.

To countermand: your Lord was then inspir'd  
With better thoughts.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But why, since thou didst bear  
Such letter, not deliver it to me?

ATTENDANT.

'Twas Menelaus, the detested cause  
Of all these ills, who tore it from my hands.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Brave youth, from Pelops and the Nereid sprung,  
Hear you this tale?

ACHILLES.

Thy wretchedness I hear,  
Nor th' insults shewn to me can pass unnotic'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

They mean to take my Daughter's life away,  
By the pretence of wedding her to you  
Beguiling us.

ACHILLES.

Against thy Lord revolts  
My soul, nor will I tamely brook this wrong.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I blush not at those knees to fall; a mortal,  
To you who from a Goddess spring, I sue.

Why should I still maintain an empty pride,  
 Or strive with greater earnestness for aught  
 Than the deliverance of my dearest child?  
 Offspring of Thetis, succour my distress,  
 Succour a Virgin nam'd, tho' falsely nam'd,  
 Your Bride; yet I with flowers adorn'd her brow,  
 And fancied that I led her to your arms;  
 But now I to the bloody altar lead.  
 On you disgrace will light, if you neglect  
 To aid her. Ye indeed in wedlock's bands  
 Were never join'd, yet was you call'd the Husband  
 Of this unhappy maid. O by that beard,  
 By that right arm, and your immortal Mother,  
 Since I am ruin'd thro' your name, assert  
 The honour of that name. I have no shrine  
 Except your knees to fly to, not a friend  
 To cheer me. You have heard the cruel scheme,  
 Th' audacious treachery, fram'd in evil hour  
 By Agamemnon: here, you see, I come,  
 'Midst lawless mariners in mischief bold,  
 But able too, if willing, to assert  
 The cause of the oppress'd; a feeble woman.  
 Extend your guardian arm, and I am sav'd,  
 Else ruin waits me.

## CHORUS.

Of parental love  
 Great is the power, and like a magic philtre:  
 Inspir'd by nature each fond Mother toils  
 To save her offspring.

## ACHILLES.

My indignant soul  
 Is fir'd by such affronts; tho' no man knows  
 Both how to bear affliction and success  
 With greater moderation.

## CHORUS.

Truly wise

Are they who persevere thro' every stage  
Of life beneath unbiass'd reason's guidance.

## ACHILLES.

There is a time when we should lay aside  
Each warier thought : but other seasons claim  
Our utmost prudence. From that virtuous man,  
Chiron, by whom my infancy was nurtur'd,  
Simplicity of manners I acquir'd.  
If their commands are just, I will obey  
The Sons of Atreus; when unjust, refuse  
Each base concession : with a liberal spirit  
So will I act both here, and when at Troy,  
As shall do honour to the God I serve  
Mars the invincible. But as for thee,  
Whose sufferings from unnatural friends arise,  
All the protection that a youth can give  
To thee, by pity mov'd, will I extend;  
Nor shall the ruthless Father ever slay  
Thy Daughter who was styl'd my Bride, nor cloak  
Such treachery with the sanction of Achilles.  
For tho' I wielded not the murderous blade,  
My name would be th' assassin : yet thy Lord  
Is the true *cause*. No longer from the stain  
Of shedding guiltless blood should I be pure,  
If, for my *sake*, and on a vile pretence  
Of wedding her to me, this Maid should perish.  
While Menelous is esteem'd a man,  
Shall I be far beneath the meanest Greek,  
A thing of nought, begotten by some Fiend,  
Not Peleus' son, if in my name thy Lord  
The Virgin slay. By Nereus, who resides  
Beneath the briny deep, the Sire of Thetis  
Who bore me, ne'er shall Agamemnon touch  
Thy Daughter, nor pollute her spotless veil.  
Plac'd on the limits of Barbarian realms  
Sooner shall Sipylus, whence yon proud Chiefs

Derive their origin, become illustrious,  
 And martial Phthia have no more a name.  
 Calchas, that Seer, in bitterness of soul  
 Shall carry back again his salted cates  
 And lavers. For what species of a man  
 Is he who acts the Prophet? some few truths,  
 With many falsehoods mingled, he deals forth  
 When Fortune aids him: but if she oppose,  
 His vaunted science is for ever lost.  
 How many nymphs in wedlock vie to gain  
 My plighted hand! no empty boasts are these.  
 But Agamemnon, haughty king, with scorn  
 Hath treated me: he ought to have applied  
 For my permission, ere he us'd my name  
 His Daughter to ensnare. For to my arms,  
 With joy, would Clytemnestra have consign'd,  
 And I to all the Greeks surrender'd up,  
 The maid; if hence our voyage to the shores  
 Of Troy had been obstructed, nor refus'd  
 The weal of my brave comrades to promote.  
 But now by those two Generals am I deem'd  
 A thing of no account, which as they list  
 They may respect or slight. My last appeal  
 Is to this sword, which ere on Phrygia's coast  
 We land, with crimson slaughter will I stain,  
 If any one presume with ruffian hand  
 To force thy Daughter from me. Be appeas'd;  
 Thou (27) view'st me like a tutelary God;

(27) Commentators are frequently most decisive in their language, when they have no firm ground to stand upon: Mr. Markland, after having pronounced that this passage, as it stands in all preceding editions, is *extremely absurd*, ("stultissima") through a determination to give *no offence to any one*, has suffered the text to remain, but altered the Latin version, and placed in a note his own reading, which comes apparently unsupported by any authority either printed or manuscript; *μεγάλος οὖν μέγαλον, μέγαλον μέγαλον μέγαλον*, maximum est discrimen: sed tamen fiet. In a subsequent speech of Achilles, v. 1003, we meet with *μεγάλος οὖν μέγαλον*,

I am not yet entitled to that name,  
But trust I shall be.

## CHORUS.

This heroic language,  
O son of Peleus, well becomes thyself  
And thy great sea-born Mother.

## CLYTEMNESTRA.

In what terms,  
What well-proportion'd terms, shall I express  
My gratitude, your favour not to forfeit?  
For when encomiums on the good are shower'd,  
They feel a kind of hatred to the man  
Who, in the praises he confers, exceeds  
The bounds of truth. I blush that I have nought  
With which your generous friendship to repay  
But lamentations, by my private woes  
Wholly absorb'd: you never have endur'd  
Distress like mine. Yet in a stranger's cause  
The virtuous man extends his arm, and lifts  
Affliction from the dust. On me bestow  
Your pity, for the woes I have endur'd  
Challenge compassion. Thinking to obtain  
In you a Son in law, I cherish'd hopes  
That were ill-grounded. Iphigenia's death  
Perhaps may prove an omen to destroy  
Your bliss in future nuptials: such a curse  
On you is it incumbent to avert.  
With nobly proffer'd aid began the speech

which probably gave rise to this mutilation of an animated passage, in order to make the Hero say the same thing twice over at the distance of scarce thirty lines. Dr. Musgrave does not adopt Mr. Markland's conjecture, but proposes altering  $\omega\lambda' \kappa\mu\kappa$  into  $\omega\omega\kappa \omega\kappa$ , and on this innovation, which he barely starts as *hanc ineptum*, grounds his Latin version *cum non aliis sim quam quod ero*. Amidst this difference of opinion, I can by no means hesitate in preferring the vulgar text, as by far more worthy of Euripides, and more expressive of the *nihil non arroget armis* of Achilles' character, than either of the suggested alterations.

Which you as nobly ended : persevere,  
 And you will save my Daughter. To your knees  
 Shall she a suppliant cling ? 'twould ill beseem  
 A tender virgin : yet, if you require,  
 She shall come forth, but come with downcast eyes,  
 And shame ingenuous. Or shall I obtain  
 From you, tho' she appear not, this request?

ACHILLES.

Let her remain at home : a bashful maid  
 The dictates of her modesty obeys.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Yet must we not extend e'en virtuous shame  
 Beyond all bounds, where shame can nought avail.

ACHILLES.

Bring not thy Daughter, lest reproach attend  
 Our inconsiderate meeting : for the host,  
 Idle and free from occupation, love  
 Tales of accurst malevolence to spread.  
 The same my zeal, whether ye come as suppliants,  
 Or wave your suit : for on a mighty conflict  
 Am I resolv'd, to snatch you from your woes.  
 Of one thing be assur'd, I ne'er will utter  
 A falsehood. When I raise thy groundless hopes,  
 May instant death o'ertake me. May I live  
 But on these terms, if I the Virgin save.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Heaven prosper each attempt, while you continue  
 To be the firm protector of the wretched.

ACHILLES.

Attend to what I urge, that as we ought  
 We may conduct the plan.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What's this you mean

That now demands attention ?

ACHILLES.

Yet again

Let us exhort her Sire to think more wisely.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

He like a coward fears th' assembled troops.

ACHILLES.

Fresh motives o'er those motives may prevail.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Cold are my hopes : say, how shall I proceed ?

ACHILLES.

Entreat him first, his Daughter not to slay :

If he deny thy suit, to me repair :

But if thou by persuasive words canst gain

His stubborn soul, for me to interfere

Would in that case be needless ; she will owe

To thee alone her safety, and my friendship

With Agamemnon will remain entire :

Nor, by the host, if I with reason's aid,

Rather than open violence, prevail,

Shall I be blam'd. Thy wishes thus obtain'd,

Both to thy friends and thee, 'twill be more glorious

To have succeeded, tho' in your behalf

I interpos'd not.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Wisely have you spoken :

I'll follow your advice : but if I fail

In my attempt, where shall we meet again ?

Wretch that I am, ah, whither shall I go

To have recourse to your victorious arm,

My safeguard in distress ?

ACHILLES.

I will attend

Ready to guard thee in the hour of need :

But O beware, lest thou with terror smitten

Be seen to wander thro' the camp, and shame

Thy ancestors : for Tyndarus' race, rever'd

By every Greek, no obloquy deserves.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Then be it so : lead on ; I will obey

Your mandates. Sure, if any Gods exist,  
Such virtue will most amply be rewarded :  
If there be none, our arduous toils are vain.

[*Exeunt ACHILLES and CLYTEMNESTRA.*

## CHORUS.

## O D E.

## I.

What rapturous accents breath'd around,  
When Hymen mid'st th' enchanting strain  
Advancing with his choral train,  
Bade Libya's flute, the harp, the pipe resound !  
Then up the ridge of Pelion's craggy mount,  
Distinguish'd by their streaming hair,  
Came the bright Nymphs who haunt Pieria's fount,  
The banquet of the Gods to share ;  
Oft their swift feet in airy bound  
With golden sandals smote the ground,  
At Peleus' nuptial rite they sung,  
On hills where Centaurs fierce reside,  
The charms of Thetis, of th' immortal Bride,  
And for the son of Æacus was strung  
Each sounding lyre in Pelion's grove.  
Then sprung from Dardanus, the Boy  
(Minion of cloud-compelling Jove)  
Illustrious Ganymede the pride of Troy,  
With nectar fill'd the goblet high.  
In circling dance, an agile band,  
While Nereus' fifty Daughters on the strand  
Grac'd Hymen's blest solemnity.

## II.

Each Centaur snatch'd a sapling pine,  
Around his hardy front was plac'd  
The grassy wreath, he rush'd to taste  
The feasts of Heaven, and Bacchus' rosy wine.

“ Daughter of Nereus, hail! a light I view;”  
 The Nymphs of Thessaly exclaim’d:

Phœbus the tuneful Seer, and he who knew

(32) The Muses’ mystic lore, far fam’d  
 For virtue, Chiron sage, foretold  
 By name, the Chief in combats bold  
 Who his Myrmidons shall lead  
 Into the wealthy realms of Troy,

And Priam’s dome with vengeful flames destroy:  
 Thus have the Fates’ supreme behests decreed.

(32) *Μούσαις γενεασίας*, rendered by Barnes *Musarum generationes*, here I apprehend signifies *genealogias a Musis decantatas*, that is to say, “ the poetic annals or genealogies of Gods and Heroes.” Erasmus renders it *mystica sacra sororum Castalarium*. Mr. Markland, Mr. Tyrwhitt, and Dr. Musgrave, concur in looking upon *γενεασίας* as a verb instead of a substantive, Dorice pro *γενεασίᾳ*; the first renders it *paries virum*, and the last *creabis*, and they interpret *ξυνμαζήν* *clare dixit*, or *effatus est*: these versions seem peculiarly harsh: but the proposal of Mr. Markland, in which I observe he stands single, to alter *Μούσαις* into *Μούσας*, alleging that the *Muses* themselves are the speakers, and making them *relate* the prophesies of Apollo and Chiron, is liable to much stronger objections, as Apollo could not with any propriety be excluded from this harmonious banquet of the Gods, even though Juno had not expressly reminded him in Homer that he was one of the guests,

Πλαστίς δὲ ανθεκούση Θεοὶ γαμούσῃ διὰ σὺν τοιούτῳ  
 Δασοῦ ἔχων φρεγγίγα.

II. L. xxiv. v. 62.

And in regard to Chiron, it has already been mentioned by Agamemnon in this Tragedy, that he was the friend of Peleus, and dwelt on this mountain; which renders it almost needless to cite Apollodorus, who informs us that he presented Peleus at his nuptials with the famous spear which his Son Achilles afterwards brought to the siege of Troy, in order to prove that he was one of the Centaurs who attended the festivity. It seems much more consonant both to poetry and probability, that Chiron should expatiate on the achievements of his future pupil Achilles, than that the Muses should continue to speak, as they do in Mr. Markland’s Latin version, and quote the prophesies of Apollo and Chiron, when it is clear that they were both present, and formed a part of the guests assembled on mount Pelion. I therefore follow the example of the Aldus edition, in placing after the word *φωνή* a full stop.

To him, impenetrable arms,  
By Vulcan forg'd, of massive gold,  
His Mother, 'midst war's dire alarms  
Shall bring, her happy offspring to infold.

Then did the whole immortal Choir,  
With tuneful accents to adorn  
Great Peleus' and the Nereid's bridal morn,  
Accompany the festive lyre.

## III.

But deck'd with garlands braided round thy head,  
Thou, Iphigenia, shalt be led  
By Grecian priests; and as the heifer, torn  
From rocky caves, reluctant meets the blow,  
Thy crimson gore shall flow :  
Nor pipe, nor shepherd's song at early morn  
Awak'd thee, nurtur'd on the plain ;  
But thro' maternal care with bridal pomp attir'd.  
A Bride by each Inachian Chief desir'd,  
Thou hither bring'st thy weeping train.  
How shall the modest blushes o'er that face  
Diffus'd, or in this fatal hour  
Thy virtues aught avail,  
While impious men engross all power ;  
If thus neglected, honour fail,  
And violence o'er law prevail ?  
Hence, general danger threatens the human race,  
Lest the vindictive Gods a sinful world assail.

## CLYTEMNESTRA, CHORUS.

## CLYTEMNESTRA.

I from these doors come forth to seek my Lord,  
Who hence hath long been absent. My poor Daughter  
Sheds the big tear, and pours forth many groans  
Expressive of her anguish, since she heard  
She by her cruel Sire is doom'd to bleed,  
By Agamemnon : he whom I have mention'd

Draws near, and on his own unhappy Child  
Ere long will execute this deed of horror.

## AGAMEMNON, CLYTEMNESTRA, CHORUS.

## AGAMEMNON.

Daughter of Leda, at a lucky season  
I find thee here without, that I may speak  
Apart from Iphigenia, on those subjects  
Which in the presence of a timid Bride  
Cannot be nam'd with decency.

## CLYTEMNETSRA.

What business

Doth this occasion to my Lord suggest?

## AGAMEMNON.

From her apartment let my Daughter go  
Accompanied by none except her sire:  
The holy lavers with the salted cakes  
Which we must scatter in the lustral flame,  
And heifers, that to Dian must be slain,  
As victims, ere the nuptial rights commence,  
Tinging her altar with their crimson gore,  
Are ready.

## CLYTEMNESTRA.

Tho' in courteous terms you speak,  
I cannot name your actions with applause.  
Come forth, my Daughter, for full well thou know'st.  
Thy Sire's designs; wrapt in thy flowing robe,  
Thy Brother young Orestes bither bring.  
Obedient to your summons, lo she comes!  
Both in her cause and mine I now shall plead.

IPHIGENIA, AGAMEMNON, CLYTEMNESTRA,  
CHORUS.

## AGAMEMNON.

Why weep'st thou, O my Daughter, whence proceeds

That alter'd look? what mean those downcast eyes,  
Fix'd on the ground, and cover'd with a veil?

IPHIGENIA.

Ah, how the doleful history of my woes  
Shall I begin? they all at once seem present,  
Nor know I in what order to arrange them,  
Which first, which last to name.

AGAMEMNON.

Why do ye form  
One plaintive groupe, expressing in each face  
Confusion and dismay?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

My Lord, reply  
With an ingenuous freedom to my questions.

AGAMEMNON.

No counsel on this subject can I need;  
I wish to hear them.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Are you bent on slaying  
Our Daughter?

AGAMEMNON.

Ha! what horrid words are these!  
Thou ought'st not to suspect that I e'er form'd  
Such project. Peace.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

To my enquiries give  
A more explicit answer.

AGAMEMNON.

Had thy questions  
Been proper, I had answer'd as I ought.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

To this one point I fix them; nought beside  
Is there for you to speak of.

AGAMEMNON.

Aweful Fortune,  
Ye Destinies, and O my evil geniū!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

On me, on her, on you, one Demon hurls  
This triple wrath.

AGAMEMNON.

In what respect hast thou  
Been injur'd?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

How can you presume to ask?  
This shallow artifice betrays the fool.

AGAMEMNON.

I am undone, my secrets are disclos'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Full well I know them all, and am appris'd  
Of the designs which you 'gainst me have fram'd.  
That silence, and those oft repeated groans,  
Amount to a confession; spare yourself  
The labour of a frivolous reply.

AGAMEMNON.

Lo I am mute. I to my woes should add  
The want of virtuous shame, were I to utter  
Premeditated falsehoods.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Now give ear

To me; for I will act an open part  
Nor riddles, foreign to my purpose use.  
First with this just reproach I brand your name,  
By force you seiz'd me a reluctant Bride,  
Slew Tantalus, my former Lord, and dash'd  
Our infant child, whom from my breast you tore,  
Against the pavement. Jove's illustrious Sons  
My Brothers, on their milk-white coursers borne,  
Wag'd war against you; but my aged Sire,  
Tyndarus, when vanquish'd at his knees you bow'd  
A suppliant, set you free, and join'd our hands  
Again in wedlock; reconcil'd to you

And to your house, yourself can hear me witness,  
 That from that time, still blameless and still chaste (§3),  
 I have improv'd your fortunes, that at home  
 You might rejoice, and oft as you went forth  
 From your own mansions, with success be crown'd.  
 Few are the men so blest as to obtain  
 Such Consorts; to the lot of many fall  
 They who are worthless. I moreover bore  
 To you three lovely Daughters and this Son;  
 Yet me you will inhumanly bereave  
 Of one dear child. Should any one enquire  
 The cause for which you take her life away;  
 What plausible excuse can you allege?  
 Or shall I utter what you dare not speak?  
 " That Menelaus may recover Helen."  
 Glorious exchange! our children as the price  
 Of her redemption, for that wicked woman  
 If we should barter, and thus purchase back  
 Those we abhor, upon such fatal terms  
 To those we hold most dear. But leading forth  
 The troops, if me you leave forlorn at home,  
 And on the coasts of Ilion long remain;  
 Think you what agonizing pangs will rend  
 This heart, when I her vacant chair behold,  
 Her chamber uninhabited? alone  
 Shall I sit weeping, and in strains like these  
 Bewail her fate; " My Daughter, thy own Sire  
 " Hath slain thee, he, alas! and none but he,  
 " Nor by another hand. Such is the gift  
 " He to our house departing leaves behind."  
 But little more pretext there needs to urge

(33) " Clytemnestra had no pretensions afterwards to boast thus  
 " of her fidelity. These reproaches shew that she perhaps already  
 " repented of it. Her love for Egisthus, and the murder of Aga-  
 " memnon, afterwards avenged the crimes with which she has here  
 " been charging her unhappy Husband." BRUMOV.

Me, and the rest of my unhappy Daughters,  
 To give you the reception you deserve.  
 I by the Gods conjure you then, forbear,  
 Either to wrong, or force me to retaliate.  
 (34) Well, be it so : the virgin you resolve  
 To sacrifice : but after such a deed  
 How can you pray to Heaven, what blessings crave  
 When you have slain your child ? thus basely launching  
 The bark for Troy, except you to return  
 Without disgrace ? But were it just in me  
 To offer up my vows for your success ?  
 If we our antient kindness still retain  
 For murderers, must we not infer the Gods  
 Want reason ? Fondly think you to embrace  
 Your children, when to Argos you return,  
 If one of them deliberately you slay ?  
 This cannot be : for who among them all  
 Will bear to see your face ? But I now enter  
 On this important question, if to wield  
 A sceptre, and lead forth the troops to battle,  
 Be your sole wish ; in these emphatic words  
 The squadrons you with justice might address ;  
 " Are ye dispos'd, O Greeks, to sail for Troy ?  
 " By lot decide whose Daughter shall be slain."  
 The hazard then were equal : but not thus  
 When as a chosen victim for all Greece,  
 Your Daughter you bestow. Or, to redeem  
 Her mother, Menelaus should have slain  
 Hermione, his interests were at stake.  
 But now must I, who to your bed remain  
 Still faithful, have my Daughter torn away ;

(34) "These lines are extremely animated, full of spirit, indig-  
 " nation, and just reasoning, and worthy of the most heroic of the  
 " Daughters of Tyndarus : they may be reckoned among the prin-  
 " cipal passages of Euripides in this species of writing." MARKLAND.

While she who hath transgress'd shall train up hers (35)  
 In Sparta, and become a happy Dame.  
 Confute me, if in aught I speak amiss,  
 But if I speak aright, our Daughter slay not,  
 And you will act a prudent virtuous part.

## CHORUS.

Yield, Agamemnon, to preserve our children  
 Is laudable, this all mankind allows.

## IPHIGENIA.

Had I a voice of Orpheus, O my Sire,  
 Could I by magic incantations move  
 The stones to follow me, and with soft words  
 Sooth every hearer, I would have recourse  
 To arts thus powerful ; but must now make use  
 Of all the eloquence I have, these tears.  
 Here round thy knees an humble suppliant clings  
 Thy Daughter, for her sake who brought me forth,  
 Consign me not to an untimely death ;  
 For sweet it is to look upon the Sun :  
 Earth's nether regions force me not to view.  
 Thee by the name of Sire I first did hail,  
 Me didst thou first call Daughter : on thy knees  
 First did I hang, afford, and in my turn  
 From thee endearments numberless receive.  
 These were the words thou said'st ; "thee, O my Child,  
 " At a maturer age shall I behold,  
 " Adorn the mansions of a happy Lord,  
 " Plac'd in such station as my rank deserves?"  
 While oft that chin (which now with trembling hands  
 I touch) embracing ; thus have I reply'd ;  
 " In thy decline of life shall I receive  
 " Thee, O my aged Sire, with filial zeal  
 " Opening my mansion's hospitable gates,

(35) The old editions have *υποσπένω*, but *υποσπένω* is, according to Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave, the reading of three manuscripts.

" Those cares to recompense, with which thou erst  
 " Didst nurture me?" My memory still retains  
 Each fond expression we both utter'd then;  
 But thou, forgetting all that pass'd, wouldest slay  
 Thy Daughter. Thee by Pelops I conjure,  
 By Atreus too thy Father, and by her  
 Who bore me erst, who now again endures  
 Pangs that exceed the pregnant mother's throes,  
 To spare my life. For what have I to do  
 With the espousals, the adulterous loves  
 Of Paris and of Helen? O my Sire,  
 To vindicate my doom, why introduce  
 Their foul offence? at least one gracious look,  
 One parting kiss bestow, that ere I die,  
 If my words fail to move thee, I may gain  
 These slight memorials of paternal love.  
 My Brother, tho' small succour to thy friends  
 Thou canst afford, yet by thy tears entreat  
 Thy Father, that thy Sister may not die.  
 There is a certain sense of others' woe,  
 Which even infants feel. My Father, see  
 His silent supplication he prefers.  
 Revere my sufferings, and thro' pity spare  
 My life. We two, both objects of thy love,  
 Thy blooming Daughter, and thy tender Son,  
 Implore thee by that beard: I, to conclude,  
 This one prevailing argument will use;  
 Most grateful is it to the human race  
 To view the Sun: but in yon realms beneath,  
 (Such wish were utter frenzy) none would dwell.  
 (36) Better, tho' on the worst of terms, is life,  
 Than the most glorious death.

(36) Although these sentiments, which the Chorus suffer to pass uncensured, are held by some critics to be utterly inconsistent with the dignity of a Tragic Heroine; it is not unworthy of observation that the Achilles of Homer, both while living, in his reply to the Ambassadors sent by Agamemnon, in the ninth book of the Iliad,

## CHORUS.

Unhappy Helen,  
Thro' thee and thy espousals, 'twixt the Sons  
Of Atreus, and their race, great discords rise.

## AGAMEMNON.

Both when to give compassion ample scope,  
And when to check its tide full well I know.  
I for my Children feel paternal love,  
Else I were frantic. Tho' my wounded heart  
Recoil at such oblation, to withhold  
The sacrifice were impious. I must slay  
My Daughter. Seest thou not this numerous fleet,  
These Grecian Chiefs in glittering mail array'd?  
They to the shores of Iliion cannot sail,  
Or lay its turrets level with the ground,  
Thee, O my dearest Child, if I refuse,  
To offer up: thus Calchas, holy Seer,  
Pronounces. With a vehement desire  
Are the whole host inflam'd, to launch their barks  
Immediately, for that Barbarian coast,  
And punish the bold miscreant who presum'd  
To bear away a royal Grecian Dame:  
Those virgin Daughters whom I left behind

and after death, in what he says to Ulysses, who descends into the infernal regions, carries this idea yet farther: I will here only cite the latter of these passages, as being the most concise and most immediately apposite to my purpose.

Βιδαμέν τ' επαργετες αιρε Σπεντίγιαν ελλα  
Ανδρι μαρτι ανδρογυ, πο μη βιονες τελειε αιρε  
Η πασιν τηνεστι Κατα φθειρεται επεντε.      Odys. I. ii. v. 488.

Rather I chuse laboriously to bear  
A weight of woes and breathe the vital air,  
A slave to some poor hind that toils for bread,  
Than reign the scepter'd monarch of the dead.      POPE.

This doctrine is however severely reprobated by Plato, in the third book of his Republic; and the sarcastic Lucian has founded on this very passage of Homer his 15th Dialogue of the Dead, in which he introduces Antilochus, the son of Nestor, arraigning this declaration as utterly unworthy of Peleus' son, the pupil of Chiron and Phoenix.

At Argos, will they kill, nor in their rage  
 Spare either you or me, if thus I frustrate  
 Diana's oracles. Nor yet by force  
 Hath Menelaus conquer'd, O my Child,  
 Nor have his subtle arguments convinc'd me :  
 But Greece prevails, and thee I in the cause  
 Of Greece must at the altar offer up,  
 Willing or loth : for I to fate must yield,  
 Us it behoves, exerting all our might,  
 The freedom of our country to maintain,  
 For we are Greeks, and will not tamely suffer  
 Barbarian slaves to violate our beds.

[Exit AGAMEMNON.]

CLYTEMNESTRA.

My Daughter! O ye foreign Maids!  
 Soon, hapless Virgin, shalt thou die ;  
 See thy relentless Father fly,  
 And yield thee trembling to the shades.

IPHIGENIA.

Warbling the same pathetic strain  
 With you, my Mother, I complain.  
 No more these closing eyes shall view  
 The genial radiance of the Morn,  
 The Sun his blest career renew.  
 From you, alas! I trace my woes,  
 Ye mountains white with drifted snows,  
 And Ida's consecrated grove,  
 Where, struggling with paternal love,  
 Priam expos'd the infant, torn  
 From a desponding Mother's breast,  
 Abandon'd on the distant heath  
 To fate and unrelenting death :  
 By Phrygia's wondering tribes carest,  
 Hence youthful Paris did obtain  
 The name of Ida's, Ida's swain.  
 Ah, would to Heaven th' adventurous boy

Had ne'er been destin'd to abide,  
 Where he the lowing herds with joy  
 Did as a simple peasant tend ;  
 Nor seen those limpid rills descend,  
 Haunted by Nymphs, who on their side  
 Oft cropp'd the rose's blushing flowers,  
 And interwove with hands divine  
 Their fragrant hyacinthine bowers :  
 Thither the sage Minerva came,  
 Venus, and Jove's imperial Dame,  
 With Hermes, whom the Gods enjoin  
 The Thunderer's embassies to bear ;  
 (In Cytherea's wanton look,  
 Love revell'd with triumphant air,  
 Her pointed spear Minerva shook,  
 Juno advanc'd with statelier mien  
 Expressive of the scepter'd Queen)  
 Their hateful contest to decide,  
 The power of rival charms to try :  
 I hence, alas ! am doom'd to die ;  
 But Greece shall with victorious pride  
 Extend her streaming banners wide.

## CHORUS.

Diana claims thy sprinkled gore ;  
 Hence they shall land on Ilion's shore.

## IPHIGENIA.

O Mother, how it wounds my heart,  
 To see that treacherous Sire depart !  
 On him, forlorn, in vain I call,  
 Ah me ! this miserable fate  
 From that ill-omen'd hour I date,  
 When Helen sought the Phrygian strand,  
 And now am I decreed to fall  
 By my own Father's impious hand.  
 O that these straits had not detain'd  
 The fleet for Ilion bound, nor Jove

Over Euripus' gulph ordain'd  
 No prosperous wind from Heaven to blow !  
 On some, the favour'd few, mild gales  
 Cheering their souls doth he bestow,  
 And aid them to unfurl their sails ;  
 But others he forbids to move,  
 Compass'd with various griefs around,  
 And with necessity's fell train ;  
 Those from the port their vessels guide,  
 Weigh anchor, and the surge divide ;  
 Moor'd on the coast while these remain.  
 Our feeble race with toils abound,  
 E'en all who draw their vital breath.  
 Shall not these destin'd ills content ?  
 Weak man, their number to augment  
 By searching our new modes of death.

## CHORUS.

Anguish and slaughter, Greece invade,  
 Thro' Helen, that inconstant fair.  
 I pity thee, unhappy Maid,  
 And wish that thou, by fate betray'd,  
 Such woes hadst ne'er been doom'd to bear.

## IPHIGENIA.

My dearest Mother, I behold a troop  
 Of armed men draw near.

## CLYTEMNESTRA.

And that brave Chief,  
 Sprung from the Goddess, whom thou cam'st to wed.

## IPHIGENIA.

Open the doors : I would conceal myself.

## CLYTEMNESTRA.

O Daughter, whither fliest thou ?

## IPHIGENIA.

From Achilles,  
 Whom modesty forbids me to behold.

## CLYTEMNESTRA.

Why so ?

## IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

IPHIGENIA.

Our hapless nuptials make me blush.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ill doth such bashful delicacy suit  
Thy fortunes : stay, this is no time for coyness.ACHILLES, CLYTEMNESTRA, IPHIGENIA,  
CHORUS.

ACHILLES.

Daughter of Leda, most unhappy dame.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Too truly have you spoken.

ACHILLES.

'Midst the host  
Of Argos, dreadful shouts are heard.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What shouts?

Inform me.

ACHILLES.

By thy Daughter caus'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

The words

You utter are of evil augury.

ACHILLES.

Her as a victim loudly they demand.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Doth no man contradict them?

ACHILLES.

To some danger  
I also was expos'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Say what ; my friend?

ACHILLES.

Of being crush'd with stones.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

While you protected  
My Daughter?

ACHILLES.

'Twas e'en thus.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But who presum'd  
To smite you?

ACHILLES.

Every Greek.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Did not your host

(37) Of valiant Myrmidons defend their Lord?

ACHILLES.

They were my first assailants.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

O my Daughter,

We then must perish.

ACHILLES.

With one voice they cried;

" How is the Hero in the Bridegroom lost?"

(37) "The comrades and the soldiers of Achilles bore the name  
 " of Myrmidons: this people were natives of *Ægina*, and followed  
 " Peleus into Thessaly; they are said to have been transformed from  
 " Ants, whence they derived their name, into Men, at the prayers of  
 " Æacus, whose island of *Ægina* was almost destitute of inhabi-  
 " tants: others deduce their name from Myrmidon, the son of Ju-  
 " piter. See Eustathius on Homer, p. 76. l. 38, and p. 320, l. 42.  
 " ed. Romæ 1542, and Ovid. *Metam.* L. viii. v. 614." BARNES.

*Μύρμηξ* is the Greek word for an Ant. Ovid's account of the depopulation of *Ægina* by a *plagæ*, and its being thus filled with a new race, is very diffuse; as for the Hero Myrmidon, as Eustathius calls him, no particulars of his history have occurred to me; Apollodorus only says that the sons of him and Pisidice, one of *Æolus*'s Daugh-  
 " ters, were Antiphus and *Actor*. Both my editions, of Romæ 1555, and that of the *Hist. Poet. Scriptores*, by Gale, print the name of the latter *Actor*, but I apprehend erroneously; *Menæceus*, the father of Patroclus, being called by Homer the son of *Actor*, and *Bachet de Meziriac*, in his excellent comment on Ovid's *Epistles*, having shewn that Patroclus was Great-Grandson to Myrmidon, the genealogy stand-  
 " ing thus; Myrmidon, *Actor*, *Menæceus*, *Patroclus*.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What answer made you?

ACHILLES.

Spare my future Wife.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Just was that plea.

ACHILLES.

Whom by my name her Sire

Distinguish'd —

CLYTEMNESTRA.

And from Argos bade her come.

ACHILLES.

But by their clamorous shouts was I subdued,

CLYTEMNESTRA.

The multitude are a dire pest.

ACHILLES.

In spite

Of their resentment I will aid thee still.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

How can your single arm resist an host?

ACHILLES.

Seest thou yon armed warriors?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

May success

Attend your courage!

ACHILLES.

We will yet prevail.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Shall not my Daughter for a victim bleed?

ACHILLES.

To this at least I never will consent.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Will any of them hither come to seize  
The virgin?

ACHILLES.

Thousands, by Ulysses led.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

(38) The son of Sisyphus?

ACHILLES.

E'en he.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Thus acting

Thro' his own zeal, or by the troops ordain'd?

ACHILLES.

They chuse him to an office which he sought.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Most execrable choice, with human gore  
Thus to pollute himself.

ACHILLES.

But I shall curb

His ardour.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Will he seize and drag her hence  
Altho' reluctant?

ACHILLES.

By her auburn hair.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

How then must I proceed?

ACHILLES,

Still firmly clasp

Thy Daughter.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

By such means can she be sav'd.

ACHILLES.

(39) This, and this only, must at length decide?

(38) According to Ajax in Ovid;

Sanguine cretus

Sisyphio, furtisq; et fraude similimus illi.

Metam. L. 13, v. 32.

See the question discussed in the twentieth note on this Tragedy.

(39) "The literal translation is, "But the matter will come to this,"  
" which Achilles speaks, either laying his hand on the hilt of his  
" sword, or casting a look on the soldiers that attended him ready  
" armed for an engagement."

BARNES..

## IPHIGENIA.

Listen to me ; O Mother, I perceive  
 That groundless zeal against your Husband fires  
 Your inmost soul: but think not to attempt  
 What cannot be atchiev'd. The generous zeal  
 Of this heroic stranger, claims our praise:  
 Yet ought you to beware lest you excite  
 The wrath of an ungovernable host,  
 And by a conduct whence to us accrues  
 No benefit, our kind protector cause  
 To perish. But, O Mother, what resolves  
 I on deliberating more calmly form  
 You now shall hear. I fully am resolv'd  
 (40) On death : but wish with glory to expire,

(40) Brumoy's remarks subjoined to this Tragedy in his *Theatre des Grecs*, and those of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, in his note on "sibi constet" in Horace's Art of Poetry, furnish defences of Iphigenia's character from the charge of inconsistency preferred against it by Aristotle in his Poetics, which it is so easy for the reader to have recourse to, that instead of making any extract from them, I will lay before him much the same arguments expressed with more brevity by a Critic of the sixteenth century. " Euripides is here so far from deserving censure, that he ought rather to be extolled to the skies for his prudence ; for if he had represented Iphigenia firm and intrepid, when the tidings of her being to die were first brought to her, he would by no means have observed decorum, for he would have given such an instance of valour in a maid as is hardly to be found in *Regulus*, " *Codrus*, and the *Decii*. Virgins are naturally timid, and consider nothing as more bitter than death. Euripides therefore does right in representing Iphigenia as timid at first : but afterwards she prefers the weal of the Greeks to life itself. What then ? the entreaties of her Father, necessity, the preservation of her friends, and glory, all combined together, had such influence over her." Fr. Luisini Utinensis Comm. in Hor. de Arte Poet. f. 54. Ven. ap. Aldi fil. 1554. Mr. Markland in his note takes this matter in a different point of view, and after expatiating on the inconsistency of every character in this Tragedy, Clytemnestra alone excepted, infers that the wisest of Poets is entitled to our applause for having exhibited, with a moral design, the great levity and irresoluteness of the human mind. Some years ago I recollect meeting with Aristotle's

And banish all resentment. Ponder well  
Whether I speak aright : to me all Greece  
Thro' its assembled states with eager eyes  
Looks up, on me the fleet's auspicious voyage,  
On me depends Troy's overthrow : no longer  
From happy Greece shall these Barbarians rend  
Our noblest matrons, but with blood atone  
For Helen's rape, the foul offence of Paris,  
I, from these shameful outrages, by death  
Will rescue Greece, my name in future ages  
Shall be renown'd for having sav'd my country.  
Nor must I be too much attach'd to life ;  
For as a common blessing to each Greek,  
Not to yourself alone, you gave me birth.  
With lifted shield shall Myriads rush to battle,  
Shall Myriads ply the sweeping oar, t' avenge  
Their injur'd country, act with dauntless courage  
Against the foe, and perish in the cause  
Of Greece ; while I, to save a single life,  
Them in their glorious enterprise obstruct ?  
O where were justice then ! who could reply  
To such an argument ? I now proceed  
With one of equal force ; nor shall this Chief  
For me encounter the whole Argive host,  
Nor madly perish in a woman's cause :  
For one brave warrior's life is of more worth  
Than females numberless : But if Diana  
Hath claim'd me as a victim at her shrine,  
Shall I, weak mortal, thwart the will of Heaven ?  
That were impossible. I here for Greece  
Yield myself up spontaneously : transpierce  
This breast, and lay the towers of Iliion waste.

objections revived in a book called "Elements of Criticism," written by Henry Home, Esq. Lord Kaimes, one of the Lords of Session in Scotland ; but the arguments of the Stagyrite did not seem, in their new form, to carry with them any additional strength.

Such, such shall be my monuments, my children,  
 My nuptial trophies, and my lasting fame.  
 Greeks o'er Barbarians ever should bear rule,  
 For these are abject slaves, those free-born spirits.

## CHORUS.

Most noble is thy conduct, generous maid,  
 Tho' Fortune and Diana prove thy foes.

## ACHILLES.

Daughter of Agamemnon, were the Gods  
 Inclin'd to make me happy, they would crown  
 My vows with such a Consort. Greece I deem  
 Happy in thee, and thee in Greece: for well  
 Hast thou express'd thyself, and as becomes  
 Thy country, since thou hast forborne to thwart  
 The mightier will of Heaven, that bids thee bleed,  
 Well weighing what exalted virtue counsels,  
 And what severe necessity enjoins.  
 More eagerly than ever, now I wish  
 To gain thee for my Bride, now I have mark'd  
 The generous soul, for thou art truly great.  
 Yet, O reflect! for still would I redeem,  
 Would bear thee hence to Phthia, and appeal  
 To my immortal Mother, to attest  
 What grief will rend this heart, should'st thou forbid me  
 To save thee by encountering Greece. O think,  
 How terrible is death.

## IPHIGENIA.

Without respect

To any, I these sentiments unfold.  
 Enough (41) already hath the Dame who springs

(41) For the alteration of *αγχα excellit*, into *αρχα sufficit*, the reader is indebted to Hardion, the acuteness and ingenuity of whose remarks on Euripides leave every admirer of the Tragie Bard the greatest cause to regret their not being more numerous. See Acad. des Inscript. tom. vi. Hist. p. 178. This correction has been adopted by Reiskeus, Heath, Markland, and Musgrave.

From Tyndarus, by her charms, the bloody strife  
Excited. In my cause thou shalt not die,  
Nor lift the slaughtering blade. If in my power,  
O let me save my country.

ACHILLES.

Of thy sex

Thou most heroic, nought can I object  
If such thy stedfast purpose, for thy views  
Are noble. To what end suppress the truth?  
But thou may'st yet repent. As an assurance  
That I am ready to perform my promise;  
This troop I near the altar will arrange,  
Nor stand a calm spectator, but protect thee  
From being slain: and haply when thou seest  
The lifted falchion, thou of my advice  
Wilt then avail thyself: nor shalt thou perish  
Thro' thy imprudent zeal; for I will lead  
These hardy warriors to Diana's temple,  
And in its precincts wait till thou arrive.

[Exit ACHILLES.]

IPHIGENIA.

Why, dearest Mother, are those eyelids moist  
With silent tears?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I have sufficient cause  
To make me sorrowful.

IPHIGENIA.

Yet, ah desist!  
Nor thus intimidate me, rather yield  
To my request.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Say, what request thou mean'st?  
Thee, O my child, I never will offend.

IPHIGENIA.

Cut not the flowing ringlets of your hair,  
Nor put on sable robes.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Why speak'st thou thus?

When I have lost thee, ought I not to mourn?

IPHIGENIA.

Me will you never lose: for I am sav'd,  
And bright renown thro' me shall you obtain.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Yet, why did'st thou assert that I thy death  
Must not bewail?

IPHIGENIA.

Because o'er me no tomb  
Shall be erected.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Is not death esteem'd  
A passport merely to the silent grave?

IPHIGENIA.

The (42) altar of Diana, sprung from Jove,  
Will serve me for a monument.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

To thee  
I yield, for thou, my Daughter, well hast spoken.

IPHIGENIA.

Happy myself, and to my native land  
The greatest benefactress.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What behest  
To thy lamenting Sisters shall I bear?

IPHIGENIA.

Array them not in sable robes.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But send'st thou  
No fond remembrance to assuage their grief?

IPHIGENIA.

Health to the Virgins! breed Orestes up

(42) "Iphigenia prophetically utters this enigma, the meaning of  
"which is, that she shall be borne away by Diana to be the Priestess  
"of her temple in Tauris."

BRUMOY.

## IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

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With a maternal tenderness.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Embrace him,

For ye shall meet no more.

IPHIGENIA.

Thou, far as reach'd

Thy power, dear Brother, didst assist thy friends.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Can I do aught at Argos for thy sake?

IPHIGENIA.

Hate not my Sire, your Husband.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

There remains

For him, a dreadful conflict to endure

On thy account.

IPHIGENIA.

Most loth he in the cause

Of Greece, devoted me.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ungenerous craft

He us'd, and such as ill beseem'd the race  
Of Atreus.

IPHIGENIA.

Who will lead me to the altar,  
Ere I am dragg'd by my dishevell'd hair?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Together will we go.

IPHIGENIA.

The Gods forbid!

You speak unwisely.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

To thy robes I'll cling.

IPHIGENIA.

By me advis'd, stay here; for to my fame,  
And yours, your absence will far more conduce.  
Let one of these attendants on my Sire  
Conduct me to Diana's sacred mead,

Where as a chosen victim I shall fall.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Depart'st thou, O my Child?

IPHIGENIA.

Yes, thither bound,  
Whence fate ordains that I shall ne'er return.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Leaving thy Mother?

IPHIGENIA.

'Twas a doom, you see,  
Unmerited.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Desert me not; stay, stay.

IPHIGENIA.

I will not suffer you to shed a tear.

[*Exit* CLYTEMNESTRA.

But, O ye gentle Virgins, in sweet notes  
My hapless fate recording, chaunt the praise  
Of Dian, Daughter to imperial Jove.  
Thro' every rank, command the Gr̄cian host  
From inauspicious language to abstain.  
The canisters make ready, let the flames  
Be kindled to consume the salted cates  
Us'd in lustrations; let my Sire's right hand  
The altar touch: for e'en in death I bring  
Health to my country, triumph to its arms.

Lead me to blast the pride of Troy,  
Braid the victorious wreath, and spread  
Its vivid honours round my head;  
With lustral drops bedew the ground.  
In a wild dance of festive joy  
Surround yon sacred fane; surround  
The altar, and in choral strain  
O celebrate Diana's reign:  
Diana, Goddess ever blest.  
For I a victim shall expire,

Since thus the Destinies require,  
 Fulfilling at my latest breath,  
 While struggling with the pangs of death,  
 Heaven's dread oracular behest.

## CHORUS.

For thee our eyes in tears we steep,  
 Majestic Mother, doom'd to grieve :  
 When Dian's temple shall receive  
 Her votive train we must not weep.

## IPHIGENIA.

Ye blooming virgins, lovely choir,  
 Unite to hymn Diana's praise,  
 For here, o'erlooking Chalcis, blaze  
 Her altars ; here with fruitless ire  
 Impatient of such long delay  
 Remains the host in Aulis' bay  
 By me detain'd. My natal Earth,  
 Thee I invoke. Pelasgia's strand,  
 And fair Mycene, whence my birth  
 I date, that lov'd and happy land.

## CHORUS.

The walls thou nam'st did Perseus rear,  
 Assisted by the Cyclop's art.

## IPHIGENIA.

From you, from you, ye realms most dear,  
 I rose, to Greece a cheering light ;  
 Nor shrink I from death's lifted dart.

## CHORUS.

Thy fame shall flourish ever bright.

## IPHIGENIA.

No more, thou blazing lamp of day,  
 No more, O Jove's exhaustless fire,  
 Shall I behold thy genial ray,  
 But in far other mansions dwell.  
 Once more, ere fleeting life expire,  
 Farewell, Hyperion's beams, farewell.

[*Exit IPHIGENIA.*

## CHORUS.

See the triumphant Virgin go,  
 With matchless prowess to destroy  
 The fated battlements of Troy ;  
 For her the lustral stream shall flow,  
 The braided wreath her front entwine ;  
 And soon with drops of crimson gore,  
 That issue from her wounded breast,  
 Shall she besprinkle Dian's shrine.  
 Thy Father, in his trembling hands,  
 Sustains the laver, and yon bands  
 Eager to reach the hostile shore  
 Of Ilion, and its walls invest,  
 Expect their Princess in the fane.  
 Th' immortal Maid, who springs from Jove,  
 Fair Artemis, enthron'd above,  
 Let us invoke in choral strain,  
 The Grecian armament to speed.  
 Thou, who in human victims slain  
 Delight'st, thrice aweful Queen, the host  
 Dismiss, to ravage Phrygia's coast,  
 And lay Troy's perjur'd city low.  
 May Agamemnon's arms bestow  
 On Greece the victor's envied crown,  
 And to the happy Monarch gain,  
 His (43) brows encircling with renown,  
 Trophies for ever to remain !

## ATTENDANT (44), CHORUS.

## ATTENDANT.

Daughter of Tyndarus, from these doors with speed

(43) Barnes defends the Aldus reading of *ταν*, *τανν*, with great appearance of reason against Scaliger, but both Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave inform us, that the manuscript concur in *ταν*, *τανν*, according to the conjectural alteration of that able critic.

(44) The circumstances of Clytemnestra's coming forth from her apartment immediately on hearing the voice of this person who seems to have been well known to her, and his familiarity in calling her *μη*,

Come forth, O Clytemnestra, and attend  
To the important message which I bring.

## CLYTEMNESTRA, ATTENDANT, CHORUS.

## CLYTEMNESTRA.

Hearing your voice, yet trembling with dismay,  
Hither I haste, wretch that I am, and dread  
That you, my present sorrows to increase,  
Are with more tidings sent of recent woe.

## ATTENDANT.

Strange and most terrible accounts indeed  
Are those which of your Daughter I would give.

## CLYTEMNESTRA.

Delay not therefore, but this instant speak.

## ATTENDANT.

My lov'd and honour'd Mistress, you shall hear  
A most explicit tale: the whole event  
From the beginning will I now recount,  
If the confusion of my soul affect not  
My tongue, ere the strange history I conclude.  
Soon as we reach'd the grove and flow'ry mead  
Of Dian, where your Daughter was conducted  
By a detachment of the Græcian troops,  
The host collected instantly around:  
But Agamemnon, soon as he beheld  
The Virgin at the sacred grove arrive  
Where she was doom'd to bleed, groan'd deeply, turn'd  
His head aside, then wept and veil'd his eyes  
Beneath his robe: close to her Sire she stood  
And said; " My Father, I with joy attend

*Siōnara*, "dear Mistress," induce me to consider him as the Aged Attendant, who on the marriage of Clytemnestra accompanied her from Sparta, and has repeatedly made his appearance in the course of the Tragedy; the printed editions call him *Ayyos*, "Messenger;" but Mr. Markland thinks him not the same with the Messenger who comes in v. 414, and proposes adding him to the *Dramatis Personæ* as a *second Messenger*.

" Thy summons, freely for my native land,  
 " And for all Greece devote myself to bleed;  
 " Conduct me to the altar of the Goddess;  
 " Because Heaven's awful voice hath thus requir'd.  
 " Thro' me may ye be blest, thro' me obtain  
 " The glorious palm of conquest, and return  
 " To your exulting country. Touch me not,  
 " For I will bare my neck, resolv'd to fall  
 " In silence, and with courage." Here she ceas'd:  
 The wondering crowd who heard her, prais'd the spirit  
 And valour of the Maid. Talthybius stood  
 Amid the host, and mindful of his office,  
 Bade the whole camp, from each ill-omen'd word  
 Abstaining, with a silent awe attend.  
 (45) Upon a golden canister, then plac'd

(45) In expressing this word Καννυ calathum by that of *Canister* in English, I have followed the example of Dryden, who renders Virgil's *tibi lilia plenis ecce ferunt nymphæ calathis*,

" White lilles in full Canisters they bring."

What more encourages me to do this, and indeed first suggested it to me, is the article *Canister* in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, where this line is produced as an instance of the word's *primary* signification. The reading of Καλαθον ενθεν is supported by the editions of Aldus, Basil 1537, Barnes, Mr. Márkland, and, according to Dr. Musgrave, a concurrence of ancient manuscripts; the change of ενθεν into ενθη occurs in the second Basil edition of 1544, and has been copied by Canterus and others; it seems to have originated from the Latin version under the name of Dorotheus Camillus, Basil 1541, where it stands *e vaginis*; ενθη is revived by Pierson and Reiakins; the former in his customary strain calls Barnes's defence of ενθη *inexp̄ta*, and expresses his restoring what is the genuine text, by the words *arripuit et intrusit*. Lambinus's explanation of Lucretius's *ferrum celare ministros*, L. i. v. 91, cited by Dr. Musgrave, is, *vaginā tectum conditumque habere*. Dr. Musgrave, however, proposes reading ενθη ενθη intra molam salsam, and abundantly proves from Homer and Aristophanes that salted cakes were bore on the canisters or baskets here spoken of: but the idea of hiding the sword destined to pierce the bosom of the Princess, by thrusting it into a cake, would very ill suit the dignity of the scene before us, and give it a ludicrous air, more resembling Dangerfield's meal tub plot, than the sacrifice of Iphigenia,

Calchas the Seer, the sword, which he first drew,  
Then plung'd again into its sheath, and crown'd  
With braided flowers the lovely victim's head.  
But round the altar of the Goddess ran  
The Son of Peleus, in his hands he bore  
A canister, and vase with lustral streams,  
Exclaiming, "O thou Goddess of the chase,  
" Daughter of Jove, Diana, who pervad'st  
" With thy resplendent orb the midnight gloom,  
" Accept this sacrifice : the Grecian host,  
" And Agamemnon our illustrious King,  
" To thee devote thy spotless Virgin's blood :  
" Grant an auspicious voyage to the fleet,  
" And that our arms may level Ilion's towers."  
But, fixing on the ground their stedfast eyes,  
Both Atreus' sons, and every warrior stood,  
The Priest now seiz'd the falchion, to the Gods  
His prayers address'd, and mark'd the virgin's neck  
Where best to strike. I felt no common pang,  
And stood with eyes fast rivetted to earth.  
When, lo, a miracle ! all heard the stroke ;  
But how the Virgin vanish'd, whither went,  
Could no man comprehend. Loudly the Priest  
And the whole host cried out, when they beheld,  
Sent by some God, a phantom strange and wondrous :  
Scarce could they credit what their eyes survey'd.  
A gasping Hind lay stretch'd upon the ground,  
Of the most beauteous and majestic form ;  
The altar of Diana with her gore  
Was sprinkled plenteously. O think what joy  
Calchas then felt ; " Ye valiant chiefs," he cried,  
" Of the confederate Grecian host, observe ye  
" This victim, which the Goddess to her altar  
" Hath brought, a Hind on the steep mountains bred ?  
" This, lest illustrious blood pollute her shrine,  
" She to the Maid prefers, accepts our homage  
" Will grant a prosperous voyage, and our fleet

" Waft to the shores of Ilion : let fresh courage  
 " Each sailor warm, repair ye to your barks ;  
 " This day the straits of Aulis shall we leave,  
 " Born on our passage cross the *Æ*gean deep."  
 Soon as the flame Vulcanian had consum'd  
 The substituted victim, that the troops  
 Victorious to their country might return (46)  
 The Seer devoutly pray'd. But I am sent  
 By Agamemnon hither to relate  
 These tidings, and inform you how the Gods  
 Decree, that thro' all Greece he shall obtain  
 Immortal glory. I who was both there,  
 And saw the whole transaction, can affirm  
 Your Daughter evidently flew to Heaven.  
 Let grief be done away then, nor resent  
 The conduct of your Husband : for by ways  
 To man most dark and intricate, the Gods  
 Conduct our steps, preserving those they love.  
 This one short day hath seen your Daughter doom'd  
 To death, and now alive. [Exit ATTENDANT.]

## CHORUS.

What joy to hear  
 Th' intelligence this Messenger conveys !  
 He tells us that thy Daughter still survives,  
 Borne to celestial mansions.

(46) By rendering *νένε*, *trjectum*, instead of *reditum* (with the other versions, and conformably to the more obvious meaning of the word), Mr. Markland, I apprehend greatly weakens this passage. Calchas has just been foretelling a prosperous voyage, and therefore to describe him immediately after as *merely* praying for *that*, would be an insipid tautology. But his prophetic skill ceased with foretelling the conquest of Troy ; and the prayer which ensues, like that of Homer's Achilles, in behalf of his friend Patroclus, and Arane's *πατριαν* *ρεμεαβο* *ινγλοριαν* *υρβεν* in Virgil, must necessarily turn the thoughts of the reader to the *ανων* *πρητην* of the Grecian forces predicted by Cassandra in Lycophron, and leave a very strong impression of melancholy on his mind, from the knowledge he has that the vows here offering up proved in a great measure ineffectual.

## CLYTEMNESTRA.

O my Child,  
What God hath stol'n thee hence ? or in what terms  
Shall I invoke thee, what conjectures form ?  
But is not this a specious tale, devis'd  
Merely that I no longer may lament  
Thy fate ?

## CHORUS.

Lo Agamemnon, mighty King,  
Himself arrives, these tidings to confirm.

## AGAMEMNON, CLYTEMNESTRA, CHORUS.

## AGAMEMNON.

We in our Daughter, O my Wife, are blest :  
For she indeed holds converse with the Gods.  
But take this tender infant (47), and return  
To Argos, for the troops prepare to sail.  
And now farewell. No more for a long season  
Shall I accost thee, not till I return  
From Ilion. Thee may every bliss attend !

## CHORUS.

Exulting may'st thou reach the Phrygian shores,  
O son of Atreus, and return triumphant  
Fraught with the choicest spoils of vanquish'd Troy.

(47) Orestes.



## IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

Castum datura croorem,  
Plentibus ante aras stetit Iphigenia ministris:  
Vieta Dea est, nubemque oculis objectit, et inter  
Officizim turbamque sacri vocesque precantum,  
Supposita fertur mutthase Mycenida Cervā.

OVID.

Κύρη δ'οὐκι μαλασσα μείαρσιος εἰς χθονα ταύρων  
Φρεγία πανοξεινων εδίδασκοι δισμα λεβητῶν  
Αντερα δαίλευντα. Καὶ αὐδροφορη επαρετα βομψ  
Γενίοις αλιπτοιησιν απεξαγγησιν Ορεστη.

NENNI DIONYSIACA.

## **PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.**

**IPHIGENIA.**

**ORESTES.**

**PYLADES.**

**CHORUS OF GRECIAN CAPTIVES, IPHIGENIA'S ATTENDANTS.**

**HERDSMAN.**

**THOAS.**

**MESSENGER.**

**MINERVA.**

**SCENE—ON THE SEA SHORE, NEAR DIANA'S TEMPLE  
IN TAURIC SCYTHIA.**

## IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

### IPHIGENIA.

To Pisa's goal by rapid coursers borne  
Flew Pelops son of Tantalus, and gain'd  
Oenomans' lovely Daughter (1) for his Bride ;  
From her sprung Atreus, Menelaus' Sire,  
And Agamemnon's. Iphigenia nam'd,  
I, to great Agamemnon, and the Daughter  
Of Tyndarus, Clytemnestra, owe my birth,  
I whom, beside those restless waves, which, vex'd  
By storms incessant, to the azure main  
Euripus rolls, my Father, as he deems,  
Hath for the sake of Helen offer'd up  
A victim to Diana, at the bay  
Of Aulis, where in one confederate fleet  
He their elected King a thousand ships  
Assembled, that the Greeks around their brows  
Might twine the laurels borne from vanquish'd Troy ;  
Prompt to revenge the violated bed  
Of Helen, and display the love he bears  
To Menelaus. But the breezes sunk,  
Nor could his navy sail till he consulted  
The sacred flames, and Calchas in these terms  
Address'd him ; " Leader of the Grecian host,  
" O Agamemnon, from this port thy barks  
" Thou shalt not launch till Dian first receive  
" Thy virgin Daughter Iphigenia's blood.  
" To sacrifice the loveliest object born  
" That year, to her whose silver orb illumes  
" The shades of night, thou formerly didst vow.  
" Thy Consort Clytemnestra at the time

(1) Hippodamia.

" A Daughter bore, (on me the Seer bestow'd  
 " The name of loveliest) her must thou present  
 " A chosen victim." Thro' Ulysses' wiles,  
 Me from my Mother next did they remove,  
 On a pretence that I should wed Achilles.  
 When I arriv'd at Aulis, being plac'd  
 Conspicuous on the altar, with a sword  
 In semblance was I pierc'd. But me by stealth  
 The Goddess thence convey'd, and in my stead  
 Before the gazing armies left a Hind ;  
 While me thro' ether's radiant heights she bore,  
 And on these Tauric shores ordain'd to dwell  
 In realms where a Barbarian Monarch rules  
 O'er slaves Barbarian, Thoas call'd, who moves  
 Swift as a bird, and from his rapid march  
 Derives the name he bears. But me a Priestess  
 Heaven in this fane hath station'd, where Diana,  
 Its tutelary Goddess, at her feasts  
 Delights in customs falsely call'd religious ;  
 For every Greek who lands upon this coast  
 I sacrifice ; such is the antient usage  
 Establish'd here. The initiatory rites  
 By me once solemniz'd, the hateful task  
 To stab the victim at her inmost shrine  
 Belongs to others. Reverential awe (2)  
 For her I serve bids me reveal no more ;  
 Yet I the recent visions which last night  
 Produc'd, will to the conscious air proclaim,  
 If this may haply some relief afford.  
 My dream was this ; methought I left these shores,  
 And dwelt again at Argos, where I slept  
 With all my faithful virgin followers round ;  
 Earth's surface in an instant seem'd to shake,

(2) In placing the line, *τα δάλλα στην, τη θεοι φεύγουμεν*, after the four which usually follow it, I have observed the directions of Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave, who have thereby improved the context.

Swift was my flight; then pausing as I stood  
 Without the gates, I view'd the shatter'd roofs  
 Of princely domes; anon the structure fell,  
 From its supporters torn: one Column seem'd  
 To stand conspicuous 'midst the general wreck,  
 'Twas all that of my Father's house remain'd;  
 And from it's capital a streaming length  
 Of auburn hair devolv'd: with human voice  
 Was it endued. Attentive to that office  
 Of slaying strangers, which I here am doom'd  
 To exercise, with lustral drops I lav'd  
 This Pillar as the victim, and shed tears  
 Abundant. I my vision thus expound;  
 The hapless object of these fancied rites,  
 (3) Orestes, is no more; Sons are the Props  
 Of their paternal mansion, and they die  
 O'er whom my lavers shed their holy dew.  
 To none of all my friends can I apply  
 This dream, for at the time when 'tis suppos'd  
 I died, no son to Strophius yet was born.  
 Now therefore to my absent Brother's shade  
 Due honours will I pay: for I such rites  
 Can solemnize, amidst those Grecian dames

(3) The imagery of the Pillar, on which this dream is founded, and the exposition of it, is entirely conformable to the doctrine of Artemidorus, L. 2. c. 10. Κιονὶς δὲ καθάρῳ πούρι καμαράνη, καὶ μη διαφθειρόμενο, τα  
 τούτη σημαντικόν τοιόντος, το τε βίλλαν καὶ λαμπρότερον μεταβούντος αὶ δὲ συγγε-  
 ματι, οὐκον εὐηγέρσι σημαντικόν, except that the instance produced by the Trag-  
 ic Poet, is that of an earthquake instead of fire. Hector is in like  
 manner abruptly called by Pindar in his second Olympic Ode, the Co-  
 lumn which supported Troy; and in Lycophron, his sister Cassandra,  
 predicting the death of that Hero, expostulates with the Fates in the  
 following pathetic terms, the close resemblance of which to this passage  
 of Euripides has not passed unnoticed by his commentator Meursius,

Ω δαμαστ, αὐτ Κιον' αισωπεῖς δαμαστ,  
 Ερωμενη Πάτρας ἐντεχνες υποπτασας; v. 281. and in v. 1190 she calls  
 her Brother Hector μιλαρχη ερμα καὶ Πάτρας εὐη,

The mighty Pillar thou awhile dost stand,  
 Both of this house and all thy native land.

Whom for my menial train the Monarch gave,  
But they attend not, thro' some cause unknown,  
On me, beneath these roofs where is assign'd  
My residence, Diana's holy fane.

[Exit.]

## ORESTES, PYLADES.

ORESTES.

Beware lest any human foot approach.

PYLADES.

With watchful eyes I all around me look.

ORESTES.

To thee, O Pylades, doth this appear  
To be the temple of that aweful Goddess,  
In quest of which, from Argos, o'er the waves  
We steer'd our bark?

PYLADES.

This, if I judge aright,  
Must be the spot; Orestes, sure thou form'st  
The very same idea.

ORESTES.

And that altar

Yet dripping with the blood of slaughter'd Greeks?

PYLADES.

Its cornice, see what crimson streams distain!

ORESTES.

View'st thou beneath its pinnacles those spoils?

PYLADES.

Trophies from many a murder'd stranger torn.

ORESTES.

We with redoubled vigilance our eyes  
On every side must turn. Why didst thou utter  
Such oracles, O Phœbus, as involve me  
In fresh perplexities? Since I aveng'd  
A Father's death, and shed maternal gore,  
Still harras'd with fresh rancour by the Furies,  
Who from my native Argos drove me forth,  
Full many an intricate career I ran.

At length I went, and question'd thee, how best  
 To calm the frantic tempest of my soul,  
 How end those toils which, wandering thro' each realm  
 Of Greece, a wretched exile, I endur'd.  
 To distant Tauris then thou bad'st me go,  
 Where to thy Sister chaste Diana stands  
 A consecrated altar, and thence bear  
 That statue of the Goddess, from the skies  
 Which fell, as the inhabitants record,  
 Ipto this temple; that when I by craft  
 Or fortune had obtain'd the prize, and conquer'd  
 All dangers, I my capture should bestow  
 On the Athenian realm; this sole behest  
 Didst thou impose, nor aught beside enjoin:  
 And when such arduous task I had perform'd,  
 Thy promise gav'st that all my toils should cease.  
 Obedient to thy mandate, am I come  
 To an unknown inhospitable land.  
 Thee I consult, O Pylades, for thou  
 With me in the bold enterprize art leagu'd;  
 How shall we act? thou seest what lofty towers  
 Compass the fane around: its steep ascent  
 Shall we explore? but how conceal ourselves? (4)  
 Can we by levers force the brazen locks  
 Whose strength we know not? if in such attempt,  
 By stratagem or violence to gain  
 An entrance at the door, we should be caught,  
 Our certain doom is death: but ere we bleed  
 Let us by timely flight regain the ship  
 In which we hither sail'd.

## PYLADES.

Flight, O my Friend,  
 Were a disgrace to which we must not yield,

(4) The alteration which I have adopted of *μακρὺν σκάνθην*, into  
*λαπεῖν λατανῆς*, was first proposed by Abbé Sallier, Acad. Inscript.  
 T. 5. Hist. p. 110. and has been successively made use of by Reikius,  
 Heath, Markland, and Musgrave.

Nor such hath been our practice. We with scorn  
 The oracles of Phœbus must not treat.  
 But let us leave the temple, and conceal'd  
 In these recesses lurk, which oft are wash'd  
 By ocean's rising surges, from our ship  
 Far distant, else might some officious spy  
 An anchor'd bark beholding, to the King  
 Haste with intelligence: we then by force  
 Should both be seiz'd: but when that orb appears  
 Which guides our footsteps thro' the gloom of night,  
 Then let us greatly dare, with subtle art  
 Uniting strength, the statue to remove.  
 Observe those triglyphs, if a chasm appear (5)  
 Sufficient to admit us: for midst toils  
 New courage fires the brave, but cowards shrink  
 Into mere nothing.

## ORESTES.

We in vain perform'd  
 A tedious voyage, should we measure back  
 The deep, and leave these shores, while our design  
 Is unaccomplish'd. To obey the voice  
 Of Heaven, thou well hast counsell'd. Let us go  
 Where in some cavern we may lie conceal'd:  
 For if the oracle he gave should fail  
 Of its effect, it will not be the God  
 That is to blame. Now ought we to exert  
 Our utmost courage: for severest toils,  
 To loitering youth no just excuse afford. [Exeunt.

## IPHIGENIA.

Barbaric natives of the shore  
 Whose craggy rocks hang shelving o'er  
 The bosom of the Euxine deep,

(5) In Vitruvius's account of the Doric order of Columns, to the frieze of which the Triglyphs belong, his directions are to leave between them an interval whose width is equal to their height: inter triglyphos relinquendum intervallum tam latum quam sunt ipsi alti. Ed. de Laet, fol. L. 3. p. 146, Amst. 1649.

From each ill-omen'd word abstain,  
 Nor our solemnities profane.  
 O thou who tread'st the mountain steep,  
 Diana, Goddess chaste, thy hall,  
 Thy fane, above whose topmost wall  
 Rear'd on high columns we behold  
 The pinnacle of burnish'd gold ;  
 Subject to the behests of thee,  
 Thrice aweful Queen, who bear'st the key, (6)  
 With Virgin footsteps I ascend,  
 From massive bulwarks which defend  
 Illustrious cities, Grecian towers,  
 Fair Europe's lov'd and shadowy bowers  
 Where Ceres crowns the smiling earth,  
 Auspicious realms which gave me birth,  
 Torn by inexorable Fate.

## CHORUS, IPHIGENIA.

## CHORUS.

I come: what new solicitudes are these  
 Which wound your breast, or wherefore to this fane  
 Me have you summon'd, O unhappy Daughter  
 Of him who bore to Troy's devoted walls  
 In that fam'd navy of a thousand barks  
 Unnumber'd Heroes, the confederate troops  
 Of Atreus' sons?

## IPHIGENIA.

My friends, I am engag'd

(6) Wesselius, by shewing that Diana is elsewhere called *Ανθηχη*, at the same time sufficiently justifies the ascribing this speech to Iphigenia, and obviates the supposed necessity of an alteration in the text if put into the mouth of her instead of the Chorus: the attacks made on the Aldus' reading of *Ευρωπης* three lines lower are equally unsuccessful. *λαπες Ασιας Ευρωπης Σιγηναντας*, Europe there meaning Greece, occurs in the Hecuba of our Author. Dr. Musgrave's argument in regard to the Chorus calling themselves in *their* second speech natives of Asia, whence he infers them to have been Ionians, only recoils against himself, as this is a convincing reason against ascribing the present speech to *them* instead of Iphigenia; but not for altering the text.

In plaints unpleasing, no harmonious sound,  
 But elegiac notes, for the sweet lyre  
 Ill tun'd, can I now utter; for, alas!  
 Domestic griefs have harrow'd up my soul;  
 My dearest Brother's death I now bewail.  
 What horrors in my boding dreams appear'd  
 Just as the pitchy darkness of last night  
 Gave place to morn's first dawn! All, all is lost!  
 My lov'd paternal mansions are no more,  
 The race of Agamemnon is extinct.  
 What toils have Argos' scepter'd Kings endur'd!  
 Me of an only Brother, ruthless Fate,  
 Hast thou despoil'd, and plung'd him in the shades  
 Of Orcus; for his manes I prepare  
 These obsequies, this goblet of the dead,  
 Whose mingled liquors I devoutly pour  
 Upon the lap of earth; the heifer's milk,  
 With purple Bacchus' gift the grape's rich juice,  
 And yellow stores of the industrious bee,  
 The due propitiatory offerings. Give,  
 Give to my trembling hands the golden cup  
 With this libation for th' infernal God.  
 O son of Agamemnon, thou who sleep'st  
 Beneath earth's hollow surface, I, to thee,  
 As now no more, these solemn honours pay:  
 Accept my duteous zeal; for at thy tomb  
 My hair I cannot strew, nor shed the tear,  
 For on these coasts I sojourn, far remov'd  
 From our dear natal region, where 'tis deem'd  
 (7) That I, transform'd into an Hind, was slain.

(7) On consulting the account of Iphigenia's sacrifice in the preceding Tragedy, the reader will find that immediately after Calchas had aimed the wound at her breast, the whole Grecian army turned their eyes, and saw a Hind lie bleeding on the ground: the spectators must either have concluded that Iphigenia was snatched away by some God, and the Hind substituted as a victim, according to the assertions of the Attendant and Agamemnon, or that she was metamorphosed into this animal and slain under the semblance of a Hind, which must have been the idea of her Brother and those who, in the passage referred to by Dr. Mu-

## CHORUS.

To you, my royal Mistress, will I chant  
 Responsive notes, and Asiatic hymns  
 With their barbarian dissonance, awake  
 The plaintive Muse, tune the funereal dirge,  
 Such as in Pluto's favourite songs resounds,  
 Where no glad Pæan ever meets the ear.

## IPHIGENIA.

Fam'd house of Atreus! ah, my native walls!  
 Thou radiant sceptre to the dust consign'd!  
 Who now of all that race of happy Kings  
 Is left to govern Argos? Toil from toil  
 Arises as Hyperion's rapid steeds  
 Each day perform their swift career: the God  
 Whose sacred eye illumines the globe, his beams  
 Averted, to our woes another source  
 Of woe was added, when that Golden Ram  
 Caus'd murders and afflictions to abound.  
 Soon as those infants (by my Grandsire's hand,)  
 Sprung from the seed of Tantalus, were slain;  
 With penal terrors arm'd, from inmost hell,  
 'Gainst our devoted house, the Fiends arose.  
 Her evil genius, in a luckless hour  
 Unbound my Mother's zone; the very night  
 Of my conception, those stern Goddesses  
 Who at the loom of Destiny attend,  
 Prepar'd afflictions for the child unborn.  
 By Grecian chiefs in wedlock was I sought,  
 But other fortunes on the first-born hope  
 Of Leda's daughter waited; she brought forth  
 And nurtur'd me, a victim for my Sire  
 Te slay, unblest oblation: they convey'd  
 In a swift chariot to the sandy coast

grave, apprehended her to have perished at Aulis; the alteration he has proposed in the reading of  $\alpha\mu\alpha\zeta$ , "et mea," in the stead of  $\alpha\mu\alpha\zeta$ , "hinc nula," seems therefore to be a needless alteration, and what can only tend to weaken this passage.

Of Aulis, me, who falsely had been styl'd  
 The Bride of Thetis' son, a wretched Bride.  
 But now in these inhospitable realms  
 Of Pontus, I a stranger dwell, beneath  
 Rocks wh<sup>ch</sup> joy never visited, forlorn,  
 Unwedded, childless, banish'd from my country,  
 Bereft of every friend, nor can I join  
 My voice in choral hymns to Juno's praise,  
 Nor on the tapestry with my shuttle weave  
 Athenian Pallas' image, and the brood  
 Of vanquish'd Titans: for I here am doom'd,  
 Unwelcome office, with the stranger's blood  
 To glut remorseless Atè, and preside  
 At an accursed altar, where with shrieks,  
 And piteous tears, the victims wail their fate.  
 But now the stranger's sufferings I forget,  
 And wail my Brother, my Orestes dead,  
 Whom yet an helpless infant at the breast,  
 Yet in his Mother's fostering arms I left,  
 The heir to thrones he never must ascend,

HERDSMAN, IPHIGENIA, CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Behold a Herdsman from the stormy coast  
 Of ocean hither comes; he surely brings  
 Fresh tidings of importance.

HERDSMAN.

Thou, who ow'st

Thy birth to Agamemnon, mighty King,  
 And Clytemnestra, hear what I relate.

IPHIGENIA.

With what dire tale these ears would'st thou invade?

HERDSMAN.

Two youths, who in their bark adventurous pass'd  
 'Twixt the Cyanean rocks, are on these shores  
 Just landed; welcome victims to our Goddess  
 Diana, them must we present. The laver

Be it thy office therefore to make ready,  
And the initiatory rites commence,

IPHIGENIA.

Whence came they? Of what country are they styl'd?

HERDSMAN.

This only do I know, that they are Greeks,  
And nought beyond.

IPHIGENIA.

But canst thou not repeat

These strangers' names, which haply thou hast heard?

HERDSMAN.

Pylades by his comrade one was call'd.

IPHIGENIA.

The other, what name bore he?

HERDSMAN.

This none knows;

We heard not.

IPHIGENIA.

How did ye discover them,  
How chance to seize?

HERDSMAN.

Conceal'd within the rocks,  
Of yon inhospitable beach.

IPHIGENIA.

What commerce  
Have Herdsmen with the sea?

HERDSMAN.

We thither went  
To wash our oxen in the briny waves.

IPHIGENIA.

Resume thy tale; say how and by what means  
Ye took them captive, for I fain would hear.  
Tardy they come, nor hath Diana's altar  
Yet thoroughly been drench'd with Grecian blood.

HERDSMAN.

When we had driven our cattle to the sea  
Which flows 'twixt the Symplegades, we reach'd

The spot where ocean's frequent tides have worn  
 A hollow cave, which, to the fisherman  
 Who there the murex takes, its shelter yields.  
 One of our comrades, seeing there two youths, (8)  
 Return'd on tiptoe cautious, and exclaim'd  
 With wild astonishment; "Observe ye not?  
 " Some Powers Divine sit there!" One more devout,  
 Soon as he saw them, with uplifted hands  
 In terms of adoration cried: "O son  
 " Of the divine Leucothea, who direct'st  
 " The wandering bark, Palæmon, aweful lord,  
 " Propitious hear our suit: or, O ye Twins  
 " Whom Jove begot, for haply on this shore  
 " Castor and Pollux sit: or do ye trace  
 " Your birth from Nereus the illustrious Sire  
 " Of fifty Goddesses?" But vain, and bold  
 In his impiety, another, laughing  
 At these devotions, said, "Some shipwreck'd sailors,

(8) Mr. Warton in his notes on Milton considers him as indebted to this passage in his favourite Greek Tragedian for the following beautiful lines in Comus, where that Enchanter describes to the Lady the two youths he had seen in the forest, who prove to be her Brothers;

" Two such I saw,  
 " Their port was more than human; as they stood  
 " I took it for a faery vision  
 " Of some gay creatures of the element  
 " That in the colours of the rainbow live,  
 " And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was aw-struck,  
 " And as I past I worshipt."

The following observations of Dr. Warton; "there is an impropriety of character in the mention of Leucothea, Palæmon, and the Dioscuri: "Euripides has made the Shepherd, a barbarous inhabitant of Tauris, talk too much like a Greek," will lose much of their weight when the reader attends to the circumstance of the Scythians having made a Grecian captive their Priestess, from whom it is by no means improbable that even the meanest of the people should have derived some information in regard to those on whom her country bestowed divine honours: thus not only the Poets, but the most respectable historians of Greece, as Herodotus and Pausanias, inform their readers, that the songs on the death of Linus had in their days reached even the Barbarian nations.

“ Appris’d no doubt of Scythia’s laws, which doom  
“ The stranger to be sacrific’d, thro’ fear  
“ Sit in the cave.” We most of us esteem’d  
That he had rightly spoken, and resolv’d  
To seize them as Diana’s usual victims.  
But from the rock immediately advanc’d  
One of the strangers: dire contortions shook  
His head, his hands, and every limb, he groan’d  
Possest by raging frenzy, and exclaim’d  
Loud as the hunters, with a shout; “ My friend,  
“ My Pylades, look there, from inmost hell  
“ She comes, that Dragon comes to murder me,  
“ With dreadful vipers arm’d. Yet, yet again  
“ A second whose robes stream with fire, her wings  
“ Bear pestilential horrors, in her arms  
“ She holds my Mother, who, to crush me, hurls  
“ Whole rocks uprooted. She, alas! will slay me.  
“ Whither, ah whither can I fly?” His gestures  
And frenzy varied oft; now bleating calves  
His voice did imitate, and now the howls  
Of angry dogs; such sounds they say are utter’d  
By the Eumenides: shrunk up with fear,  
And mute like dying men, meantime we lay;  
But he his falchion drew, and, like a lion,  
Rushing amid the herd, transpierc’d their flanks  
Thinking he smote the Furies, till the foam  
Of ocean was died crimson with their gore.  
When every Peasant midst his oxen saw  
These dreadful ravages, we all to arms  
Betook ourselves, and blowing the loud shell  
Summon’d the neighbouring rustics to our aid,  
Because we deem’d that ‘gainst these noble youths  
The force of herdsmen would in combat prove  
Unequal: we our numbers soon encreas’d;  
But our assailant, when that frantic rage  
Which gave him vigour was exhausted, fell;  
With foam his mouth was cover’d; when we found

Such great advantage ours, all took a part  
In the encounter; from a distance these  
Hurl'd rocky fragments, while those strove with stones  
To smite him; but the other dauntless stranger  
Tended his comrade, wiping from his lips  
The clammy foam, over his body threw  
His garment to protect him, warded off  
The blows we aim'd, nor spair'd one friendly office.  
Restor'd to reason, the youth started up,  
Observ'd the tempest of assailing foes,  
Aware that ruin was at hand, and groan'd,  
But we desisted not from hurling stones,  
By turns assailing him on every side:  
This dreadful exhortation from his mouth  
At length we heard, "O Pylades, our death  
" Is certain, but with thy uplifted sword  
" Follow my steps, and let us die with glory."  
No sooner we beheld our foes both wave  
Their glittering falchions, than to woods that hang  
Over the topmost promontory's verge,  
In crowds we fled for refuge; but while some  
Retreated, others press'd upon our foes,  
And smote them: after they had driven these back,  
The party who had first given way, advanc'd,  
And in their turns renew'd the missile war.  
This circumstance was wonderful: tho' stones  
Hurl'd by a thousand hands flew thick around,  
None reach'd the destin'd victims of the Goddess;  
Them we at length with difficulty seiz'd,  
But not courageously; for in a circle  
Gathering about them, from their hands with stones  
We beat their swords, and on their knees to earth  
They sunk o'erpower'd and wearied. We conducted  
Our prisoners to the Monarch of this realm.  
He view'd, and sent them hither, that with speed  
Sprinkling the sacred laver o'er their heads,  
The victims thou may'st purify. Exult,

O virgin, in th' arrival of such guests ;  
 For if heroic youths like these oft bleed,  
 Greece will be amply punish'd for its guilt  
 In having doom'd thee to be slain at Aulis.

## CHORUS.

Thou hast related a most wondrous tale  
 Of him, whoe'er he be, the youth unknown,  
 From Greece who landed on these Pontic shores. (9)

## IPHIGENIA.

Enough : go thou, and to the temple bring  
 The strangers. What remains shall be my care.

[*Exit HERDSMAN.*]

Thou, O my wretched heart, wert tender erst  
 And merciful to strangers, ever prone,  
 For thy poor countrymen, when any Greek  
 Was as the destin'd victim to thy hands  
 Consign'd, to shed the sympathetic tear.  
 But now, exasperated by horrid dreams,  
 Such as persuade me that Orestes views  
 The solar beams no more, I shall receive  
 With sternness all who may hereafter come.  
 True is that antient maxim, O my friends,  
 For I am wretched now, and feel its force ;  
 " Too oft the soul, embitter'd by distress,  
 " 'Gainst those who are more happy than ourselves,  
 " Swells with malevolence." But Jove denies  
 A favourable wind. No bark, that sail'd  
 'Twixt the Symplegades, hath hither brought  
 Helen, the guilty source of all my woes,  
 And Menelaus, that a just revenge  
 On them I might inflict, they here should find  
 Another Aulis to atone for that,

(9) The term Πόντος γῆ, which I have here rendered Pontic shores, means the lands washed by the Euxine sea, which is frequently called by the Greek writers Πόντος, without any distinction, and from them copied into other languages : thus on referring to the word Πόντος in Stephanus Byzantinus, we find the definition to be, οἰνωνεῖς οἱ Εὐξεῖς, Pontus proprie Euxinus.

Where, like a heifer, Danays' race erst dragg'd  
 Their Princess to the altar: but the Priest  
 Was my own Father. Wretched me! that scene  
 I never can forget. To touch his cheek  
 How often did I raise my suppliant hands,  
 Clinging round those paternal knees, and cry,  
 " To what unseemly nuptials am I borne  
 " By thee, my Sire: amidst her Argive Dames,  
 " Now my deluded Mother wakes the song  
 " In honour of my hymeneal rites,  
 " And with shrill flutes the festive hall resounds,  
 " While by thy hands I perish. Not the Son  
 " Of Peleus, but dread Pluto is th' Achilles  
 " Whom thou did'st call my Husband: in that car  
 " Hast thou convey'd me to a bloody marriage  
 " By treacherous arts." Thro' the transparent veil,  
 Beholding, in my trembling arms I caught  
 This (10) dearest Brother (Brother now no more);  
 But modesty prevented me from using  
 A Sister's privilege, and ere I went,  
 As was pretended, to the house of Peleus,

(10) Τέντον μάρτυν is the reading of Aldus, Barnes, Markland, and I apprehend, of every other edition; nor hath notice been taken of any variation in the manuscripts: but Mr. Tyrwhitt and Dr. Musgrave both insist, in very peremptory terms, on the absolute necessity of converting the affirmative into a negative, and reading οὐ μάρτυν; but for what reason I am unable to discover. Iphigenia, in the preceding tragedy, brings Orestes in her arms when she implores her Father's mercy, (see Iphigenia in Aulis, v. 1119 and 1241) and may be supposed to have again hastily snatched him up as she was borne to the altar, but to have restrained from taking a solemn leave of him, or making any mention of her being, not a Bride, but a victim destined to bleed at the altar; when such a multitude of spectators were present. As for the pronoun οὐκ, it is indeed defined to be διάκριτον, but frequently refers to a person already spoken of (which is the case with Orestes, whom his Sister mentions in the commencement of this very speech) with no less propriety than to one marked out as present. Five lines farther, Reiskius, Mr. Tyrwhitt, Mr. Markland, and Dr. Musgrave, all four change μάρτυν into μάρτυν, on their own mere conjecture. The privilege of a Translator happily does not extend so far as by any means to authorise him, in following such examples, to call Evil, Good, or Good, Evil.

Joining my lips to his: each fond caress,  
 Like one who to her Argos might return,  
 To a long fature season I deferr'd.  
 If, hapless youth, thou sleep among the dead,  
 By what disastrous fortunes art thou fall'n,  
 Striving to emulate thy Father's fame.  
 Such casuistry as that with which they charge  
 Our Goddess, I abhor, who from her fane  
 Expels the murderer, and e'en him who touches  
 A corse, or an abortion, as impure;  
 While she herself delights in human victims.  
 To mighty Jove Latona never bore  
 Such folly. I this rumour too believe not,  
 That at the board of Tantalus, the Gods  
 On a child's flesh erst feasted with delight.  
 Rather the bloody Scythians have transferr'd  
 To a celestial Being, their own crimes.  
 I deem no God can e'er be thus deprav'd.

## CHORUS.

O D E.

## I. 1.

Cyanean rocks, beneath whose cloven height  
 The furious tide impells the crashing mast,  
 Where Io stung with wild affright,  
 By Jove's relentless Consort, pass'd,  
 From Europe driven to th' Asiatic strand;  
 Say, whence these youths? left they Eurotas' bank,  
 Where reeds o'erspread the meadows dank,  
 Or Dirce's holy fount? they land,  
 Their hapless voyage to conclude,  
 'Midst an inhospitable race,  
 Where by yon Maid with humau gore imbru'd  
 The hallow'd altars reek, and columns' sculptur'd base.

## I. 2.

These strangers, trusting to the dangerous seas,  
 Each oar did surely ply, and dare t' unfold

Their swelling canvas to the breeze,  
 By an immoderate thirst for gold  
 Lur'd from their distant homes. Hope, pleasing bane  
 Of mortals, with insatiable desires  
 To heap up riches, still inspires  
 Its voraries wandering o'er the main,  
 Who tempt th' unknown Barbarian waste.  
 How vain our judgements ! some pursue  
 Wealth, as the first of blessings man can taste ;  
 Others, the gilded bait with calm indifference view.

## II. 1.

How could their vessel thrid th' impending steep,  
 Or by the rocks of watchful Phineus glide (11)  
 Sounding the chambers of the deep,  
 And Amphitrite's boisterous tide,  
 Where Nereus' fifty Daughters, choral notes  
 Attuning, glide in sportive band around,  
 Till the bark a road hath found  
 O'er trackless ocean as it floats,  
 Aided by the southern gale  
 Or zephyr, to Achilles' land,  
 Where the bold warrior anchoring furl'd his sail,  
 And ran with swift career on Leuca's chalky strand.

## II. 2.

Might Leda's Daughter Helen (O what joy !)  
 Fulfilling this illustrious virgin's prayer,  
 Come hither from the field of Troy :  
 Then sprinkling o'er her auburn hair

(11) Phineus was Brother to Cepheus, King of *Æthiopia*, who exposed his Daughter Andromeda to a sea monster, sent by Neptune to ravage his dominions: Perseus undertook to deliver the Princess, her Father having sworn to give her in marriage to him as a reward: but after he had slain the monster, Phineus to whom his Niece had been previously engaged, attacked him with a band of armed followers. Perseus defended himself with great courage, but finding himself on the point of being overpowered by numbers, lifted up the head of Medusa, which metamorphosed Phineus and his comrades, into the rocks here spoken of, called Sleepless, according to Barnes, from the sound of the waves continually dashing against them.

The lustral drops, should Iphigenia's hand  
Perform its task, and give the vengeful stroke.

What tidings, if to loose our yoke,  
From Greece some sailor here shbould land !  
At least, ye flattering dreams, prolong  
Th' ideal moments of delight,  
Such thoughts as these inspire a loftier song,  
My lov'd and natal walls yet dance before my sight.

ORESTES, PYLADES, IPHIGENIA, CHORUS.

IPHIGENIA.

The victims of our Goddess come, their hands  
Secur'd with double chains. My friends be silent:  
For the two youths, first fruits of Greece, approach  
The temple. I pérceive that herdsman brought  
No groundless tidings.

CHORUS.

Aweful Queen, accept  
The proffer'd victims, if this city, mov'd  
By thy command, did institute such rites  
As seem unholy thro' our Grecian laws.

IPHIGENIA.

Enough. On me it is incumbent, first  
To see the due solemnities perform'd.  
Release the strangers' hands; for they are sacred,  
And should be bound no longer. In the fane  
Prepare what this emergency requires,  
And antient customs authorise. Alas !  
What Mother brought you forth? who was your Sire?  
And had ye any Sister? if ye had,  
How must she weep th' irreparable loss  
Of two such Brothers? but who knows what fortunes  
Hereafter will befall him? the designs  
Of Heaven in thick obscurity are veil'd,  
None view what mischiefs, yet unripe; now hang  
O'er their devoted heads; the ways of chance  
Are such, as mortals canhot understand.

Unhappy youths, whence came ye? from what shore?  
 Far distant, to these regions did ye sail?  
 Your absence from your country shall be long,  
 For in the shades beneath are ye ordain'd  
 To dwell for ever.

## ORESTES.

Whosoe'er thou art,  
 O Woman, why dost thou bewail, why look  
 Thus sorrowful at our impending fate?  
 Unwise I deem the Man, who, on the verge  
 Of Death, by pride attempts to overcome (12)  
 The terrors which that awful hour inspires:  
 Him too I blame, who wails without a hope  
 Of being respite, for he creates  
 Two evils out of one; is charg'd with folly,  
 Nor lengthens out the coward life he doats on.  
 Let Fortune do her worst, do thou forbear  
 These lamentations: for in Scythia, well  
 We know what victims at the altar bleed.

## IPHIGENIA.

But which of you two strangers bears the name  
 Of Pylades? I to this question first,  
 An answer would receive.

## ORESTES.

'Tis he: if aught  
 Of pleasure such intelligence can yield.

## IPHIGENIA.

Say in what Grecian city was he born?

## ORESTES.

O Virgin, will it profit thee to know?

## IPHIGENIA.

Had ye one Mother?

## ORESTES.

Friendship's sacred ties

(12) The evident improvement it gives to the construction, induces me to read with Dr. Mugrave ~~as~~, fastu, instead of ~~as~~, plorations, though I do not find it supported by the authority of any edition or manuscript whatever.

Form all our brotherhood, not those of blood.

IPHIGENIA.

Answer what name receiv'd you from your Sire?

ORESTES.

With truth I *The Unhappy* might be styl'd.

IPHIGENIA.

That's foreign to my question. The whole blame  
On Fortune must be charg'd.

ORESTES.

Leave me to die

Unknown, that in the grave I may escape  
Each bitter taunt.

IPHIGENIA.

Why grudge to answer me? (13)

Whence do these lofty sentiments arise?

ORESTES.

The blade may pierce this bosom, but my name  
Thou canst not slay.

IPHIGENIA.

And will you not reveal  
The city whence you came?

ORESTES.

What thou hast ask'd

Is of no service to a dying man.

IPHIGENIA.

But what prevents your granting my request?

ORESTES.

With pride I own that Argos is my country.

IPHIGENIA.

Were you indeed, O stranger, (by the Gods  
Speak, I conjure you, speak,) in Argos born?

ORESTES.

Yes, at Mycene; a once happy town.

(13) That the first *ewig* in this speech ought to be *ewig* was a conjecture of Mr. Tyrwhitt's, which we find by Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave is confirmed both by the Parisian manuscript and one at Oxford.

IPHIGENIA.

But were you banish'd from your native land,  
Or by what fortune to these regions borne?

ORESTES.

Mine was a willing yet reluctant flight.

IPHIGENIA.

Will you not answer any of the questions  
Which I propose?

ORESTES.

That must I, with the haste  
Of one who stands upon the verge of Death.

IPHIGENIA.

By me much wish'd for, you from Argos come.

ORESTES.

To my own bane : but if thou list, indulge  
A cruel triumph.

IPHIGENIA.

Troy perchance you knew,  
Whose fame spread through the world.

ORESTES.

Ah, would to Heaven  
I had not, e'en in dreams!

IPHIGENIA.

'Tis now no more,  
As they report, but was by war destroy'd.

ORESTES.

E'en so : nor hast thou heard a groundless tale.

IPHIGENIA.

Did Helen thence to her own house return  
With Menelaus?

ORESTES.

She return'd : the pest  
Of one to whom I nearly am allied.

IPHIGENIA.

Where is she now? me too she erst did wrong.

ORESTES.

In Sparta her first Husband's bed she shares.

IPHIGENIA.

Hateful to every Greek, not me alone,

ORESTES.

I too have tasted the pernicious fruit  
Of her accursed nuptials.

IPHIGENIA.

Speaks Fame true,

When she relates the Grecian host came back?

ORESTES.

A thousand various subjects of enquiry,  
How dost thou bield in one?

IPHIGENIA.

Before you die,

Of this intelligence I first would fain

Avail myself.

ORESTES.

Since this desire is earnest,  
Propose thy questions, I will answer them.

IPHIGENIA.

There was a Seer named Calchas: from the siege  
Of Troy, did he return?

ORESTES.

That Augur perish'd, (14)

(14) The account Quintus Calaber gives of Calchas after Troy was taken is, that he foretold the destruction of the Grecian fleet on the rocks of Caphareus, and refusing to accompany his countrymen, who were deaf to his prudent advice, delayed his embarkation, and staid behind for some time with Amphilechus, younger son of the augur Amphiareus, the Fates having decreed they should sail to Pamphylia: and Herodotus, speaking of the troops furnished by that country at the time of Xerxes' expedition against Greece, says, they were descended from the comrades of Amphilechus and Calchas, separated from their comrades on their return from Troy. The death of Calchas has been variously represented; Lycophron twice mentions it in his Cassandra, v. 426, and 980; from the first of these passages with the assistance of Tzetzes' Greek Scholia, and the Latin annotations of Canterus, we collect, that this famous soothsayer after the destruction of Troy came to Colophon, where finding in Mopsus a prophet of superior skill, he perished according to the Oracle, which leaves us not clear whether he destroyed himself, or

As all Mycene's citizens ever.

IPHIGENIA.

Dread Goddess! but how fares Laertes' son?

ORESTES.

His home he hath not reach'd, tho' yet he lives  
As it is rumour'd.

IPHIGENIA.

May he die, and view  
His native land no more!

ORESTES.

Thy curses spare,  
For he enough already is distrest.

IPHIGENIA.

Doth yet the Nereid-Thetis' Son survive?

ORESTES.

Achilles is no more, his nuptial rites  
At Aulis did he celebrate in vain.

merely pined away through chagrin: but in the latter passage, *καὶ ποτὲ μαρτυρεῖ γαῖαν γαῖαν τοτε*, leads us rather to infer that violence was offered to him by others. The matters in which these two rival Seers are represented as having exerted their science, are of a most trivial nature: Mopsus's triumph being founded on his immediately naming the exact number of figs which grew on a tree loaded with fruit; and the disgrace of Calchas, on his giving an erroneous answer when questioned how many pigs a certain pregnant sow would produce: but Conon in the 6th of his narrations assigns a much more important cause for the fate of our Augur, and says that Amphimachus King of Lycia, having consulted both Mopsus and Calchas in regard to the success of a war in which he was about to embark; the former cautioned him against going forth to battle, and foretold that he would be defeated; while the latter encouraged him by the most flattering predictions of success: but upon that Monarch's being vanquished; such distinguished honours were paid to Mopsus, that Calchas in rage and despair killed himself. It ought however, in justice to that Prophet, to be remembered, that he was subdued by no ordinary antagonist; as it appears from both the passages of Conon above-cited, and more fully from Gronovius's comment on Seneca's Medea, v. 632, that this Mopsus (whom some have injudiciously confounded with Mopsus the son of Ampycus, mentioned by Ovid as having been present at the hunting of the Calydonian boar) was begotten by Apollo, and had for his Mother Manto the Daughter of Tiresias, whom we have seen introduced by Euripides in his Tragedy of the Phoenician Damozel.

IPHIGENIA.

Most treacherous nuptial rites, as they assert  
Who felt them to their cost.

ORESTES.

But who art thou  
That speak'st in terms thus accurate of Greece?

IPHIGENIA.

There was I born: from youth's first bloom I date  
My sufferings.

ORESTES.

Hence, O Virgin, thy desire  
To know what there hath pass'd deserves our praise.

IPHIGENIA.

Where is that Chieftain, whom men term the Blest?

ORESTES.

What General dost thou mean? for he I knew  
Was not among the fortunate.

IPHIGENIA.

The son  
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, mighty King.

ORESTES.

I know not; wave that question, gentle Maid.

IPHIGENIA.

No, by the Gods, I cannot: O reply,  
And cheer my soul.

ORESTES.

Most wretchedly he perish'd,  
And others in his ruin hath involv'd.

IPHIGENIA.

Is he too dead? Thro' what disastrous fate?  
Ah me!

ORESTES.

But wherefore groan'st thou for his loss?  
To thee was he allied?

IPHIGENIA.

On his past greatness  
I think not without sorrow.

ORESTES.

His dire end  
Was this, a Woman smote him.

IPHIGENIA.

Both to her  
His Murdress, and the slain, our tears are due.

ORESTES.

Be satisfied at length, and ask no more.

IPHIGENIA.

Yet lives the Wife of that unhappy King?

ORESTES.

She liyes not, by her own Son's hand destroy'd.

IPHIGENIA.

O house, a scene of wild confusion now!  
But what could instigate him?

ORESTES.

To avenge  
His murder'd Sire, he took her life away.

IPHIGENIA.

A noble criminal! there justice urg'd.

ORESTES.

But Heaven with frowns beheld the righteous deed.

IPHIGENIA.

Left Agamemnon any other issue?

ORESTES.

One Daughter, yet a virgin, nam'd Electra.

IPHIGENIA.

But what! is there no mention madé of her  
He sacrific'd?

ORESTES.

Nought else, but, with the dead  
Now number'd, that no more she views the sun.

IPHIGENIA.

Wretched was she, most wretched too the Sire  
Who slew her.

ORESTES.

In a worthless woman's cause.

Victim to base ingratitude she fell.

IPHIGENIA.

At Argos dwells the son of its slain King?

ORESTES.

A miserable wanderer, he is no where,  
And every where.

IPHIGENIA.

Adieu, for ye are nothing,  
Ye lying dreams.

ORESTES (15).

Nor are those Demons, call'd  
By mortals wise, less guilty of deceit  
Than flitting visions. Dire confusion reigns  
As well in Heaven above as earth below.  
But this one comfort's left, thro' his own folly  
Orestes perish'd not, but from complying  
With oracles pronounc'd by mighty Seers:  
For that he perish'd, they who know it well  
Assert.

CHORUS.

Ah! who our fortunes can disclose,  
And those of our lov'd parents, are they dead,  
Or do they yet survive?

IPHIGENIA.

Ye strangers, hear.

I will propose a scheme I now have form'd,  
Which, if ye both concur, to your advantage  
As well as mine may tend; but if we all  
In one design cooperate, we shall best  
Ensure success. If I preserve your life,  
Will you, repairing to the Argive realm,

(15) The dividing the speech here, and putting the last five lines into the mouth of Orestes, seems to have been first suggested by Mr. Heath, who is followed by Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave, who observes that Orestes had reason to charge the oracles with falsehood, which Iphigenia had not, and that in the Parisian manuscripts the speech is broken, and the three last lines ascribed to Orestes.

The message I intrust you with, relate,  
 And, to the friends whom I have there, convey  
 A letter written by a captive youth  
 Who pitied me, nor of my own accord  
 Thought that I slew him, tho' Barbarian laws  
 Enforc'd his death, and she whom we adore  
 Holds murder to be just? I yet have found  
 No captive born in Argos, if I sav'd  
 His life, who might return, and to my friends  
 Dispatch a letter. Therefore you who seem  
 (16) To spring from no ignoble race, and know  
 Full well Mycenè and the friends I mean,  
 Shall be set free, your life no small reward  
 Obtaining by these trivial services.  
 But since our city thus decrees, your friend  
 Torn from his friend, must for a victim bleed.

## ORESTES.

In all but this, O Priestess, I approve  
 What thou hast spoken ; it would add fresh weight  
 To my calamities, should he be slain.  
 For it is I who steer the bark of woe,  
 He sails but as the partner of my toils.  
 Nor is it just to serve thee, on such terms  
 As leaving him to perish, while I 'scape  
 From danger singly. But be this thy plan,  
 To him the letter give, which he shall bear  
 To Argos; hence with thee shall all be well :  
 But as for me, let those to whom belongs  
 Such office, slay me. There is nought so base  
 As he, who when in misery he bath plung'd  
 His friends, himself escapes. But with this friend  
 Am I united by the strictest ties,  
 Nor more solicitous to view the Sun  
 Than to preserve his life.

(16) *λυγύης*, *infestus*, is here by Dr. Musgrave altered into *λυγύης*,  
*ignobilis*, on the authority of the Parisian manuscripts.

IPHIGENIA.

How truly great!

From some illustrious parents sure you spring,  
Inspir'd with sentiments of real friendship.  
May He, that hapless youth who yet survives,  
The last of all my house, resemble you :  
For, O ye strangers, I too have a Brother,  
Whom now these eyes behold not.—This your wish  
Shall be complied with ; *him* will I dispatch  
My letter to convey : but you shall bleed,  
Since with such eagerness you rush on death.

ORESTES.

By what remorseless hand shall I be slain ?  
Who perpetrates so horrible a deed ?

IPHIGENIA.

Myself : for in these expiatory rites  
I by our aweful Goddess am employ'd.

ORESTES.

Unseemly function for a blooming maid,  
And such as none can envy.

IPHIGENIA.

But enjoin'd

By that severe necessity which claims  
Obedience.

ORESTES.

Feeble woman as thou art,  
Canst thou uplift a sacred knife to pierce  
The manly bosom ?

IPHIGENIA.

No ; but on your head  
Shall I pour lustral waters.

ORESTES.

May I ask  
Who slay the victims ?

IPHIGENIA.

Station'd in yon fane  
Are they to whom such office doth belong.

ORESTES.

What sepulchre is destin'd to receive me  
When I am dead?

IPHIGENIA.

The hallow'd fires within  
Are kindled, and beneath th' o'ershadowing rock  
A cavern gapes your ashes to contain.

ORESTES.

O that a Sister's hand could have perform'd  
Such pious office!

IPHIGENIA.

A vain wish, O wretch,  
Whoe'er you are, is this: far, far remote  
From this Barbarian land your Sister dwells,  
But since my native Argos gave you birth,  
Far as my power extends, will I omit  
No courtesy, but on your tomb dispose  
The various ornaments; (17) with oil anoint  
Your corse, and pour on your funereal pyre  
The honied spoils collected by the bee.  
But, from Diana's inmost shrine, I go  
To bring my letter. To my charge impute  
No wilful cruelty: With care, ye guards,  
Observe, but bind them not. When, to that friend  
At Argos, whom my soul holds ever dear,  
Those unexpected tidings shall arrive,  
Perceiving by my letter I still live  
Whom he thought dead, what pleasures will he feel!

[Exit IPHIGENIA.

CHORUS.

Brave youth, let me condole *thy* fate, o'er thee  
Soon must the laver pour its lustral stream.

(17) On the authority, as Mr. Markland informs us, of four manuscripts, the line

Επειδή τοι ελαύνει σημεῖα στον καρποφόρο  
is inserted by him and Dr. Musgrave.

## ORESTES.

My fate demands no pity, yet accept  
From me a last farewell, ye foreign dames.

## CHORUS.

But on your happier fortunes, we to *you*  
Address our gratulations, for at length  
You to your native region shall return.

## PYLADES.

Objects unwish'd-for by a real friend  
Are life or country, if his friend must die.

## CHORUS.

Most inauspicious voyage! which, ah which,  
Shall I consider as ordain'd to bleed?  
My soul still doubts to whether of the twain  
These plaints, these tributary tears, are due.

## ORESTES.

O Pylades, I by the Gods conjure you,  
Unfold the secret workings of your heart,  
And answer if they sympathise with mine.

## PYLADES.

Thy sentiments I know not: thou a question  
Hast ask'd impossible for me to solve.

## ORESTES.

What Maid is this? with what a Grecian zeal  
Of us did she enquire into the toils  
Sustain'd at Ilion, how the host return'd,  
What had befall'n the skilful augur Calchas:  
Achilles too she nam'd: then what compassion  
For Agamemnon's fate did she express,  
And ask how far'd it with his Wife, his Children!  
This Damsel from some Argive race must spring,  
Or she this letter never would dispatch,  
Nor search into their fortunes so minutely,  
As if the welfare of Mycene's Kings  
Immediately concern'd her.

## PYLADES.

But one moment

Didst thou anticipate me. Thy remark  
Accords with mine : this only hast thou left  
Unnotic'd; when Kings bleed, the great event  
Is known by all; who with attention mark  
Human vicissitudes. But other thoughts  
Demand us now.

## ORESTES.

Communicate those thoughts :  
Instruction is the fruit of social converse.

## PYLADES.

Twere base in me to live when thou no more  
Behold'st the sun, for we together sail'd,  
And therefore am I bound to share thy death.  
Else, both in Argos' realm, and thro' each vale  
Of Phocis, with the coward's hated name  
Shall I be ever branded. To the many  
(For in the many envious malice reigns)  
When I return alone, I shall appear  
To have betray'd thee, or amid the wreck  
Of thy unhappy house to have contriv'd  
Thy murder, thro' the hope thy Sister's Husband,  
Heir to thy fortunes, might obtain the throne ;  
This fills my soul with horror; virtuous shame  
Constrains me now to mix my latest breath  
With thine, at yon dread altar: let the knife  
At once transpierce us, the funereal pyre  
Consume our bodies; for I still have borne  
The title of thy friend, and fear disgrace.

## ORESTES.

Use more auspicious language: my own woes  
My duty is to bear, nor will I add  
To my afflictions, which are single now,  
Yours which would make them double: for each suffering  
And all that infamy you name, were mine,  
If you, the generous partner of my toils,  
I caus'd to perish. It is not amiss  
For me, afflicted by the scourge of Heaven,

To yield up a diseas'd and wretched life :  
 But you are blest, your mansions neither guilt  
 Nor sorrow visits: mine at the same time  
 Are impious and unhappy. If you scape,  
 My Sister, whom on you I have bestow'd  
 In marriage; may a race of children bear ;  
 Hence shall my name continue, and the race  
 Of Agamemnon never be extinct.  
 Go, live, support my noble Father's house.  
 But when you reach the Grecian coast, the realms  
 Of martial Argos, I by this right hand,  
 The pledge of amity, implore you, heap  
 A tomb, and o'er it place the stone, to guard  
 My memory; let my Sister shed the tear  
 And cut her tresses o'er my vacant grave.  
 Relate how by a certain Argive maid  
 I perish'd at the bloody altar, sprinkled  
 With lustral drops, and as a victim slain :  
 Nor e'er forsake my Sister, tho' you see (18)  
 Your kindred, and my Father's house, o'erwhelm'd  
 With desolation. Now farewell for ever!  
 For I in you the dearest friend have found.  
 O my lov'd comrade in the sylvan chase,  
 With whom in early childhood I was nurtur'd,  
 The faithful partner of my various toils.  
 But Phœbus, that prophetic God, deceiv'd us ;  
 Expert in each equivocating art,  
 He drove me to these distant shores, ashamed  
 Of his past oracles. I to his guidance  
 Myself abandon'd wholly, and with zeal  
 Obey'd his voice, when I my Mother slew :  
 But now I am requited with destruction.

(18) *σὺ* here claims a place in the stead of *πρόδει*, which seems to have been a mere blundering repetition of *πρόδει* in the preceding line, *σὺ* being inserted on the authority of a concurrence of manuscripts (as they both inform us) by Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave: in the reply of Pylades, twelve lines further, *σὺ* & *τέμνει* are substituted for *με* & *τέμνει* on the same testimonies, with the addition of the conjecture of Reiskeus.

Didst thou anticipate me. Thy remark  
Accords with mine: this only hast thou left  
Unnotic'd; when Kings bleed, the great event  
Is known by all; who with attention mark  
Human vicissitudes. But other thoughts  
Demand us now.

## ORESTES.

Communicate those thoughts:

Instruction is the fruit of social converse.

## PYLADES.

'Twere base in me to live when thou no more  
Behold'st the sun, for we together sail'd,  
And therefore am I bound to share thy death.  
Else, both in Argos' realm, and thro' each vale  
Of Phocis, with the coward's hated name  
Shall I be ever branded. To the many  
(For in the many envious malice reigns)  
When I return alone, I shall appear  
To have betray'd thee, or amid the wreck  
Of thy unhappy house to have contriv'd  
Thy murder, thro' the hope thy Sister's Husband,  
Heir to thy fortunes, might obtain the throne;  
This fills my soul with horror; virtuous shame  
Constrains me now to mix my latest breath  
With thine, at yon dread altar: let the knife  
At once transpierce us, the funereal pyre  
Consume our bodies; for I still have borne  
The title of thy friend, and fear disgrace.

## ORESTES.

Use more auspicious language: my own woes  
My duty is to bear, nor will I add  
To my afflictions, which are single now,  
Yours which would make them double: for  
And all that infamy you name, were mine  
If you, the generous partner of my toil  
I caus'd to perish. It is not in vain  
For me, afflicted by the scourge of Heaven

ORESTES.

Sparing his life, that him thou wilt dismiss  
From these Barbarian regions.

IPHIGENIA.

Rightly said :  
Else how from me these tidings should he bear ?

ORESTES.

But will the Scythian King allow of this ?

IPHIGENIA.

With him can I prevail, and safe aboard  
A ship your comrade will myself convey.

ORESTES.

Now swear, my Pylades : but first do thou,  
O Virgin, dictate a most solemn oath.

IPHIGENIA.

Engage to bear this letter to my friends.

PYLADES.

I to your friends this letter will present.

IPHIGENIA.

On this condition, from Cyanean rocks  
I vow to set you free.

ORESTES.

But say what God  
Wilt thou invoke to witness what thou swear'st ?

IPHIGENIA.

Diana, in whose temple I possess  
This holy office.

PYLADES.

I, Heaven's aweful King,  
Immortal Jove.

IPHIGENIA.

Regardless of your oath  
If you betray me.

PYLADES.

Ne'er may I return :  
But if you save me not.

As all Mycene's citizens aver.

IPHIGENIA.

Dread Goddess! but how fares Laertes' son?

ORESTES.

His home he hath not reach'd, tho' yet he lives  
As it is rumour'd.

IPHIGENIA.

May he die, and view  
His native land no more!

ORESTES.

Thy curses spare,  
For he enough already is distract.

IPHIGENIA.

Doth yet the Nereid-Thetis' Son survive?

ORESTES.

Achilles is no more, his nuptial rites  
At Aulis did he celebrate in vain.

merely pined away through chagrin: but in the latter passage, *μαρτιρίζει τούτης* leads us rather to infer that violence was offered to him by others. The matters in which these two rival Seers are represented as having exerted their science, are of a most trivial nature: Mopsus's triumph being founded on his immediately naming the exact number of figs which grew on a tree loaded with fruit; and the disgrace of Calchas, on his giving an erroneous answer when questioned how many pigs a certain pregnant sow would produce: but Conon in the 6th of his narrations assigns a much more important cause for the fate of our Augur, and says that Amphinachus King of Lycia, having consulted both Mopsus and Calchas in regard to the success of a war in which he was about to embark; the former cautioned him against going forth to battle, and foretold that he would be defeated; while the latter encouraged him by the most flattering predictions of success: but upon that Monarch's being vanquished; such distinguished honours were paid to Mopsus, that Calchas in rage and despair killed himself. It ought however, in justice to that Prophet, to be remembered, that he was subdued by no ordinary antagonist; as it appears from both the passages of Conon above-cited, and more fully from Gronovius's comment on Seneca's Medea, v. 652, that this Mopsus (whom some have injudiciously confounded with Mopsus the son of Ampycus, mentioned by Ovid as having been present at the hunting of the Calydonian boar) was begotten by Apollo, and had for his Mother Manto the Daughter of Tiresias, whom we have seen introduced by Euripides in his Tragedy of the Phoenician Damsels.

IPHIGENIA.

Most treacherous nuptial rites, as they assert  
Who felt them to their cost.

ORESTES.

But who art thou  
That speak'st in terms thus accurate of Greece?

IPHIGENIA.

There was I born: from youth's first bloom I date  
My sufferings.

ORESTES.

Hence, O Virgin, thy desire  
To know what there hath pass'd deserves our praise.

IPHIGENIA.

Where is that Chieftain, whom men term the Blest?

ORESTES.

What General dost thou mean? for he I knew  
Was not among the fortunate.

IPHIGENIA.

The son  
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, mighty King.

ORESTES.

I know not; wave that question, gentle Maid.

IPHIGENIA.

No, by the Gods, I cannot: O reply,  
And cheer my soul.

ORESTES.

Most wretchedly he perish'd,  
And others in his ruin hath involv'd.

IPHIGENIA.

Is he too dead? Thro' what disastrous fate?  
Ah me!

ORESTES.

But wherefore groan'st thou for his loss?  
To thee was he allied?

IPHIGENIA.

On his past greatness  
I think not without sorrow.

## PYLADES.

O what an easy oath have you impos'd!  
 Sworn to perform an honourable task,  
 I will not loiter, but this very moment  
 Accomplish my engagement. Here, behold,  
 This letter from thy Sister, I to thee  
 Deliver, O Orestes.

## ORESTES.

I receive

The acceptable gift: but ere I break  
 Its folds, allow me to indulge a joy  
 Beyond the reach of language to express.  
 Thee, O my dearest Sister, who art smitten  
 With such astonishment as equals mine,  
 I in these arms infold, while with delight  
 Confounded, I thy wondrous tale have heard.

## CHORUS.

Stranger, it ill becomes thee to approach  
 The Priestess, and pollute her sacred robe  
 With thy unhallow'd touch.

## ORESTES.

My Sister, sprung  
 From Agamemnon, from one common Sire,  
 Turn not away from me; thou hast, thou hast  
 A Brother, tho' thou ne'er could'st have expected  
 To see him more.

## IPHIGENIA.

Are you indeed my Brother?  
 Will you not cease to boast so fond a name?  
 In Argos near the Nauplian coast he dwells.

## ORESTES.

Thou, hapless virgin, hast no Brother there.

## IPHIGENIA.

From Spartan Clytemnestra did you spring?

## ORESTES.

To Pelops' Grandson too I owe my birth.

IPHIGENIA.

What say you? can you give me any proof  
Of this?

ORESTES.

I can: propose to me some question  
Relating to the mansion of our Sire.

IPHIGENIA.

You it behoves to speak, and me to hear.

ORESTES.

Speak then I will: first listen to the tale  
Which from Electra I have heard: thou know'st,  
O Sister, what abhorr'd dissention rose  
'Twixt Atreus and Thyestes.

IPHIGENIA.

O'er I heard,  
How they contended for the golden Ram.

ORESTES.

And canst thou not remember that this tale  
In rich embroidery erst thou didst express?

IPHIGENIA.

My dearest Brother, you a topic start  
Which wounds my inmost soul.

ORESTES.

There too the Sun  
Turn'd back his steeds.

IPHIGENIA.

My shuttle also form'd  
This variegated texture of the loom.

ORESTES.

Yet more, at Aulis, Clytemnestra pour'd  
The laver on thy head.

IPHIGENIA.

Full well I know  
She did: for luckless were my spousal rites.

ORESTES.

But to thy Mother why didst thou direct  
Thy tresses should be borne?

## IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

IPHIGENIA.

That in my stead,

For a memorial in the silent grave  
Them she might lodge.

ORESTES.

Indisputable tokens

Which these eyes saw, are those of which I speak ;  
The spear which Pelops bore when erst he won  
Hippodamia, after he had slain  
Oenomaus, hangs in th' innermost recess  
(19) Of thy apartments.

IPHIGENIA.

You, my lov'd Orestes,  
For you still, 'still the same, are to my soul  
Ever most welcome, I again possess,  
Our only hope, who from our native land  
From Argos, O my dearest Brother, came.

ORESTES.

Once more I clasp my Iphigenia, deem'd  
A lifeless shade : tears different far from those  
Which mourners shed, and sorrows mix'd with joy  
Bedew thine eyes and mine.

IPHIGENIA.

But him while yet

He was a child, him clinging to the arms  
Of a fond Nurse (20), at home I left behind.

“ (19) As the English reader may possibly not perceive at first sight, all  
“ the force of this piece of evidence produced by Orestes, upon which  
“ Iphigenia immediately acknowledges him for her Brother; it may be  
“ proper to inform him, that the Grecian women, especially virgins,  
“ were kept with great strictness and reserve in separate and retired  
“ apartments, into which no man, except their nearest relations, such as  
“ Fathers or Brothers, were permitted to enter. Orestes therefore, by  
“ giving this proof of his having been in Iphigenia's apartment, proves  
“ himself to be her Brother in so convincing a manner, that she immedi-  
“ ately embraces him, and weeps for joy.” WEST.

(20) “ Pindar calls this Nurse of Orestes, Arsinoe; but Pherecydes  
“ gives her the name of Laodamia: Egysthus slew her son, either think-  
“ ing that he had caught Orestes, or enraged with the mother of the

How, O my soul, beyond the power of words  
 Blest as thou art, shall I declare thy transports?  
 Still more than miracles are these events,  
 And quite surpass all language.

ORESTES.

May we both  
 Henceforth together lead an happy life!

IPHIGENIA.

An unexpected pleasure, O my friends,  
 Have I experienc'd, tho' e'en now I dread  
 Lest bursting from these arms, he to the realms  
 Of ether take his flight Ye mansions rear'd  
 By the fam'd Cyclops, O my native land,  
 My dear Mycene, I, to you, for life  
 Am thankful, and the nurture ye bestow'd;  
 Since ye train'd up this generous Brother too  
 To shed new light on Agamemnon's house.

ORESTES.

We in the noble race from which we sprung  
 Are fortunate, my Sister, tho' our lives  
 Have been to many grievous ills expos'd.

IPHIGENIA.

This, wretched I experienc'd, o'er my neck  
 When my unhappy Sire the falchion wav'd.

ORESTES.

Ah me! tho' I was absent, yet I seem  
 As if I saw thee there.

IPHIGENIA.

Instead of wedding

Achilles, O my Brother, to that tent  
 Th' abode of treacherous wolves was I convey'd.

" boy for having secretly removed him. Here it is proper to mark out  
 " a gross error of the very learned Benedictus, the Latin translator of  
 " Pindar, who calls Orestes a child of three years old at the time he  
 " was rescued from death; not recollecting that he was born before  
 " the Trojan war, as is evident from Homer, Il. L. 9. v. 142, and that  
 " Agamemnon was not slain till after the conclusion of that war, which  
 " lasted for ten years." BARNES.

Before the very altar tears gush'd forth,  
And bitter plaints disgrac'd th' unholy rite:  
Alas, how dreadful were those lustral streams !

ORESTES.

The rash unnatural crime my Father dar'd  
To perpetrate, I too have wail'd.

IPHIGENIA.

The doom  
Which I experienc'd, with paternal love  
Was sure most inconsistent.

ORESTES.

From events

Like these, what wondrous consequences rise !  
But if, O hapless Virgin, thou hadst slain  
Thy Brother, by some ruthless Demon urg'd,  
A crime thus horrible had made thee wretched.

IPHIGENIA.

Atrocious, O my Brother, was the deed  
I had resolv'd on : from an impious death  
How narrowly, alas ! have you escap'd,  
From a misguided Sister's bloody hand !  
Where, after these miraculous events,  
Can we expect an end to our distress ?  
What fortune will attend me, or what schemes  
Shall I devise, to forward your escape  
From these domains, and from impending slaughter,  
To our lov'd native Argos, ere the sword  
Be with your gore distain'd ? Unhappy youth,  
On you 'tis now incumbent to weigh well,  
If on dry land, unaided by a bark,  
You on the swiftness of your feet alone  
Relying, rather ought to hazard life  
Encompass'd by Barbarian tribes, and journeying  
O'er wilds untrodden : if you strive to glide  
Twixt the Cyanean rocks, their narrow pass,  
And afterwards a length of watery waste  
Threatens the mariner. Ah me, unblest !

What tutelary God, what human aid,  
 Or unexpected chance, along the road,  
 Now deem'd impervious, will direct our flight,  
 And to us two, of Atreus' princely house  
 (21) The only wretched relics, ope some gate  
 To save us from destruction?

## CHORUS.

What these eyes  
 Behold, and these astonish'd ears have hear'd,  
 As truly wondrous, and surpassing all  
 That fiction can devise, will I relate.

## PYLADES.

When friends again with transport view the face  
 Of those they love, Orestes, it is fit  
 They in their arms each other should infold :  
 But check the streaming tear, and rather think  
 How we a blest deliv'rance may obtain,  
 And quit with glory this Barbarian realm :  
 For it behoves the wise man not to slight  
 His opportunity when Fortune smiles.

## ORESTES.

Well hast thou spoken. Fortune will, I trust,  
 With us co-operate : for the Gods bestow  
 Their aid on those who with undaunted soul  
 Exert themselves.

## IPHIGENIA.

Yet shall not aught; or check,

(21) " Pierson observes that Orestes and Iphigenia cannot properly  
 " be called the only relics of the house of Atreus, because Electra also  
 " was yet living : but the same inaccuracy adopted by Sophocles in his  
 " Antigone, where he makes that Princess, who had a little before been  
 " conversing with her Sister Ismene, say

Δρυστή Ορέστης αὐτογάνως

Την Εστιάδεων μητρη λαυρη. v. 952.

" Look on me Princes, see the last of all

" My royal race."

Dr. FRANCKLIN.

" admonishes us not to be too hasty in altering the text."

Dr. MUSGRAVE.

Or cause me from my purpose to digress,  
Till an enquiry first I make, what fate  
Hath overta'en Electra; for the whole  
Of her adventures gladly would I learn.

ORESTES.

To this my friend in wedlock join'd, she leads  
A prosperous life.

IPHIGENIA.

But of what land is he  
A native, and whose Son?

ORESTES.

From Strophius, lord  
Of Phocis' region, he derives his birth.

IPHIGENIA.

And thro' his Mother, royal (22) Atreus' Daughter,  
Connected with our house?

ORESTES.

Thus near in blood,  
And the sole friend on whom I dare rely.

IPHIGENIA.

He was not born, when me my Sire consign'd  
A victim to the altar.

ORESTES.

No, he was not:

For Strophius long remain'd without a child.

IPHIGENIA.

Hail, O thou Husband of my Sister, hail!

ORESTES.

My more than kinsman, saviour of my life!

IPHIGENIA.

What prompted you to that atrocious crime  
'Gainst her who bore you?

ORESTES.

Let us in deep silence  
Bury that action: to avenge my Sire.

(22) Anaxibia.

IPHIGENIA.

But thro' what motive did she slay her Lord?

ORESTES.

No more: it were unfit for thee to hear  
Thy Mother's shame.

IPHIGENIA.

In silence I obey.

To you, its only hope, the Argive realm  
Doth now no doubt with due respect attend.

ORESTES.

The reins of empire Menelaus holds:  
I am an exile from my native land.

IPHIGENIA.

Could he, an Uncle, on our sinking house  
Heap such foul wrong?

ORESTES.

No, but the Furies, arm'd  
With all their terrors, caus'd me thence to fly.

IPHIGENIA.

By them on yonder beach you was assail'd,  
For of your frantic actions on that spot  
Have I been told.

ORESTES.

Not then for the first time  
This my disease betray'd itself.

IPHIGENIA.

Full well

I understand your meaning, to avenge  
Maternal blood, those Goddesses arise.

ORESTES.

They fasten'd on my jaws their gory curbs.

IPHIGENIA.

But wherefore did you land upon this coast?

ORESTES.

At Phœbus' dread oracular behest  
I hither came.

## IPHIGENIA.

What action to perform?

May you declare it, or were you enjoin'd  
To keep strict silence?

## ORESTES.

I will tell thee all,

And here begins a tale of endless woe:  
Since on my Mother these polluted hands  
Aveng'd those crimes which I forbear to name,  
Have I, into a tedious exile driven,  
And chas'd by Furies, wander'd thro' the world;  
Till I, by Phœbus' edicts, to the realm  
Of Athens was directed to repair,  
And pacify those Goddesses whose names  
We utter not. The sacred judgement seat  
Is there, at which Jove erst ordain'd, that Mars,  
(23) Whose hands had been defil'd with recent gore,  
Should undergo a trial. In that city  
When I arriv'd, their hospitable doors  
None op'd with zeal spontaneous, to admit  
A stranger, whom they deem'd the Gods abhor'd:  
Till some, more courteous, furnish'd in their hall  
For me a separate solitary board,  
And underneath the self-same roof abode.  
But where I came, all conversation ceas'd,  
None would associate with me in their food,  
Or drain one common goblet; but to each  
In separate portions was an equal share  
Of wine administer'd: they all rejoic'd,

(23) Mars was brought to a trial for having killed Halirothius Son of Neptune, who had presumed to violate Alcippe his Daughter by Aglauros: see the Electra of our Author, v. 1260. Pausanias, in his Attica, describes the spot where this ravisher was slain, as being close to a fountain within the precincts of the temple of *H*Esculapius. We find in Apollodorus that Mars was acquitted by the verdict of the twelve Gods who sat in judgement upon him.

But I presum'd not to reproach my hosts,  
 And griev'd in silence, feigning 'not to mark  
 The dire affront, in bitterness of soul  
 Groaning because I with vindictive hand  
 Had slain my Mother. Yet have I been told,  
 Among th' Athenian people, from my woes,  
 An aweful ceremony takes its rise,  
 (24) (Which still they practice;) where the bowl contains  
 An equal quantity (25) with those then fill'd.  
 For every guest apart. But when I reach'd  
 The hill of Mars, my trial to abide,  
 One seat I occupied, (the other left  
 For my accuser, th' elder-born of Hell,  
 And pleaded my own cause. Apollo heard  
 How I was charg'd with having slain my Mother,  
 Nor scrupled as a witness to appear  
 On my behalf, and save me : for the votes  
 Prov'd equal, number'd by Minerva's hand.  
 Thus by that aweful court I from the charge  
 Of murder was absolv'd. Such of the Furies  
 As acquiesc'd in the decree, resolv'd  
 (26) To occupy a temple on the spot

(24) Mr. West observes that this speech may be considered as the legendary account of many civil and religious customs observed at Athens, even in the time of Euripides. Here the Poet seems to forget the character of Orestes, and speak in his own person.

(25) *χορηγίς*, the term here made use of, which Barnes renders libatorium vas, is in the translations of Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave, on the authority of Suidas, quod continet octo cotylas, aut congiarium; in English, eight Pints, or what is the same thing, one gallon, which would sound like a quantity of liquor far exceeding the proper stint for those who attended a religious ceremony, were we not perpetually reminded, by Homer and other antient writers, that it was customary for large portions of water to be mingled with the wine prepared for the Grecian Heroes, who were by no means addicted to intemperance in their cups.

(26) The explanation I have here made use of is that of Pierson, who in a note on the word *συναγεῖα* in his edition of Mæris Lex. Att. p. 352, renders *ἐποιεῖ* locum ubi suffragia data sunt, and *τεμπλοῦ*, templum : Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave have both followed him; and he in a very satis-

Where judgement was awarded : but the rest  
 Of their fell Sisterhood, who would not yield  
 To this decision, with unwearyed rage  
 Harrass'd me as before, till I repair'd  
 A second time to Phœbus' hallow'd seat,  
 And stretcht before the portals of his fane,  
 Tasting no food, swore on that spot to end  
 A miserable life, unless the God,  
 Who had undone, would save. He with a loud voice  
 Then from the golden tripod his response  
 Pronouncing, hither sent me, to remove,  
 And in the blest domains of Athens place,  
 The Heaven-descended statue : this behest,  
 On which he caus'd our safety to depend,  
 Thy furtherance claims : for if we can obtain  
 That image of the Goddess, I from frenzy  
 Shall be deliver'd, and with prosperous sails  
 Convey thee to Mycene's distant coast.  
 But, O my dearest, dearest Sister, save  
 Thy Father's house, thy wretched Brother save,  
 For I, and the remains of Pelops' race,  
 Are ruin'd utterly, unless we seize  
 The statue which descended from the skies.

## CHORUS.

Some dire resentment of offended Heaven  
 Against the seed of Tantalus yet burns,  
 And hurries them amidst incessant toils.

factory manner establishes the propriety of the sense he gives these words, by referring to the Electra of our Author, v. 1270: the Eumenides of Æschylus, where Minerva, from v. 894 to the close of the piece, repeatedly mentions that divine worship should be paid the Furies in a temple appropriated to them at Athens; and Pausanias, who describes its situation as being near an altar which Orestes on his acquittal dedicated to Minerva. In the Arcadica of the same writer, we find accounts of two other temples sacred to the Furies, erected in memory of events which had happened to Orestes at the time of his wandering, stung with frenzy, through the region of Arcadia, previous to his trial at the Athenian Areopagus.

## IPHIGENIA.

Before you hither came, this ardent wish  
 I form'd, that I to Argos might return,  
 And, O my Brother, you again behold.  
 With you conspiring, now I from these toils  
 Would set you free, and to its antient splendour  
 Restore the falling mansion of our Sire,  
 ('Gainst him who would have sacrific'd his Child  
 Bearing no enmity,) refrain my hand  
 From slaying you, and save our wretched house:  
 Yet tremble to think how I can elude  
 The Goddess, and the Monarch, when he finds  
 A vacant niche where erst the Statue stood.  
 To 'scape from death, what plausible excuse  
 Shall I allege? but if you could at once  
 That image bear away, and with it lodge  
 Me safe aboard the ship, such bold exploit  
 Were glorious; but, if seizing that, you leave  
 Me here behind, I certainly must perish,  
 While you, accomplishing your projects, reach  
 The coast of Argos: yet I shun no toils,  
 Not death itself, if I your life can save.  
 For when a man, the heir of mighty thrones,  
 Expires, he falls regretted, but our sex  
 Are deem'd of little worth.

## ORESTES.

Let me not add

Thy murder to the guilt of having slain  
 Our Mother, 'tis enough that with her blood  
 I have defil'd these hands. I would concur  
 With thee in the same generous views, and share  
 Either in life or death one common fate.  
 (27) For if success attend my bold emprise,

(27) The original reading of the Aldus' edition *μηδέ οὐδὲ στρατεύεται*, *estiamsi et ipse hic occumbam*, is so evidently faulty, as to give rise to a variety of conjectural alterations: Barnes has changed *μηδέ* into

Thee to our native land will I conduct,  
 If not, lie stretcht beside thee in the grave.  
 Hear my opinion ; if to chaste Diana  
 Our project had given umbrage, why should Phœbus  
 Command me, by an oracle, to bear  
 The image of that Goddess to the city  
 Where Pallas is ador'd, or suffer me  
 Thy face, my dearest Sister, to behold ?  
 From every circumstance together weigh'd,  
 I trust that we with safety shall return.

IPHIGENIA.

How can we 'scape from death, and how attain  
 The object of our wishes ? O reflect,  
 Whether a voyage homeward on such terms  
 Be feasible : my zeal indeed is great.

ORESTES.

Shall we be able to dispatch the King ?

IPHIGENIA.

There's danger in the scheme you have propos'd,  
 For foreigners to slay their royal host.

ORESTES.

But if 'twill save us both, we ought to face  
 The danger.

IPHIGENIA.

This I cannot do ; yet praise  
 Your enterprising spirit.

ORESTES.

In the fane,  
 Suppose thou place me from all eyes conceal'd.

IPHIGENIA.

That we, when darkness favours, may escape.

Mr. Markland x' a/sos into μη 'vbc; but Dr. Musgrave, who justly observes that the sense hereby becomes exactly the same with η σε καρδανη μην μελα in the next line, has (as appears to me) more happily substituted in his note η τη γη, for x' a/sos, and rendered this passage si rea hic bene ceciderint, which at once removes the inconsistency of the ancient reading, and the tautology of some later editors who have made injudicious attempts to correct it.

ORESTES.

Night is the season fit for treacherous deeds;  
But truth prefers the clearest beams of day.

IPHIGENIA.

Priests watch within; nor can we hope t' elude  
Their vigilance.

ORESTES.

We utterly are ruin'd!  
Alas! what hope of safety yet remains?

IPHIGENIA.

A fresh discovery I methinks have made.

ORESTES.

What mean'st thou? tell me, for I wish to know  
Thy projects.

IPHIGENIA.

To deceive them, of your woes (28)  
Will I avail myself.

ORESTES.

Sure women frame  
Their stratagems with most surprising art.

IPHIGENIA.

That, having slain your Mother, I will say,  
You hither fled from Argos.

ORESTES.

Make what use  
Thou canst of my afflictions, if in aught  
They serve thy interests.

IPHIGENIA.

Nor is it allow'd  
To offer up such victims to the Goddess.

(28) The reading of *euās*, furore, was so harsh and ill-suited to the context, that Brodæus renders it *culpā ac criminē*, Carmelli attempts to reconcile him and Barnes, by saying, in his note, *furores erant mala ex criminē profecta*; but these palliations are now become needless, as Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave have established *euās*, *infortunio*, on the authority of three manuscripts: and what follows shews that Iphigenia had not the least intention to avail herself of the *madness*, but of the *misfortunes* of her Brother.

ORESTES.

What cause allege? for I suspect in part.

IPHIGENIA.

That you are still impure, but shall be slain  
When sacrificed by due religious rites.

ORESTES.

How can this aid us to bear off the statue?

IPHIGENIA.

You will I cleanse in ocean's lustral waves.

ORESTES (29).

Remains that image yet within the fane,  
For which we hither sail'd?

IPHIGENIA.

And must be wash'd,  
Since by thy touch polluted, will I add.

ORESTES.

Mean'st thou to bear it to the craggy shore,  
Still moisten'd by the foaming surge?

IPHIGENIA.

Where lies  
Your ship at anchor.

ORESTES.

Whom wilt thou appoint

To carry it?

IPHIGENIA.

Myself: for I alone  
The sacred pledge may handle.

ORESTES.

In this murder (30)  
What share shall we to Pylades assign?

(29) The alterations of *ετ* for *ετη* at the commencement of this line, and *σα* for *ση*, at the close of the next, which materially alter the sense, and therefore require to be noticed, are adopted on the same authorities with the reading which is mentioned in the note immediately preceding.

(30) The very needless conjectural alterations which I find here made by Brodæus, Canterus, Scaliger, and Dr. Musgrave, together with the

## IPHIGENIA.

He shall be charg'd with having dipp'd his hands,  
Like you, in blood.

## ORESTES.

These projects, from the King,  
Mean'st thou to hide, or with his privity  
Carry them on?

## IPHIGENIA.

Him my persuasive words  
Shall win, for 'twere impossible to bar  
His knowledge of the fact.

## ORESTES.

Our bark is ready  
With oars well furnish'd.

## IPHIGENIA.

To conduct what else  
May tend to forward our escape, be yours.

## ORESTES.

Yet one thing more is needful ; these thy Friends  
Must keep thy counsels secret. O beseech them,  
And arguments most prevalent devise :  
For female eloquence hath force to move  
The sternest heart to pity. All beside  
I trust will prosper.

## IPHIGENIA.

O my lov'd associates,

far-fetched interpretations given to this speech by Barnes and Carmelli, induce me to quote the sense in which it is taken by the truly able and ingenious Monsieur Hardion ; quelle part donnerons nous a Pylae dans, je mesure dont vous me direz capable, afin d'avoir un pretende pour le quener avec nous ? Acad. des Inscript. tom. 5. hist. p. 119, 4te. edit. Longue. Heath has approved, and Markland followed, this clear and apparently obvious version : the caution with which it is introduced, on ne doit jamais se permettre de corriger le texte d'un Auteur, que lorsque men peut absolument tirer aucun sens, could not be more needed in 1718, which is the date it bears, than at this day, when the text of ancient writers is so frequently debased and polluted by officious editors.

To you with stedfast hope I raise my eyes,  
On you depends it whether I with bliss  
Shall be attended, or reduc'd to nothing,  
Torn from my country, from my Brother torn,  
And this our (31) Kinsman. Thus begins my speech.  
Since we are women, prone to mutual love,  
And stedfast in the cause of our whole sex,  
My schemes divulge not, and with generous zeal  
Conspire to aid my flight. The tongue deserves  
Great praise when with fidelity endued.  
But mark how Fortune, by one single act,  
To our paternal regions may restore,  
Or visit with immediate death, us three  
The dearest friends. But if I hence escape,  
That you in our prosperity may share,  
Hence will I waft you to the Grecian coast,  
But O, by friendship's plighted hand, those cheeks,  
Those knees, and every fond connection left  
At your own homes, by Mother, hoary Sire,  
And Children, if among you there are those  
Who boast the name of Parent; I implore  
Both you, and you, and all. Reply, who grants,  
Or who rejects my prayer? if ye consent not  
To aid the scheme I have propos'd, myself  
And my unhappy Brother too must perish.

(31) The expression of *της της φαντασίας*, five lines lower, leaves little room to doubt that the word *εὐλύτης* relates to Pylades, and is properly translated by Barnes cognato; but Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave are of opinion, that it ought to be understood of Orestes, and stendered fratre, in order to effect which, they are forced to alter *φαντασία* *εὐλύτης*, in the beginning of the line, into *φαντασίας εὐλύτης*, and apply it to Electra. *Συγγένεια*, no doubt, signifies either "a Brother" or "a Kinsman," and in the interpretation of ambiguous words, every man is at liberty to choose for himself, without violating the context; but a double alteration, without the smallest authority quoted in its support, merely for the sake of twisting the version according to it, will naturally incur the strongest suspicions of being erroneous.

## CHORUS.

Take courage; the sole obj'ct of thy care  
 Be thy own safety. O my dearest mistress:  
 The secret which to me thou hast entrusted,  
 Shall never be reveal'd: (32) imperial Jove  
 I call to witness.

## IPHIGENIA.

May each bliss attend  
 These generous words! It now behoves you both  
 To go into the temple: for the King  
 Of these domains will in a moment come,  
 To make enquiry if these foreign youths  
 Are sacrific'd. Most venerable Goddess,  
 Who erst, at Aulis' winding bay didst snatch  
 Thy votary from a Father's cruel arm  
 Uplifted to destroy me, now protect  
 Both me and these; else will Apollo's voice  
 Thro' thee by mortals be no more esteem'd  
 For its veracity. But O depart  
 With us from these abhor'd Barbarian realms  
 Propitious, and to Athens speed thy course:  
 For here it ill becomes thee to reside,  
 When that blest city opens wide the gates  
 Of holier fanes impatient to receive thee.

[*Excut IPHIGENIA, ORESTES, and PYLADES.*

(32) Lord Roscommon, in a note on "ille tegat commissa," subjoined to his translation of Horace's Art of Poetry, observes, that the rule is not so general but it may admit of some exception; and after equally blaming the Corinthian women for concealing Médea's murderer of her children, and the Chorus in Ion for betraying the secret of Xuthus to Creusa, adds; "but I can much less forgive Euripides for the treachery committed in Iphigénia in Tauris; the Chorus is composed of Grecian women; and this Princess begs them to tell nobody of her plan to carry off the statue of Diana, promising to take them with her. The women are faithful to her, and yet she flies away alone with Orestes, and abandons them to the rage of Thoas, who would certainly have severely punished them, had not Minerva come to their deliverance."

## CHORUS.

## O D E.

## I. 1.

O restless bird, in midway air  
 Still hovering round where pointed cliffs arise,  
 Thy song, fond Halcyon, to the wise,  
 For Ceyx' death, expresses thy despair.  
 With wings unfurnish'd, yet to thee  
 Justly compar'd for hopeless woe,  
 The peopled realms of Greece I long to see,  
 Long to attend Diana, who the bow  
 On Cynthus twangs, long for the shade  
 The palm and laurel's foliage braid,  
 Which on the sacred mountain grows  
 Luxuriant, and the olive's vernal bloom  
 Diffusing o'er the lake a rich perfume,  
 Where from the dying Swan th' harmonious cadence  
 flows.

## I. 2.

Adown my cheeks stream'd many a tear,  
 When rapine's sons, an unrelenting band,  
 The turrets of our native land  
 O'erthrew with conquering fleet and hostile spear:  
 Sold for a price I hither came,  
 Where curst Barbarian laws prevail:  
 By Iphigenia with indignant shame  
 Employ'd in tasks which shuddering I bewail:  
 To her whose shafts transfix the hind,  
 Here human victims are consign'd,  
 And here I still bemoan my wretched state.  
 There are who to affliction long inur'd,  
 Till fortune change, its burden have endur'd,  
 But sorrows after bliss embitter man's hard fate.

## II. 1.

Thee, sacred Virgin, from these shores  
 (33) An Argive bark exulting shall convey,  
 And Pan's shrill flute with rustic lay,  
 Cheer the bold crew that ply their dashing oars,  
 Apollo too, the Seer, shall sing,  
 And wake the lyre with magic hand ;  
 Till 'midst auspicious melody he bring  
 Thy vessel to the rich Athenian land ;  
 Thus shall the jocund nautic train  
 For thee divide the azure main.  
 In these bleak regions leaving me behind,  
 Soon o'er the waves thy prosperous bark shall ride,  
 From the tall mast th' extended cordage glide,  
 And swelling strenuous wanton in the amorous wind.

## II. 2.

O that these tardy feet could spring  
 To that bright circus of ethereal day  
 Whence Phœbus darts his ardent ray ;  
 Yet would I cease my venturous course to wing,  
 Soon as I reach'd my native land,

(33) " In the original it is 'a ship of fifty oars.' the first vessel of  
 " that size among the Greeks was supposed to have been the Argo,  
 " which however Theocritus in his *Hylas* calls *τριακοτρυποί*, 'consisting  
 " of thirty benches,' that is to say, furnished with sixty rowers. They  
 " before made use of small skiffs and pinnaces. The Phœnicians first  
 " invented these long ships, the first of which that the Greeks had any  
 " knowledge of was that of Danans mentioned by Apollodorus: Euril-  
 " pides, in his *Helen*, calls a ship of fifty oars *sidonian*." BARNES.

The reign of Danans was about two hundred years prior to the Argic  
 nautic expedition: on referring to Apollodorus, I find he represents  
 Danans as the first person who invented the art of constructing a ship,  
*τεῦ ωπος καλεσσανοι*, but gives no other account of the size or form of  
 his bark, than that it was called *ωνησαλος*, on account of its furnishing  
 a conveyance for his fifty Daughters, with whom he fled from Egypt to  
 Argos; an event on which Æschylus has founded his tragedy of the Sup-  
 pliants: but with what number of oars it was furnished does not appear;  
 as for the vessel in which Deucalion and Pyrrha made their escape from  
 the deluge, it appears to have been a mere raft, in which they were dri-  
 ven at the mercy of the winds and waves.

And mansion, scene of young delight.  
 Then haste to mingle with that choral band  
 'Midst whom, a virgin, at my bridal rite  
 Did I with graceful step advance  
 Applauded thro' the mazy dance:  
 What transports did my gazing mother share!  
 Wild heav'd my breast the robe's loose folds between,  
 Scarce were the maiden's downcast blushes seen  
 While o'er my rosy cheeks devolv'd the streaming hair.

## THOAS, CHORUS.

## THOAS.

Where is the Grecian Damsel to whose trust  
 These portals of Diana's awful temple  
 We have committed? for those captives yet  
 Hath she perform'd th' initiatory rites?  
 Or do their bodies o'er the kindled flame  
 Now blaze within the sanctuary?

## CHORUS.

She comes,

O King, and will to thee herself explain  
 All she hath done.

## IPHIGENIA, THOAS, CHORUS.

## THOAS.

Why from its basis move  
 That statue of the Goddess, which ne'er ought  
 Thence to be borne away, thou royal Maid,  
 From Agamemnon who deriv'st thy birth?

## CHORUS.

Stay there, my Lord, nor with unhallow'd step  
 Enter yon precincts.

## THOAS.

But what new event,  
 O Iphigenia, in this fane hath happen'd?

## IPHIGENIA.

Abomination! thro' religious awe  
 Thus do I speak.

THOAS.

What mean'st thou by this prelude?  
Be more explicit.

IPHIGENIA.

The two strangers brought  
For sacrifice, O Monarch, are impure.

THOAS.

Whence learn'st thou this, or is it mere conjecture?

IPHIGENIA.

The image of Diana, with its face  
Averted, on the marble basis stood.

THOAS.

Of its own free accord, or by some shock  
Of earthquake, from its wonted posture thrown.

IPHIGENIA.

Spontaneously, and clos'd its anger'd eyes.

THOAS.

What was the cause; in yonder foreign youths  
Found'st thou impurity?

IPHIGENIA.

To this alone

Can I ascribe what happen'd: dreadful crimes  
Have they committed.

THOAS.

As on Scythia's coast.

They landed, some Barbarian did they slay?

IPHIGENIA.

From their own home, defil'd with blood they came.

THOAS.

What blood? for I their history wish to learn?

IPHIGENIA.

They smote their Mother with confederate steel.

THOAS.

O Phœbus, e'en among Barbarian tribes  
(34) There's no man capable of such a deed.

(34) D'Orville, in his notes on Chariton, is of opinion that Euripides here alludes to the following passage of Herodotus, who, speaking of the Persians, says, *ανθρακαίσιοι οι περσαί τοι μεταποιεῖσι μάχην*. L. 1, 137.

IPHIGENIA.

Hence from all Greece were they cast forth with hate.

THOAS.

Is this the cause why from the fane thou bear'st  
Diana's image?

IPHIGENIA.

In the pure expanse  
Of ether, far from every murderous taint,  
To place it.

THOAS.

By what means could'st thou perceive  
The strangers were unholy?

IPHIGENIA.

A full proof

This statue of the Goddess gave, which turn'd  
Its face away.

THOAS.

Thou, by sagacious Greece  
Train'd up in wisdom, canst discern aright.

IPHIGENIA.

But now by a delicious bait they strove  
To win my soul.

THOAS.

Pretending that they came  
With grateful tidings from the Argive realm?

IPHIGENIA.

Of my Orestes, my dear Brother's welfare.

THOAS.

Doubtless they hop'd that such intelligence  
Might lure thee to dismiss them.

IPHIGENIA.

(35) My Sister lives  
And prospers, they relate.

(35) This line has always struck me as a mere wanton falsehood, which has not the least tendency whatever to promote the success of the plot. Iphigenia had been forming; it only reflects disgrace on the character of the Heroine, and is therefore justly removable in a Dramatic piece.

THOAS.

But thou didst yield  
Just preference to the rites Diana claims.

IPHIGENIA.

Foe to all Greece, because all Greece conspir'd  
To take away my life.

THOAS.

But how dispose  
Of these two strangers? speak.

IPHIGENIA.

We must observe  
The laws which here are 'stablish'd.

THOAS.

Why delay  
To use the laver then, and sacred blade?

IPHIGENIA.

By washing I would purify them first.

THOAS.

With water from the limpid fountain drawn,  
Or ocean's briny waves?

IPHIGENIA.

(36) The sea removes  
Each taint of evil from the human race.

THOAS.

Made holier thus, to Dian shall they bleed.

IPHIGENIA.

And I become more prosperous.

THOAS.

Dashes not  
The surge against the basis of the fane?

IPHIGENIA.

We must be private! for besides the rites  
Foremention'd, I have others to perform.

(36) "It is reported that Euripides formerly travelled with Plato into Egypt, where he fell sick, and the Ægyptian Priests cured him by bathing in the sea, which gave rise to this poetical ~~extrahim~~ on the virtue of its waters." *BARAK. LYNN.*

THOAS.

Conduct the victims wheresoe'er thou wilt:  
No wish have I those mysteries to behold  
Which may not be divulg'd.

IPHIGENIA.

I next must cleanse  
The statue of the Goddess.

THOAS.

If the stain  
Of those who slew their Mother, it have caught.

IPHIGENIA.

Else had I never from its pedestal  
Remov'd it hither.

THOAS.

Piety like thine  
And forethought claim our homage.

IPHIGENIA.

Know you not  
What next I must transact?

THOAS.

Be it thy part  
To give directions.

IPHIGENIA.

In strong chains secure  
The foreigners.

THOAS.

Why? whither can they fly?

IPHIGENIA.

Greece knows no faith.

THOAS.

Away, ye guards, and bind them.

IPHIGENIA.

Then bring the strangers hither.

THOAS.

Thy commands  
Shall be obey'd.

IPHIGENIA.

Cast mantles o'er their faces

To skreen them from Hyperion's radiant orb ;  
And from your train detach some troops to aid me.

THOAS.

Thy steps my faithful servants shall attend.

IPHIGENIA.

Dispatch a messenger, who may announce  
To the whole city —

THOAS.

What must he announce ?

IPHIGENIA.

Your strict commands that all at home remain.

THOAS.

Lest they with luckless step the murderers meet ?

IPHIGENIA.

Whence foul abomination would ensue.

THOAS.

Go, and proclaim my will, that none approach  
To view the mystic rites.

IPHIGENIA.

The love you bear  
This happy realm, surpasses every friend.

THOAS.

Such honours as on me thou hast bestow'd.  
Our city to its Priestess justly pays.

IPHIGENIA.

But stay you here without the fane.

THOAS.

To me

What office is assign'd ?

IPHIGENIA.

The sacred dome

Cleanse from pollution.

THOAS.

Thou shalt find it done

At thy return.

IPHIGENIA.

But while the foreign youths  
Are from its lofty portals issuing forth —

THOAS.

What must I do?

IPHIGENIA.

Cast o'er your eyes a veil.

THOAS.

Lest I from them contract the stain of murder?

IPHIGENIA.

But if my stay full tedious seem —

THOAS.

How long

Must I remain thus cover'd?

IPHIGENIA.

Wonder not.

THOAS.

Sufficient leisure to thyself allow  
For ordering these solemnities aright.

IPHIGENIA.

O may this pious expiation answer  
My utmost wish!

THOAS.

With thine my prayers unite.

IPHIGENIA.

Yon strangers from the temple I behold  
Advancing, and before them borne in state  
The ensigns of our Goddess. New-born lambs (37)  
Have we prepar'd, that with their gushing blood  
We may wash out foul murder's horrid stain.  
Their holy lustre blazing torches shed,  
And all things, that to purify the strangers  
And image of Diana are requir'd,  
Have I made ready: but with a loud voice  
Each citizen I warn to stand aloof  
From this defilement; let Heaven's chosen Priest

(37) Orestes and Pylades, though young men, could not certainly with any propriety be called *μόνη* "new-born." The reading of *αρνες*, instead of *αρνης*, first suggested by Pierson in his *Verisimilia*, is approved of by Reiskeius, Heath, and Musgrave.

Who with cleans'd hands would offer up his vows,  
 The Youth just hastening to his nuptial joys,  
 And Matron burden'd with a pregnant womb,  
 Depart, on them lest this pollution light.

O Royal Maid, who sprung'st from thund'ring Jove  
 And from Latona, when their bloody stains  
 I shall have wash'd away, and offer'd up  
 Due sacrifice where thy behests ordain,  
 Thou shalt inhabit a pure fane, and bliss  
 Hereafter shall be ours: but tho' the tongue  
 Express no more, O Goddess, without words  
 Can I to thee, and Heaven's omniscient powers,  
 Make known the secret purpose of my soul.

*[Exeunt THOAS and IPHIGENIA.]*

CHORUS.

O D E.

I.

All hail, Latona's race, illustrious pair,  
 In Delos' fruitful vales of yore  
 Whom that exulting Goddess bore,  
 Apollo, for his golden hair,  
 And harp's melodious notes, renown'd,  
 With her who from the sounding bow  
 Sends forth th' inevitable wound:  
 The throes of childbirth thus repaid,  
 Not long on the same spot she staid,  
 The margin of that lake profound

(38) Into whose stagnant mass of waters flow  
 No springs refreshing: from its craggy strand,  
 To a more hospitable land

(38) "Pour l'intelligence de ce passage il suffira de ranger les termes dans l'ordre grammatical qui leur convient; *ματρίς λανθάνειος κλείσις λοχίας* " *τελείων αγνώστης, οργανήν από δύφορος παλαιας* (ει) *καρφας Παραστον*. Par ces paroles le Poete fait entendre que la mere d'Apollon et de Diane, "Latone, quittant les rochers de Delos, isle celebre a verite par ses " couches, mais qui ne l'est pas par une source pareille a celui de Cas-

She her immortal Twins convey'd,  
 Mounting Parnassus' height, where roam  
 Young Bacchus and his festive choir:  
 Beneath the deep embowering shade,  
 With speckled back, eyes darting fire,  
 And visage drench'd in crimson foam,  
 The Dragon, long, retreat had sound,  
 Earth's monstrous progeny: a mound  
 To skreen his foul abode from view  
 Of laurel's sacred verdure grew;  
 A sleepless guard, he watch'd around  
 The subterraneous Oracles.  
 While yet an infant thou didst spring  
 In the maternal arms, this foe,  
 O Phœbus, thy unerring shafts laid low.  
 Hence didst thou enter those prophetic cells,  
 And on the golden tripod, mighty King,  
 Thy seat establish; from a throne  
 Whence falsehood's banish'd, to make known  
 Thy oracles thro' every land,  
 With inspiration prompt to bless  
 That sacred spot (99) my lov'd recess,  
 Close to Castalia's tuneful spring,  
 The centre of the world, thy altars stand.

“ talie, transporta ses enfans sur le sommet de Parnasse, consacré à Bacchus et proche de Delphes ou Phebus eut bientot apres un oracle renommé *πεντη Καταλυτικη μάρη*.” Acad. Inscr. Tom. 31. Hist. p. 186.

I have transcribed the above criticism of Dupuy as by far the most obvious and satisfactory explanation I have met with of this difficult passage; Heath's arrangement of the words is in some measure similar: their remarks, however, were either not seen or totally disregarded by our two last editors of this tragedy, Mr. Markland, and Dr. Musgrave, as the former candidly allows that he does not understand his Author, and the latter has only proposed an alteration of the text, which he seems to have abandoned, it not being inserted in his Latin version, which affords a receptacle for most of his conjectural readings.

(99) Though we find Carmelli, Reiskins, Heath, and Dr. Musgrave, all concur in reprobating the word *μάρη*, and furnishing us according to custom with their four different conjectural alterations, I confess myself at a loss to discover in what respect any one of them has improved the

## II.

When Phœbus with restless might  
 Had cast forth Themis, child of Earth, (40)  
 Her mighty Parent griev'd, gave birth  
 To various spectres of the night,  
 And dreams which to the mental sight  
 Of the bewilder'd sons of men,  
 Sleeping beneath some murky den  
 Display'd things past, things present, and to come.  
 Thus Earth constrain'd Apollo to resign  
 Awhile the talent of prophetic song,  
 Resenting much her Daughter's wrong ;  
 Quench'd by her wrath then ceas'd the voice divine.  
 His oracles awhile were dumb :  
 But hastening to Olympus' choir  
 Who wait around the throne of Jove,  
 The youthful God besought his Sire,  
 From Pythian temples to remove,  
 Night's vague responses, and the ire

text, or what motive they had for making such attempt. From the Chorus' apologizing, v. 179 of the Tragedy, for their Asiatic dialect, Dr. Musgrave is of opinion that they are Ionians ; if so, they certainly could not with the natives of the province of Phocis claim any peculiar right in the oracle on mount Parnassus, or call it *theirs* in the same sense as, in the Ion, Creusa's followers, who are Athenians, on seeing the picture of Minerva at the Delphi, exclaim, " my Goddess." But *ἄλλων μάλα*, is a very just sentiment which Euripides puts into the mouth of Hippolytus : the oracles of Apollo were much visited by votaries of both sexes from distant regions, and the Phœnician virgins in our Author's third Tragedy are at Thebes in their road thither; nor hath it the sound of poetical exaggeration, for an Ionic Dame, sprung from Grecian parents, to express the strongest affection for the cave whence that God dealt forth his prophetic responses. The length of this Ode being too great for one stanza, I very readily comply with Dr. Musgrave's example in making two of it ; which, though called in his edition, Strophé, and Antistrophé, are so very far from according with each other in their measures in the original, that I hope such conformity will be dispensed with in the translation.

(40) In Hesiod's Generation of the Gods, v. 135, we find Themis enumerated among those children of *Ourano* & *Terra*, or Heaven and Earth, who were the elder-born Brothers and Sisters of Saturn or Time.

Of Earth dread Goddess. Jove benignly smil'd,  
 At the arrival of his Child  
 Prompted by strong desire  
 To obtain the honours of a God,  
 And shrines replete with massive gold ;  
 Scar'd by the Thunderer's aweful nod,  
 Each Vision fled, its power destroy'd,  
 And man no longer by his fears control'd  
 Night's treacherous oracles explor'd,  
 For to the honours he before enjoy'd  
 Apollo was by Jove restor'd :  
 Hence frequent votaries crowd his fane,  
 And with implicit awe rely  
 On the harmonious Deity,  
 Who rouses inspiration's magic strain.

## MESSENGER, CHORUS.

MESSENGER,

Ye guardians of the temple, who attend  
 Its altars, where is Thoas, Scythia's King ?  
 Unbar the massive doors, go forth and call  
 The Sovereign of the land.

CHORUS.

Ha! what hath happen'd !

(41) If without fresh injunctions I may speak.

MESSENGER.

The captive youths are gone, they from these coasts  
 Escaping, aided by the treacherous counsels  
 Of Agamemnon's Daughter, bore away  
 Diana's image in a Grecian bark.

CHORUS.

Incredible the tale thou hast related.  
 But as for him whom thou would'st see, our King,

(41) The latter part of this speech ought not, Mr. Heath observes, to be construed interrogatively ; the Messenger having addressed himself not to the Chorus, but to some persons who ministered in the Temple, the door of which appears to have been close to the scene of action.

In haste but now he from the temple went.

MESSENDER.

Whither? For he must hear what hath been done.

CHORUS.

We cannot tell: but follow him with speed,  
And if thou chance to overtake, relate  
These tidings.

MESSENDER.

Look, how treacherous the whole race  
Of women are! ye too have some concern  
In these transactions.

CHORUS.

Thou hast surely lost  
Thy reason! for what interest in th' escape  
Of strangers can we have? Without delay  
(42) Hence to the palace wilt thou not repair?

MESSENDER.

No, not till some interpreter hath first  
Inform'd me, if the ruler of this land  
Be in the fane. Ho! loose the massive bars!  
To those within the sanctuary I speak:  
And to your King announce, that at the door  
Laden with doleful tidings I attend.

THOAS, MESSENGER, CHORUS.

THOAS.

What miscreant raises, with unhallow'd voice,  
This uproar round Diana's lov'd abode,  
And thundering at the gate, spreads an alarm  
E'en to its sanctuary?

MESSENDER.

To drive me hence

(42) Mr. Heath and Dr. Musgrave's division of this and the next speech, of which I have availed myself, is a great improvement to this dialogue; the Chorus well knew that Thoas was within the temple, and wished to send the Messenger to the palace in quest of him, to delay the pursuit of their friends.

These women strove, regardless of the truth,  
When they denied that you were here within.

THOAS.

From such a fraud what gain could they expect,  
Or what was their pursuit?

MESSENGER.

Of what relates

To them I at a future time will speak :  
Now hear what claims your more immediate care ;  
The virgin Iphigenia, she whose office  
Was to attend these altars, from the land  
Fled with yon captive youths, and bore away  
The venerable statue of the Goddess ;  
Those expiatory rites of which she talk'd  
Were mere impostures.

THOAS.

Ha ! what's this thou say'st ?

What prompted her ?

MESSENGER.

To save Orestes' life ;

This haply will astonish you !

THOAS.

What him

Whom Clytemnestra, Tyndarus' Daughter bore ?

MESSENGER.

The same, whom at these altars to Diana  
She consecrated.

THOAS.

Prodigy of guilt !

How style thee by a more expressive name ?

MESSENGER.

Thither awhile your thoughts forbear to turn,  
But hear my tale, and after you have weigh'd  
Each circumstance with an attentive ear,  
Devise what means there are to overtake  
These strangers in their flight.

## THOAS.

Proceed: for well  
 Hast thou exprest thyself. So great a length  
 Will be their voyage, that they cannot 'scape  
 My vengeful spear.

## MESSENGER.

Soon as we reach'd the shores  
 Of Ocean, where conceal'd at anchor lay  
 Orestes' bark; to us, whom you dispatch'd  
 To guard the prisoners, Agamemnon's Daughter  
 A nod, the signal, gave, to stand aloof,  
 As if for sacrifice the mystic flame  
 She now was kindling, and without delay  
 Would purify the victims: in her hands  
 Holding the strangers' chains, then from our troop  
 (Which look'd suspicious), she with them retir'd:  
 But we, your servants, to her pleasure yielded  
 That deference, which, O Monarch, you enjoin'd.  
 To make us think her more and more engag'd,  
 As she pretended, by the solemn rite,  
 After some interval she rais'd her voice,  
 And chanted, in Barbaric strains, a form  
 Of expiation: when we long had sat  
 Waiting for their return, an anxious thought  
 Enter'd our minds, lest from (43) their chains set free

(43) The word *λύθηται* is, I apprehend, improperly rendered by Mr. West, "bursting their fetters:" for though Sinon, in Virgil, represents himself as bursting his bonds after the performance of certain initiatory rites, the salted cakes being prepared, and his head crowned with garlands: it was perhaps the art of the Poet to accompany his tale with circumstances of inconsistency, which would not strike the multitude, but with an accurate observer might conduce to a detection of its imposture: but on the contrary, in the Hecuba of Euripides, when Polixena is borne to the altar, she insists, with great vehemence, on not having her arms confined, that she might die in a manner becoming one who was born free: and in this very Tragedy, v. 468, on Orestes and Pylades (whom she then considers as fit victims,) being first brought to Iphigenia, she directs their chains to be taken off on account of their

Those foreigners might slay her, and escape  
Without obstruction. We, restrain'd by dread  
Of viewing what religious awe ordains  
Shall be perform'd in secrecy, still kept  
Our silent station : till at length we all  
Concurr'd in one opinion, to advance,  
Nor wait for leave to join them. But with oars,  
Like wings stretcht forth, we now beheld where rode  
The Grecian vessel; on its benches rang'd,  
Sat fifty mariners: no longer bound,  
On the high deck those youths exulting stood.  
With poles, some guided from the shelving rocks  
The prow, on its projecting edge some lodg'd  
The anchor, others up the ladders ran,  
And letting down the hausers, threw them forth  
Across the waves, that by their aid, from shore,  
With (44) safety they the Princess might convey.  
But soon as we their treacherous arts perceiv'd,  
Resolv'd to face all dangers, holding fast  
The Maid, and hausers of the ship, we strove,  
With all our might, to sever from the Poop  
Its rudder : in opprobrious words our rage  
Broke forth; Why sail ye hither? from these shores  
" Mean ye to steal the image, and our Priestess?  
" Whose son, who art thou, and on what pretence  
" Dost thou remove her like a purchas'd slave?"

being sacred to Diana; and accordingly, after the supposed performance of expiatory rites, they are now a second time unbound, according to the religious usages of those times.

(44) Without presuming to decide on this difficult passage, and those various conjectural readings which occur in the editions of Barnes, Markland, and Musgrave, I have endeavoured to express what seems to be the meaning of the passage, with as little deviation from the text as possible: the coast appears to have been so rocky, as to make the use of long poles necessary to prevent the ship from dashing itself to pieces by approaching too near; but the hausers and ladders which were thrown forth, in order to convey Iphigenia on shipboard, furnished some of the Scythian guards and crew of Orestes with a communication betwixt the shore and the ship, on which they met and fought.

He sternly answer'd ; " Know, I to this Maid  
" Am Brother, and Orestes is my name,  
" The Son of Agamemnon, I but seize,  
" And hence convey the Sister I had lost."  
All this prevented not our holding fast  
The virgin, and our utmost might exerting,  
That to thy presence we might drag them back ;  
For in the hands of neither party gleam'd  
The steely blade ; but we with fists alone  
Encounter'd them, until our batter'd sides  
Felt the superior prowess of those youths  
And our whole frame was in th' unequal strife  
O'erpower'd and harrass'd. We with livid marks  
Disfigur'd, to the promontory fled,  
Some on our heads, and others in our eyes,  
Had bloody wounds, but on that height our stand  
Maintaining, we with greater caution fought,  
And from the rock its shiver'd fragments threw :  
Till archers, mounted on the lofty poop,  
Thence drove us with their shafts : a mighty wave  
Meantime roll'd on, and forc'd the ship to land ;  
The sailors fear'd a wreck : but, undismay'd,  
Orestes plung'd into the waves, and bore  
His Sister on his shoulders ; up the side  
Of the high deck, then by the ladder's aid  
He sprung, and lodg'd her with Diana's image,  
Which from the skies descended, safe aboard ;  
While (45) from the vessel's inmost hold burst forth  
A voice ; " Ye valiant mariners of Greece,  
" Now ply your oars, now cut the frothy deep,  
" Since each inestimable prize is ours,

(45) The reading of *βοη την*, instead of *βοη την*, which, according to Mr. Mackland and Dr. Musgrave, is authorised by the Parisian manuscripts, appears to me a very forcible inducement for adopting the punctuation and interpretation suggested first by Mr. Heath, who justly observes, that the statue of Diana fell from Heaven, as is mentioned in these very lines, instead of crossing the Euxine sea to reach Tauris.

“ Crossing the Euxine tide, for which we steer’d  
 “ Twixt the Symplegades our arduous course.”  
 They dash’d the briny wave with murmuring sounds  
 Of exultation. Till it left the port,  
 The ship advanc’d ; but in the narrow mouth  
 Of ocean, by huge billows was assail’d :  
 For suddenly did an impetuous wind  
 Arise, which drove them backward, they in vain  
 The stubborn cordage stretch’d, and undismay’d,  
 With perseverance struggled ’gainst the waves :  
 But the tide swelling with resistless force,  
 Baffled their efforts, and again to land  
 Impell’d the bark : then Iphigenia rose  
 And pray’d ; “ O Daughter of Latona, save  
 “ Thy Priestess, waft me to the shores of Greece  
 “ From these Barbaric regions, and forgive  
 “ The theft I have committed : for thou lov’st  
 “ Thy Brother, and, O Goddess, wilt excuse  
 “ A deed which rises from a Sister’s zeal,”  
 The mariners receiv’d the virgin’s prayer  
 With clamorous Pæans, and their brawny arms  
 Extending, plied the sweeping oar, each rous’d  
 His comrade’s zeal : but to the shelving rock  
 Nearer and nearer still their bark approach’d ;  
 Some leap’d into the sea, the anchors some  
 Bound up with twisted cordage. I, O King,  
 Was hither with the utmost speed dispatch’d,  
 That I to you these tidings might convey.  
 Go then, with chains and gliding nooses arm’d :  
 For if the storm subside not, all the hopes  
 These foreigners had form’d of an escape,  
 Must vanish. (46) Neptune, Ocean’s aweful King,

(46) The part Neptune acts in Homer directly contradicts what is here said of his animosity to the Greeks, and affection for the Trojans: in the fifteenth book of the Iliad, he insists on Jupiter’s demolishing Troy according to the promise he had made ; and in the battle of the Gods, in the 21st, he challenges and reproaches Apollo, who had assisted him

O'er Ilion's friths oft casts his watchful eye,  
 But to the race of Pelops is a foe,  
 And will yield up, so justice hath ordain'd,  
 To you, and to your citizens, the Son  
 Of Agamemnon; ye with him shall take  
 His Sister too, unmindful how she scap'd  
 From death at Aulis, who again is caught  
 By that vindictive Goddess she betray'd.

## CHORUS.

Unhappy virgin, Iphigenia, doom'd  
 To be the partner of your Brother's fate,  
 How are you fall'n again into the hands  
 Of Lords most merciless!

## THOAS.

O ye who dwell  
 In this Barbaric region, why delay  
 Your steeds to bridle, and with swift career  
 The shore approaching, intercept these Greeks  
 As from their stranded bark they issue forth,  
 And, aided by Diana's self, pursue  
 These impious miscreants with redoubled speed?  
 Will ye not launch my ships, that, or by sea,  
 Or with a numerous cavalry, by land,  
 When we their flight o'ertake, we from the rock  
 May either dash them headlong, or suspend  
 Their bodies on the ignominious stake.

in erecting that city, with having forgotten the perjuries of Laomedon, and with his unjust partiality for the descendants of that faithless Tyrant. However, after the terrible disaster the Grecian navy had experienced on the rocks of Caphareus, the Tragic Poet may, in some measure, be justified for here representing the God of the Sea as unpropitious to his countrymen: but in his Trojan Captives, this deviation from Homer seems to have misled Euripides into a much greater impropriety, when he describes Minerva and Neptune as meeting in order to effect a reconciliation of their antient enmity arising from the opposite parts they had acted during the siege of Troy; though in the last mentioned book of the Iliad, they unite to save Achilles from being overwhelmed by the waters of Scamander.

But as for you, ye women, to their schemes  
 Who have been privy, I your guilt will punish  
 When I have leisure, but am now intent  
 On greater objects which demand my care.

## MINERVA, THOAS, CHORUS.

## MINERVA.

Whither, O Thoas, whither, furious King,  
 Lead'st thou thy squadrons eager in the chase?  
 These counsels of Minerva hear, desist  
 From thy pursuit, nor rouse the storms of war:  
 Since by the dread behests of fate enjoin'd,  
 By Phœbus' oracles, Orestes came  
 Reluctant to this land, that he might 'scape  
 The wrath of the Eumenides, convey  
 His Sister to her native Argos' coast,  
 And lodge the statue in my chosen realm (47):  
 Thus far to thee, O King, relates my speech:  
 But as for him thy purpose is to slay,  
 Orestes, intercepted by the surge,  
 To him e'en now doth Neptune, for my sake,  
 A prosperous voyage grant, and waft his bark  
 Over the level surface of the main.  
 Thou too, Orestes, having learnt my will,  
 (For tho' thou art not here, Minerva's voice  
 To thee is audible) go, bear away  
 That image, and thy Sister, from these shores:  
 But soon as thou arriv'st at Athens rear'd  
 By hands divine, in the extremest bounds  
 Of Attica, near steep Carysthus' mount  
 There is a sacred spot known, by the name  
 Of (48) Halas, to my people; there erect

(47) Athens, as has been repeatedly mentioned: see particularly v. 90, and v. 978 in Barnes's edition.

(48) The region called, by Strabo and Stephanus Byzantinus, Halas; or Halæ Araphenides, is situated according to what we collect from these authors, and the commentaries of Holstenius, on the sea-coast, in that

A temple to receive the Statue call'd  
Tauric Diana ; thus to future times  
Transmitting a remembrance of thy toils,  
And wanderings thro' all Greece, from realm to realm  
Chas'd by the Furies. Hence unnumber'd throngs  
Shall join the choral hymn, and by that name  
The Goddess celebrate. Enact this law,  
That when they meet to hold the solemn feast,  
Grateful for thy miraculous escape  
From sacrifice, the Priest shall o'er the neck  
Of him who personates the victim, wave  
His sword, and draw forth crimson drops of blood ;  
The honours which she claims, in later days  
Thus shall the sacred Artemis maintain :  
But you, O Iphigenia, still must bear  
The key that opes her shrine, doom'd to reside  
On the bleak summit of Brauronia's rocks :  
There, after death, shall they inter your corse,  
And grace your sepulchre with costly robes  
Of silken tissue, by those matrons left,  
Who in the pangs of childbirth breathe their last.  
But I on thee, Orestes, must impose  
Yet one injunction more, that thou convey  
These (49) Grecian damsels from the Scythian Coast,  
Mindful of their unshaken faith : for thee  
Did I preserve, when at the hill of Mars

part of Attica, which borders on the Boeotian territories: the city of Carysthus, in the island of Eubcea, is separated from the Athenian limits by the narrow firth the Euripus, and the name of the mountain here spoken of, at the foot of which Carysthus was situated, is Occha.

(49) Brodæus supposes that there is a deficiency in the original between this and the following line. Dupuy, in the *Acad. des Inscript.* Tom. 31, Hist. p. 187, and Mr. Markland, have adopted the same opinion, and consider the Goddess as here addressing herself to Thoas. Without presuming to decide whether the authorities of these learned men, or those of Barnes, Brumoy, Mr. West, and Dr. Musgrave, who think otherwise, ought to predominate, I have chosen to follow the latter for the sake of avoiding a disagreeable break and confusion in this speech, where it did not seem clearly necessary.

The votes were equal, and on thy behalf  
 Gave sentence: henceforth shall the self-same law  
 Prevail, and an equality of votes  
 Be deem'd sufficient to acquit the man  
 Charg'd with a crime. But far from these domains  
 Now bear thy Sister, thou illustrious Son  
 Of Agamemnon, and, O Thoas, curb  
 Thine anger.

## THOAS:

O Minerva, awful Queen,  
 Devoid of reason is the man who yields  
 No credence to the Gods' supreme behests:  
 But I, against Orestes, tho' he bore  
 Diana's sacred image from this land,  
 And 'gainst his Sister, all resentment wave.  
 For what could it avail me to contend  
 With Heaven's resistless might? let them convey  
 The statue to your lov'd Athenian realm,  
 And place it in a more auspicious shrine.  
 To happy Greece these females will I send,  
 As you enjoin, and stay the troops, and barks  
 Prepar'd against yon strangers. With your pleasure,  
 O Goddess, I comply.

## MINERVA.

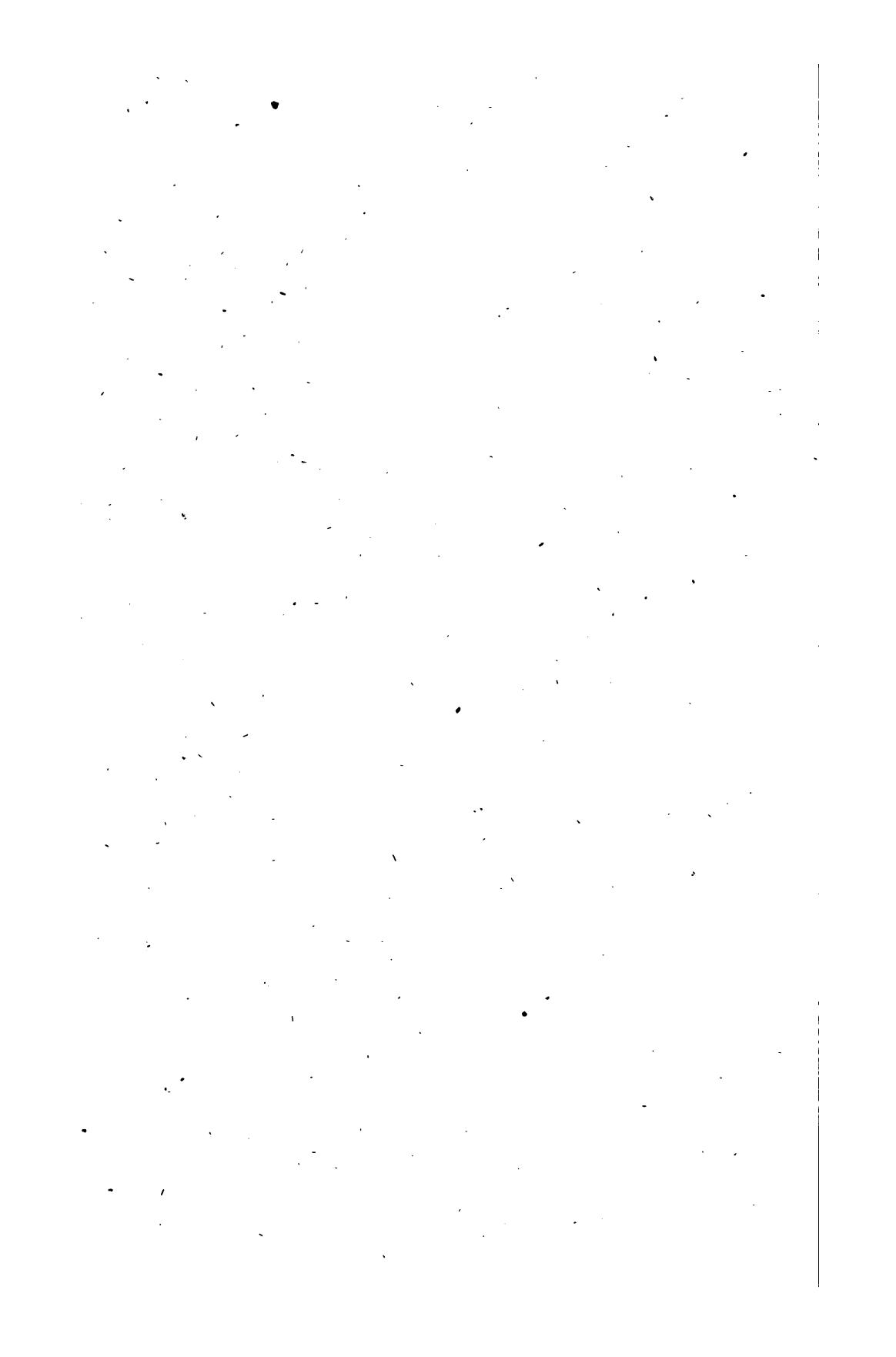
Such (50) conduct claims  
 My praise, for stern Necessity prevails  
 Both over thee, and the immortal Powers.  
 Go, gentle gales, go waft the ship which bears  
 The Son of Agamemnon to the coast  
 Of Athens: I his voyage will attend,  
 My Sister's sacred image to preserve.  
 Away, O ye whose every toil's o'erpaid

(50) In Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave's editions, on the authority of a Parisian manuscript, the line, which usually closes Thoas's speech, is placed at the commencement of that of Minerva, and is thought to be an improvement to the context.

By Fate's benignant gifts ; for ye with truth  
May be styl'd happy.

## CHORUS.

But, O thou, rever'd  
By Gods and mortals, Pallas, thy commands  
Are we prepar'd to execute with joy.  
For tidings most delightful, which exceed  
Our utmost hopes, now vibrate on mine ear.  
O venerable Victory, take possession  
Of my whole life, nor ever cease to twine  
Around these brows thy laureat wreath divine.



## R H E S U S.

Nec procul hinc Rhesi niveis tentoria velis  
Agnoscit lachrymans, primo quæ prodita somno.  
Tydides multa vastabat cæde cruentus;  
Ardentesq; avertit equos in castra, priusquam  
Pabula gustassent Trojæ Xanthamque bibrissent.

VIRGIL.

## PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

CHORUS OF TROJAN CENTINELS.

HECTOR.

ÆNEAS.

DOLON.

A SHEPHERD.

RHESUS.

ULYSSES.

DIOMEDE.

PARIS.

MINERVA.

THE MUSE.

THE CHARIOTEER OF RHESUS.

SCENE—BEFORE HECTOR'S TENT AT THE GATES OF  
TROY.

## R H E S U S. (1)

### CHORUS.

LET some swift Centinel to Hector's tent  
Go and enquire if any messenger  
Be yet arriv'd, who recent tidings bears  
From those, who during the fourth nightly watch  
Are by the host deputed. On your arm  
Sustain your head, unfold those louring eye-lids,  
And from your lowly couch of wither'd leaves,  
O Hector, rise, for it is time to listen.

### HECTOR.

Who comes? art thou a friend? pronounce the watch  
word.  
Who are ye, that by night approach my bed?  
Speak oft.

### CHORUS.

We guard the camp.

(1) The Prologue to Rhesus is wanting; but the following part of it, taken by Isaac Vossius from a Florentine manuscript, is quoted with some corrections by Valkenaer in his Diatribè in Euripidis perditorum Dramatum reliquas, p. 90, 4to. Lug. Bat. 1767, usually bound up with his edition of Hippolytus. These lines are evidently spoken by Juno:

O Pallas, daughter of imperial Jove,  
I come: until this hour hath envious Fate  
With-held our succours from the Grecian host.  
For now, in battle worsted, are they harrass'd  
By Hector's forceful spear. No grief hath sat  
More heavy on my soul, since Paris judg'd  
The charms of Venus to transcend both mine  
And yours, Minerva, whom of all the gods  
I hold most dear! nor will this sorrow cease,  
Unless o'erthrown and utterly destroy'd  
The walls of faithless Priam I behold.

HECTOR.

Why com'st thou hither  
With this tumultuous haste?

CHORUS.

Be of good cheer.

HECTOR.

I am. Hast thou discover'd in the camp  
This night some treachery?

CHORUS.

None.

HECTOR.

Why then deserting  
The post where thou art station'd; dost thou rouse  
The troops, unless thou thro' this midnight gloom  
Bring some important tidings? know'st thou not  
That near the Argive host we under arms  
Take our repose.

CHORUS.

Prepare your brave allies:

Go to their chambers, bid them wield the spear,  
Rouse them from slumber, and dispatch your friends  
To your own troop; caparison the steeds.  
Who bears the swift alarm to (2) Panthœus' son?  
Who to (3) Europa's offspring, Lycia's chief?

(2) We meet with three sons of Panthœus in Homer: Polydamas, who is mentioned in several battles, and is chiefly known by his conference with Hector in the 12th book of the Iliad; Hyperenor, killed by Menelaus in the 14th, where he is called *Illyrian hero*, as bearing a considerable command in the army (of whom Barnes takes no notice), and Euphorbus, who wounds Patroclus in the 16th, and in attempting to revenge the death of his Brother Hyperenor, falls by the hand of Menelaus in single combat in the 17th: but it is impossible to ascertain which of them Euripides here means.

(3) Sarpedon, whom the classical writers unanimously speak of as the son of Jupiter: but though Herodotus, Strabo, and Apollodorus, accord with Euripides in calling Europa, the daughter of Agenor, his mother, he was, according to Homer, the offspring of Laodamia, whose two parents were Bellerophon, and a daughter of Iobates, king of Lycia: their son Hippolochus was the father of Glæucus, who, according to the

Where are the Priests who should inspect the victims?  
 Who leads the light-arm'd squadron to the field?  
 And where are Phrygia's archers? let each bow  
 Be strung.

## HECTOR.

Thy tidings are in part alarming,  
 In part thou giv'st us courage, tho' thou speak  
 Nought plainly. By the terrifying scourge  
 Of Pan hast thou been smitten, that thou leav'st  
 Thy station to alarm the host? Explain  
 These clamorous sounds. What tidings shall I say  
 Thou bring'st? thy words are many, but their drift  
 I comprehend not.

## CHORUS.

All night long, O Hector,  
 The Grecian camp hath kindled fires, the torches  
 Amid their fleet are blazing, and the host  
 Tumultuous rush to Agamemnon's tent,  
 At midnight calling on the king t' assemble  
 A council: for the sailors never yet  
 Were thus alarm'd. But I, because I fear  
 What may ensue, these tidings hither bring,  
 Lest you should charge me with a breach of duty.

## HECTOR.

Full seasonably thou com'st, altho' thou speak  
 Words fraught with terror: for these dastards hope  
 They in their barks shall from this shore escape  
 Ere I discover them: their kindled fires  
 Prove this suspicion. Thou, O partial Jove,  
 Hast robb'd me of my triumph, like the prey  
 Torn from the lion, ere I have destroy'd

circumstantial account given of those two heroes in the 6th book of the Iliad, possessed, jointly with Sarpedon; Lycia, the hereditary throne of their common Grandmother: but, according to Herodotus and Strabo, Sarpedon obtained the sovereignty of that country by conquest, and not by inheritance.

With this avenging spear the Grecian host.  
 Had not the Sun withdrawn his radiant beams,  
 I the successful battle had prolong'd  
 Till I had burnt their ships, and hewn a way  
 Thro' their encampments, and in slaughter drench'd  
 My bloody hand. I would have fought by night  
 And taken my advantage of the gales  
 Sent by auspicious fortune: but the wise,  
 And Seers who knew the will of Heaven, advis'd me  
 To wait but till to-morrow's dawn appear'd,  
 And then sweep every Grecian from the land.  
 But now no longer will they stay to prove  
 The truth of what my Prophets have foretold:  
 For cowards in the midnight gloom are brave.  
 Instantly therefore thro' the host proclaim  
 These orders; "Take up arms, and rouse from sleep;"  
 Pierc'd thro' the back as to the ships he flies,  
 So shall full many a dastard with his gore  
 Distain the steep aseent; the rest fast bound  
 In galling chains shall learn to till our fields.

## CHORUS.

O Hector, ere you learn the real fact,  
 You are too hasty: for we know not yet  
 That they are flying.

## HECTOR.

Wherefore then by night  
 Are those fires kindled thro' the Grecian camp?

## CHORUS.

I am not certain, tho' my soul full strongly  
 Suspects the cause.

## HECTOR.

If thou fear this, thou tremblest  
 At a mere shadow.

## CHORUS.

Such a light ne'er blaz'd  
 Before among the foes.

HECTOR.

Nor such defeat

In battle, did they e'er till now experience.

CHORUS.

This have you done ; look now to what remains.

HECTOR.

I give this short direction ; take up arms  
Against the foe.

CHORUS.

Behold ! Æneas comes :

Sure, from his haste, some tidings, which deserve  
His friends' attentive ear, the warrior brings.

ÆNEAS, HECTOR, CHORUS.

ÆNEAS.

What mean the watch, O Hector, who by night  
Were to their stations in the camp assign'd,  
That they, with terror smitten, at your chamber  
In a nocturnal counsel have assembled ?  
And why is the whole army thus in motion ?

HECTOR.

Put on thy arms, Æneas.

ÆNEAS.

What hath happen'd ?

Are you inform'd that in this midnight gloom  
The foe hath form'd some stratagem ?

HECTOR.

They fly !

They mount their ships.

ÆNEAS.

What proof have you of this ?

HECTOR.

All night their torches blaze ; to me they seem  
As if they would not wait to-morrow's dawn :  
But, kindling fires upon their lofty decks,  
They sure fly homeward from this hostile land.

## ÆNEAS.

But why, if it be thus, prepare your troops  
For battle?

## HECTOR.

As they mount the deck, this spear  
Shall overtake the dastards; I their flight  
Will harrass: for 'twere base, and prejudicial  
As well as base, when Heaven delivers up  
The foe into our hands, to suffer those  
Who wrong'd us to escape without a conflict.

## ÆNEAS.

Ah! would to Heaven you equally stood foremost  
In wisdom, as in courage: but one man  
By bounteous nature never was endued  
With knowledge universal: various gifts  
Doth she dispense, to you the warrior's palm,  
(4) To others sapient counsels: now you hear  
Their torches blaze, you thence infer the Greeks  
Are flying, and would lead the troops by night  
Over the trenches: but when you have pass'd  
The yawning fosse, should you perceive the foes,  
Instead of flying from the land, resist,  
With dauntless courage, your pretended spear,  
If you are vanquish'd, to these sheltering walls  
You never can return: for in their flight  
How shall the troops o'er slanting palisades  
Escape, or, how the charioteer direct  
Over the narrow bridge his crashing wheels?  
If you prevail, you have a foe at hand,  
The son of Peleus, from your flaming torches  
Who will protect the fleet, nor suffer you  
Utterly to destroy the Grecian host  
As you expect; for he is brave. Our troops

(4) See the conference between Annibal and Maherbal, after the victory gained over the Romans at Cannæ; in Livy, Plutarch's Life of Fabius, and Rollin Histoire Romaine.

Let us then leave to rest from martial toils,  
 And sleep beside their shields. That we dispatch  
 Amid the foe some voluntary spy,  
 Is my advice: if they prepare for flight,  
 Let us assail the Greeks; but if those fires  
 Are kindled to ensnare us, having learn'd  
 The enemies' intentions, let us hold  
 A second council on this great emprise.  
 Illustrious chief, I have declar'd my thoughts.

## CHORUS.

## I.

These counsels I approve: thy wayward scheme  
 O Hector, change, and think the same:  
 For perilous commands I deem,  
 Given by the headstrong chief, deserve our blame.  
 Why send not to the fleet a spy,  
 Who may approach the treches, and descry  
 With what intent our foes upon the strand  
 Have kindled many a flaming brand?

## HECTOR.

Ye have prevail'd, because ye all concur  
 In one opinion: but depart, prepare  
 Thy fellow-soldiers, for perhaps the host  
 May by the rumours of our nightly council  
 Be put in motion. I will send a spy  
 Among the Greeks; and if we learn what schemes  
 They have devis'd, the whole of my intentions  
 To thee will I immediately reveal  
 In person. With confusion and dismay  
 But if the foe precipitate their flight,  
 Give ear, and follow where the clang ing trump  
 Summons thee forth, for then I cannot wait,  
 But will this night attack the Grecian host,  
 Storm their entrenchments, and destroy their fleet.

## ÆNEAS.

Dispatch the messenger without delay.  
 For you now think discreetly, and in me

Shall find, when needed, in your bold emprise  
A firm associate. [Exit *ÆNEAS.*]

HECTOR.

What brave Trojan, present  
At this our conference, as a spy will go  
T' explore the Grecian navy ? to this land  
What generous benefactor will arise ?  
Who answers ? for I singly cannot serve  
The cause of Troy and its confederate bands  
In every station.

(5) DOLON.

For my native realm,  
Facing this danger, to the fleet of Greece  
I as a spy will go ; and when I've search'd  
Into the progress of our foes, return :  
But I on these conditions undertake  
The toilsome enterprise —

HECTOR.

Thou well deserv'st

Thy name, and to thy country art a friend,  
O Dolon ; for this day thy (6) father's house,  
Which is already noble, thou exalt'st  
With double fame.

(5) Though Dolon now makes his first appearance as a speaker, he has evidently been on the stage during the whole of the conference between Hector and *Æneas* ; he must therefore, either have entered with the latter, or as I am rather inclined to think, is one of the watch who form the Chorus, and remains undistinguished among the body, till he comes forward, to accept the employment offered by Hector : the word *Δόλων*, Dolon, the name of our adventurer, signifies both in the Greek and Latin languages a kind of staff, with a little rapier concealed in it. Plutarch in his Lives of the two Græcusses, speaks of these weapons, as only made use of by assassins ; but Virgil has armed the followers of Aventinus with them,

*Pila manu scèvose gerunt in bella Dolones.*

Hence arises the pun with which Hector begins his answer ; but these strokes of low wit, which are too frequent in the writings of the antiquits, are impossible to be retained in a translation, nor is the loss of them (in a tragedy especially) to be in the least regretted.

(6) The Father of Dolon, according to Homer, was named Eumedes.

DOLON.

I therefore ought to strive :

But after all my labours let me reap  
A suitable reward. If gain arise  
From the performance of the task enjoin'd,  
We feel a twofold joy.

HECTOR.

This were but just :

I contradict thee not: name thy reward ;  
Choose what thou wilt, except the rank I bear.

DOLON.

Your rich domains I wish not to possess.

HECTOR.

To thee a daughter of imperial Priam  
In marriage shall be given.

DOLON.

With my superiors

I will not wed.

HECTOR.

Abundant gold is ours,  
If thou prefer this stipend.

DOLON.

My own house  
With wealth is furnish'd, I am far remote  
From want.

HECTOR.

What then dost thou desire that Troy  
Contains?

DOLON.

When you have conquer'd the proud Greeks,  
Promise to give me —

HECTOR.

I will give the all  
That thou canst ask, except my royal captives.

DOLON.

Slay them ; I seek not to withhold your arm  
From cutting off the vanquish'd Menelaus.

HECTOR.

Is it thy wish, Oileus' son to thee (7)  
 Should be consign'd?

DOLON.

The hands of princes, nurtur'd  
 Effeminately, are not form'd to till  
 The stubborn soil.

HECTOR.

From which of all the Greeks  
 Taken alive would'st thou receive his ransom?

DOLON.

Already have I told you, that at home  
 I have abundant riches.

HECTOR.

Thou shalt choose  
 Among our spoils.

DOLON.

For offerings let them hang  
 High in the temples of the Gods.

HECTOR.

What gift  
 Greater than these canst thou from me require?

DOLON.

Achilles' steeds: for when I stake my life  
 On Fortune's dye, 'twere reasonable to strive  
 For such an object as deserves my toils.

(7) Ajax, frequently called the "less," to distinguish him from the son of Telamon; Homer marks out his inferiority of strength and stature in the strongest terms.

Μινώ, μη τοῦς γέ, οὐδὲ Τελαύδην: Αἴας

Ἄλλα τοῦν μεντον, οὐδεὶς μησ εη.

Il. L. 2. v. 522.

All these words in the Greek are by Pope contracted into " Ajax the " less." Homer represents him as a man of the most undaunted courage, but having had the audaciousness to ravish Cassandra in the temple of Minerva, he perished by shipwreck in his return from the siege of Troy, his fate being recorded, with some variations, by Homer, Quintus Calaber, Virgil, and several other writers.

## HECTOR.

Although thou in thy wishes to possess  
 Those steeds hast interfer'd with me : for sprung  
 From an immortal race themselves immortal  
 They bear Pelides through the ranks of war,  
 Neptune, 'tis said, the king of ocean, tam'd them  
 And gave to Peleus : I, who prompted thee  
 To this emprise, will not bely thy hopes,  
 But to adorn thy noble Father's house,  
 On thee Achilles' generous steeds bestow.

## DOLON.

This claims my gratitude : if I succeed,  
 My courage will for me obtain a palm,  
 Such as no Phrygian ever won before :  
 Nor should you envy me, for joys unnumber'd  
 And the first station in the realm, are yours.

[*Exit HECTOR.*

## CHORUS.

## II.

The danger's great, but great rewards allure  
 Thee, generous youth, t' assert thy claim,  
 Thrice blest if thou the gift procure,  
 Yet will thy toils deserve immortal fame :  
 Th' allies of kings let grandeur tend,  
 May Heaven and Justice thy emprise befriend,  
 For thou already seem'st to have acquir'd  
 All that from man can be desir'd.

## DOLON.

I am resolv'd to go : but my own doors  
 First must I enter, and myself attire  
 In such a garb as suits my present scheme,  
 Thence will I hasten to the Argive fleet.

## CHORUS.

What other dress intend'st thou to assume  
 Instead of that thou wear'st ?

## DOLON.

Such as befits

My errand and the stealth with which I travel.

CHORUS.

We ought to gain instruction from the wise.  
What covering hast thou chosen for thy body?

DOLON.

I to my back will fit the tawny hide  
Of a slain (8) wolf, will muffle up my front  
With the beast's hairy visage, fit my hands  
To his fore-feet, thrust into those behind  
My legs, and imitate his savage gait;  
Approaching undiscover'd by the foe,  
The trenches and the ramparts that defend  
The navy: but whenever I shall come  
To desert places, on two feet I mean  
To travel: such deception have I fram'd.

CHORUS.

May Hermes, Maïa's offspring, who presides  
O'er well-conducted fallacies, assist  
Thy journey thither, and with safety lead  
Thy homeward steps! for well thou understand'st  
The business; there is nought which yet thou need'st  
But good success.

DOLON.

I shall return in safety,  
And having slain Ulysses, or the son

(8) We are here referred by Dr. Musgrave to Josephus, who informs us, that when he was besieged in Jossapata by Vespasian, he found means for a time to send letters to his countrymen without the walls by disguising his messengers in hides that they might be taken for dogs. Villoison thinks the shepherd Dorcon in Longus, who puts on a wolf's hide to fright Chloe his obdurate mistress, acts much more in character than Dolon, and I confess the Μεγάλα πορνεῖα of the citizen in the Arcanenses of Aristophanes, who makes his daughters disguise themselves like Pigs and creep into a sack that he may sell them to Dicæopolis, strikes me as a well-pointed ridicule on this stratagem of Dolon: though I do not find any reference made in either of these passages from one author to the other, by the editors of Euripides, or even those of Aristophanes, whom we naturally expect to be more ready in pointing out parallels of this nature.

Of Tydeus, bring to you their ghastly heads :  
 For (9) omens of assur'd success are mine :  
 Then say that Dolon reach'd the Grecian fleet.  
 These hands distain'd with gore, my native walls  
 Will I revisit ere the Sun arise. [Exit DOLON.]

## CHORUS.

## O D E.

## I. 1.

O thou, who issuing with majestic tread  
 From Delian, Lycian, or Thymbræan fanes ;  
 Twang'st thy unerring bow ; on Phrygia's plains,  
 Apollo, thy celestial influence shed,  
 Hither come with nightly speed,  
 The enterprizing Chief to lead  
 Through mazes undiscover'd by our foes ;  
 Aid thy lov'd Dardanian line,  
 For matchless strength was ever thine,  
 Constructed by thy hand Troys antient bulwarks rose.

## I. 2.

Speed Dolon's journey to the Grecian fleet,  
 Let him esp'y th' entrenchments of their host ;  
 Again in triumph from the stormy coast.  
 Conduct the warrior to his native seat ;  
 May he mount that chariot drawn  
 By steeds that brows'd the Phthian lawn  
 When our brave lord, the Mars of Greece, hath slain ;

(9) Apprehending the word *σημεῖον* in this passage : ought to be rendered an “*Omen*” (which Henry Stephens, Thes. Gr. Ling. V. I. p. 705, shews to be sometimes its meaning, by instances from Plutarch, Xenophon, &c. “*quod signum sit rei futuræ*”), and not the *sign* or *token* of a victory already gained ; I. continue the reading of *σημ* with Aldus, Barnes, &c. Dr. Musgrave has altered it into *σημων* on the authority of two manuscripts which he has specified in his note, but on referring from thence to the list he has given in V. I. p. 381 of his edition of Euripides, we are induced to suppose that the Aldine reading of *σημ* is supported by a greater number of manuscripts of at least equal weight and antiquity.

Courser of unrival'd speed,  
 Which erst to Eacus's seed  
 To Peleus, Neptune gave who rules the billowy main.

## II. 1.

His country, his paternal walls, to save,  
 The generous youth explores the anchor'd fleet :  
 From me such worth shall due encomiums meet.  
 How few with hardy bosoms stem the wave,  
 When Hyperion veils his face,  
 And cities tremble on their base !  
 At this dread crisis Phrygian heroes rise,  
 Mysian chiefs, uncurb'd by fear,  
 Brandish with nervous arm the spear :  
 Curst be the lying tongue that slanders my allies.

## II. 2.

In savage guise now Dolon stalks array'd,  
 With step adventurous o'er the hostile ground :  
 What Grecian chief shall feel the deadly wound,  
 While the wolf's hide conceals his glittering blade ?  
 Weltering first in crimson gore,  
 May Menelaus rise no more ;  
 Next may the victor, Agamemnon's head  
 Bear to Helen, stung with grief  
 At her affinity to that fam'd chief  
 Who in a thousand ships to Troy his squadrons led.

## A SHEPHERD, HECTOR, CHORUS.

## SHEPHERD.

Most gracious monarch, may I ever greet  
 My lords with tidings such as now I bring !

## HECTOR.

Full oft misapprehension clouds the soul  
 Of simple rustics : to thy Lord in arms  
 Thou of thy fleecy charge art come to speak  
 At this unseemly crisis : know'st thou not  
 My mansion, or the palace of my Sire ?  
 There ought'st thou to relate how fare thy flock.

SHEPHERD.

We shepherds are, I own, a simple race,  
Yet my intelligence deserves attention.

HECTOR.

Such fortunes as befall the fold, to me  
Relate not, for I carry in this hand  
The battle and the spear.

SHEPHERD.

I too am come  
Such tidings to unfold; for a brave Chief,  
Your friend, the leader of a numerous host,  
Marches to fight the battles of this realm.

HECTOR.

But from what country?

SHEPHERD.

Thrace, and he is call'd  
The son of Strymon.

HECTOR.

Didst thou say, that Rhesus  
Hath enter'd Ilion's fields?

SHEPHERD.

You comprehend me,  
And have anticipated half my speech.

HECTOR.

Why doth he travel over Ida's hill,  
Deserting that broad path where loaded wains  
With ease might move?

SHEPHERD.

I have no certain knowledge;  
Yet may we form conjectures; 'tis a scheme  
Most prudent, with his host to march by night  
Because he hears the plain with hostile bands  
Is cover'd: but us rustics he alarm'd,  
Who dwell on Ida's mount, the antient (10) seat

(10) " The Poet here seems to allude to Homer's account of the  
" mountain Ida being inhabited before Troy was built in the plain;

Of Ilion's first inhabitants, by night  
 When through that wood, the haunt of savage beasts,  
 The warrior trod ? for with a mighty shout  
 The Thracian host rush'd on, but we, our flocks,  
 With terror smitten, to the summit drove,  
 Lest any Greek should come to seize the prey,  
 And waste your crowded stalls : till we discover'd  
 Voices so different from th' Hellenian tribes,  
 That we no longer fear'd them. I advanc'd,  
 And in the Thracian language, made enquiry  
 Of the king's vanguard, as they mov'd along  
 To explore a passage for the host, what name  
 Their leader bore, sprung from what noble Sire,  
 To Ilion's walls he came, the friend of Priam.  
 When I had heard each circumstance I wish'd  
 To know, I for a time stood motionless,  
 And saw majestic Rhesus, like a God  
 High in his chariot, drawn by Thracian steeds  
 Whiter than snow, a golden beam confin'd  
 Their necks, and o'er his shoulders hung a shield  
 Adorn'd with sculptures wrought in massive gold ;  
 Like that which in Minerva's *Aegis* flames,  
 Bound on the coursers' front, a brazen Gorgon  
 Tinkled incessant with alarming sound.  
 The numbers of an army so immense

επώ θεος ιπή<sup>πολις</sup>  
 Επι τεσσαράκοντα, ταῦτα μάρτυρες ανθρώπων,  
 Αλλ' οὐτε πεντακοσίους τολμεῖσθαι Ιδα.

Il. L. 20. v. 216.

Ilion then

(The city since of many-languag'd men)

Was not. The natives were content to till

The shady foot of Ida's fountul hill.

PÓPE.

" he therefore calls it *αυραῖς*, as being the sole root from which the inhabitants of that nation traced their origin." Dr. MUSGRAVE.

Strabo comments on Homer's description of the tomb of Ilus, the founder of Troy, from whom that city derived its name of Ilion, which is spoken of as situated in the middle of the plain ; by conjecturing that he was there interred because he was the first who ventured to leave the mountain.

I cannot calculate; the horse were many,  
 Many the ranks of troops with bucklers arm'd,  
 And archers; and a countless multitude,  
 Light infantry in Thracian vests array'd  
 Brought up the rear. Such is th' ally who comes  
 On Troy's behalf to combat; nor by flight,  
 Nor by withstanding his pretended spear,  
 Can Peleus' son escape him.

## CHORUS.

When the Gods  
 Are to a realm propitious, each event  
 Is easily converted into bliss.

## HECTOR.

Since I in battle prosper, and since Jove  
 Is on our side, I shall have many friends;  
 But those we need not who in former time  
 Our toils partook not, with malignant blast  
 When on the sails of Ilion Mars had breath'd.  
 Rhesus hath shewn too plainly what a friend  
 He is to Troy, for to the feast he comes,  
 Yet was he absent when the hunters seiz'd  
 Their prey, nor did he share the toils of war.

## CHORUS.

You justly scorn such friends; yet, O receive  
 Those who would aid the city.

## HECTOR.

We who long  
 Have guarded Ilion can defend it now.

## CHORUS.

Are you persuaded you have gain'd already  
 A triumph o'er the foes?

## HECTOR.

I am persuaded,  
 And when to-morrow's Sun the Heaven ascends  
 This shall be prov'd.

## CHORUS.

Beware of what may happen;

Jove oft' o'erthrows the prosperous.

HECTOR.

I abhor

These tardy succours.

SHEPHERD.

O, my Lord, 'twere odious,  
Should you reject with scorn the proffer'd aid  
Of our allies: the sight of such an host  
Will strike the foe with terror.

CHORUS.

Since he comes

But as a guest, not partner in the war,  
Let him approach your hospitable board,  
For little thanks are due from Priam's sons  
To such confederates.

HECTOR.

Prudent are thy counsels,  
Thou too hast rightly judg'd ; and in compliance  
With what the messenger hath said, let Rhesus  
Refulgent in his golden arms draw near,  
For Ilion shall receive him as her friend.

[Exit SHEPHERD.

CHORUS.

O. D. E.

I. 1.

Daughter of Jove, forbear to wreak  
Impending vengeance, though the tongue,  
(11) O Nemesis, its boastful strain prolong :  
I the free dictates of my soul will speak.

(11) " It is universally known that Nemesis was esteemed by the ancients the avenger of arrogance and insolence. See the Adagy of Erasmus on Adrastean Nemesis, and because Jupiter, as Sophocles observes,

μηγαληγ γλωσση καμπτεις

Τηρηχθαισ.

hates the boastings of the proud,

Antigone, v. 129.

FRANCKLIN.

" when they were disposed to speak in pompous terms, as Gasper Stib-

Thou com'st brave son of that illustrious spring,  
 Thou com'st thrice welcome to our social hall ;  
 At length doth thy Pierian Mother bring  
 Her favour'd child, while ling'ring in his fall,  
 Adorn'd by many a bridge, thee with paternal call.

## I. 2.

Doth Strymon summon to the field : of yore  
 When he the tuneful Muse address'd,  
 A gliding stream he sought her snowy breast,  
 Thee, lovely youth, the yielding Goddess bore :  
 To us thou com'st a tutelary power  
 Yoking thy coursers to the fervid car :  
 O Phrygia ! O my country ! at this hour  
 Hastes thy deliverer glittering from afar,  
 Him may'st thou call thy Jove, thy thunderbolt of war.

## II. 1.

While swiftly glides th' unheeded day,  
 Again shall Troy without control  
 Chant the young Loves, and o'er the foaming bowl  
 The sportive contest urge 'midst banquets gay ;  
 But Atreus's sons desponding cross the wave,  
 And sail from Ilion to the Spartan strand.  
 Accomplish what thy friends foretold, O save  
 These menac'd walls by thy victorious hand,  
 Return with laurels crown'd, and bless thy native land.

## II. 2.

To dazzle fierce Pelides' sight,  
 Before him wave thy golden shield  
 Obliquely rais'd, that meteor of the field,  
 Vault from thy chariot with unrival'd might,  
 And brandish with each dextrous hand a lance ;

“ Linus says, either of transcendent valour and invincible power, or of  
 “ any late success, on which they founded the utmost confidence, the  
 “ antients therefore strove to deprecate the wrath of Nemesis, who was  
 “ wont to prohibit and punish unreasonable hopes. Hence the Chorus of  
 “ Trojans, who expected every thing from the might and courage of  
 “ Rhesus, first strive to reconcile Nemesis to themselves.” BARNES.

Whoever strives with thee shall ne'er return  
 To Argive fanes, and join Saturnia's Dance,  
 He by the spear of Thrace in combat slain,  
 Shall lie a breathless corse on Troy's exulting plain.

Hail, mighty chief! ye Thracian realms, the mien  
 Of him ye bore speaks his exalted rank.  
 Observe those nervous limbs with plated gold  
 Incas'd, and hearken to those tinkling chains  
 Which on his shield are hung. A God, O Troy,  
 E'en Mars himself, from Strymon's current sprung,  
 And from the Muse, brings this auspicious gale.

## RHESUS, HECTOR, CHORUS.

## RHESUS.

Thou brave descendant of a noble Sire,  
 Lord of this realm, O Hector, I accost thee  
 After a tedious absence, and rejoice  
 In thy success, for to the turrets rear'd  
 By Greece, thou now lay'st siege, and I am come  
 With thee those hostile bulwarks to o'erthrow,  
 And burn their fleet.

## HECTOR.

Son of the tuneful Muse,  
 And Thracian Strymon's stream, I ever love  
 To speak the truth, for I am not a man  
 Vers'd in duplicity; long, long ago,  
 Should you have come to succour Troy, nor suffer'd,  
 Far as on you depended, by our foes  
 This city to be ta'en. You cannot say  
 That uninvited by your friends you came not,  
 Because you mark'd not our distress. What heralds,  
 What embassies to you did Phrygia send,  
 Beseeching you, the city to protect,  
 What sumptuous presents did she not bestow?  
 But you, our kinsman, who derive your birth  
 From a Barbarian stem, to Greece betray'd

Us, a (12) Barbarian nation, tho' from ruling  
 Over a petty state, by this right arm  
 I rais'd you to the wide-extended throne,  
 When round Pangæum and Pæonia's realm  
 Rushing upon the hardiest Thracian troops  
 I broke their ranks of battle, and subdued  
 The people to your empire: but you spurn  
 My benefits, nor come with speed to succour  
 Your friends in their distress. Tho' they who spring not  
 From the same ancestors, observ'd our summons;  
 Of whom full many in yon field of death  
 Have tombs heap'd o'er them, a most glorious proof  
 Of faith unshaken; others under arms  
 Their chariots mount, and stedfastly endure  
 The wintry blasts, the parching flames of heaven,  
 Nor on a gay convivial couch reclin'd  
 Like you, O Rhesus, drain the frequent bowl.  
 That you may know I yet can stand alone,  
 Such conduct I resent; this to your face  
 I speak.

## RHESUS.

I also am the same: my language

(12) Lest there should appear to the reader any inconsistency in Hector's calling his own nation Barbarians, it may not be unseasonable to observe, that the true classical definition of the term seems to be that given by Freret in the Acad. des Inscript. Tom. 21. Hist. p. 14. " cette qualification des Barbares signifie des peuples qui ne sont point admis dans " le corps Hellenique." Æschylus in his Persæ puts that expression not only into the mouth of the messenger who brings to Atossa tidings of Xerxes' defeat, but more than once into that of the old men who govern the kingdom during their Monarch's absence, and form the Chorus. Mr. Bryant, in his "Observations on various parts of Antient History," has indeed laid a most unusual stress on the word *Baſcapa*, as applied by St. Paul to the inhabitants of the island Melita, and thence inferred that they were a people remarkable for their ferociousness, but Ελληνες τε καὶ Βαſcapαι, is the language as well of St. Paul as of the Classical writers; and Cicero complains that the Greek Physicians made as much havoc in his time at Rome as if they had entered into a conspiracy, Barbaros omnes necare.

Is plain and honest; I am not a man  
 Of mean duplicity. My soul was tortur'd  
 With greater anguish far than thou could'st feel,  
 Because I was not present in this land:  
 But Scythia's tribes who near our confines dwell  
 Made war against me just as I to Troy  
 Was journeying; I had reach'd the Euxine shore  
 To sail with Thracia's host, the Scythian blood  
 There stain'd our spears, and my brave troops expir'd  
 Midst intermingled slaughter: this event  
 Hinder'd my reaching Troy, and aiding thee  
 In battle. Having conquer'd them, and taken  
 For hostages their children, them I bound  
 To pay me annual tribute; with my fleet  
 Then cross'd the Hellespont, and marched on foot  
 Thro' various realms, nor, as thou proudly say'st,  
 Drain'd the intoxicating bowl, nor slept  
 Beneath a gilded roof, but to such blasts  
 As cover with thick ice the Thracian (13) wave,  
 Or thro' Pæonia howl, was I expos'd  
 Wrapt in this mantle many a sleepless night.  
 But I, tho' late, am in due season come:  
 For this is the tenth year since thou hast wag'd  
 An ineffectual war, day after day  
 By thee is idly lavish'd, while the dye  
 Of battle twixt the Argive host and thine  
 Spins doubtful ere it fall. But it for me  
 Will be sufficient that the sun once mount  
 The heavens, while I their bulwarks storm, invade  
 Their fleet, and slay the Greeks. To my own home  
 I the next day from Ilion will return

(13) Τιχα μεν και λαις υπακ ρυπη κι πεσουι  
 Στρυμονας Βορεας

Calim. in Delum. v. 24.

Towers and walls  
 Strymonean Boreas levels with the ground.

Dodd's Callimachus.

Thy toils soon ending : let no Trojan bear  
A shield : for with this spear will I subdue  
The boasters, tho' 'twas late ere I arriv'd.

## CHORUS.

My soul this language doth approve,  
Such friends as thou are sent by Jove,  
But humbly I that God beseech,  
To pardon thy presumptuous speech.  
The navy launch'd from Argos' strand,  
Tho' freighted with a daring band,  
Neither in (14) former times, nor now  
Contain'd a Chief more brave than thou.  
How shall Achilles' self withstand,  
Or Ajax meet, thy vengeful hand?  
O may the morn with orient ray  
Exhibit that auspicious day,  
When thou the victor's prize shalt gain  
And dye with crimson gore the plain.

## RHESUS.

Soon with exploits like these will I atone  
For my long absence : but, with due submission  
To Nemesis, I speak ; when from the foe  
We have deliver'd this beleaguer'd city  
And seiz'd their spoils for offerings to the Gods ;  
With thee to Argos will I go, invade,  
And ravage with victorious arms, all Greece,  
To teach them in their turn what 'tis to suffer.

## HECTOR.

Could I escape from the impending stroke,  
And with that safety which we erst enjoy'd  
These walls inhabit, I to Heaven should pay

(14) The word Ηρω refers to the first expedition against Troy conducted by Hercules, he being an inhabitant of Argos, of which Agamemnon afterwards was King. These exaggerated encomiums are however somewhat qualified by the Chorus beginning with deprecating the wrath of Heaven, or Nemesis, whom Rhesus' boastful language might have offended.

Full many a grateful vow : but as for Argos,  
As for the Grecian States, to lay them waste  
By arms, were far less easy than you speak of.

RHESUS.

Is it not said the bravest chiefs of Greece  
Came hither ?

HECTOR.

Them I hold not in contempt,  
But long have kept at bay.

RHESUS.

When these are slain,  
We therefore each obstruction have remov'd.

HECTOR.

Forbear to think of distant prospects now,  
While our immediate interests lie neglected.

RHESUS.

Art thou so tame as to endure such wrongs  
Without retorting them ?

HECTOR.

While I maintain  
What I possess, my empire is sufficient.  
But freely take your choice, or in the left  
Or the right wing, or center of our host  
Display your shield; and range your troops around.

RHESUS.

I singly will encounter all our foes,  
O Hector; but if thou esteem it base  
Not to assist me when I burn their fleet,  
Because thou hast already toil'd so long,  
Oppose me to Achilles in the front  
Of battle.

HECTOR.

We at him no spear must aim.

RHESUS.

Yet was I told he sail'd for Troy.

HECTOR.

He sail'd,

And still is here, but angry with the chiefs,  
Refuses to assist them.

RHESUS.  
In the camp

Of Greece, say who is second in renown ?

HECTOR.

Ajax, I deem, and Tydeus' son are equal  
To any; but most fluent in his speech,  
And with sufficient fortitude inspir'd,  
Is that Ulysses, from whom Troy hath suffer'd  
Insults the most atrocious; for by night,  
Entering Minerva's fane, he stole her image,  
And bore it to the Grecian fleet: disgruis'd  
In tatter'd vest, that vile impostor next  
Enter'd the gates, and curs'd the Argive host,  
Sent as a spy to Ilion; having slain  
The centinels, he thro' the gates escap'd,  
And in some fraudulent scheme is ever found:  
(15) At the Thymbraean temple is he station'd  
Hard by our ramparts, we in him contend  
With a most grievous pest.

RHESUS.  
The valiant man

Is never mean enough to slay his foes  
By stealth, he loves to meet them face to face;  
But, as for him, the recreant Chief thou nam'st,  
Who lurking with a thievish purpose frames  
These dark contrivances, as thro' the gates  
I sally forth to combat, I will seize him;  
Driven thro' his back, my spear shall leave the miscreant

(15) Strabo speaks of this temple, sacred to Apollo, as situated at the spot where a river called Thymbrius flows into the Scamander, at the distance of fifty stadia, or about six miles and a quarter from Troy: in this temple Achilles is related to have been treacherously slain by the shafts of Paris, who invited him to a conference in regard to the marriage of Polyxena. Dolon, in Homer, informs Ulysses that Thymbra was occupied by an encampment of Phrygian troops, and a numerous body of their allies.

Food for the vultures, for the impious robber  
Who spoils the temples of the Gods deserves  
No better fate.

## HECTOR.

Now choose, for it is night,  
The spot for an encampment : I will shew you  
A separate quarter where your troops must sleep.  
But mark me well, Apollo is the watch-word ;  
In case of an emergency, announce  
This signal to the Thracian host. [Exit RHESUS.

Extend

The watch beyond the lines, and there receive  
Dolon our spy, who sallied forth t' explore  
The navy of our foes ; if he be safe  
He, by this time, the trenches must approach.

[Exit HECTOR.

## CHORUS.

## I.

Who comes this rampart to defend ?  
The times assign'd us centinels is o'er ;  
Yon fading constellation shines no more  
Now the seven Pleiades the heaven ascend.  
In ether view the Eagle glide.  
Wake ! what means this long delay ?  
Rise and watch ; now dawns the day.  
Saw ye the Moon diffuse her radiance wide ?  
Aurora is at hand : but at the gate  
(For Dolon sure returns) what faithful guard shall wait ?

## SEMICHORUS.

To whom did the first watch belong ?

## SEMICHORUS.

'Tis said

Choræbus, son of (16) Mygdon, is their chief.

(16) " Mygdon and Otreus were sons of Dymas, whom some writers  
affirm to have been father of Hecuba ; and Homer himself calls  
Asius, who is also son of Dymas, the brother of Hecuba : but Euripides,

SEMICHORUS.

Who in his room was station'd?

SEMICHORUS.

The Pæonians

Call'd from their tent Cilicia's hardy troops.

SEMICHORUS.

The Mysians summon'd us.

SEMICHORUS.

Haste, let us seek

The fifth division of the watch, and rouse

Lycia's brave warriors as by lot ordain'd.

CHORUS.

II.

Hark! couch'd on her ill-omen'd nest,  
 Fell murderer of her (17) Son, in varied strains

“ Athemion, and Teleclides, are of opinion, that she was daughter of Cisseus. See Eustathius on the Iliad, f. 643. l. 28. and f. 1082. l. 60. and ed. Rom. 1542.” BARNES.

(17) By making use of the term Πανδαλης in speaking of the Nightingale, Euripides expresses himself conformably with Homer, whose account of the transaction alluded to, we find, on an examination of the text (Odyssey L. 19. v. 518.) and Scholia of Eustathius, to be as follows: Aedon, daughter of Pandareus, was married to Zethus, by whom she had one son named Itylus; envying the numerous progeny of her brother in law Amphion, she resolved to murder her eldest nephew Amaleus, but by mistake killed her own son. Perceiving her error, she implored the Gods to remove her from humankind, and was thereupon changed into a Nightingale. Her tale is very circumstantially related, with some variations, by Antoninus Liberalis, in his Metamorphoses, Ch. 11th; but Æschylus, and after him Sophocles and Euripides, have indeed altered the name of Itylus into Itys, and how far Ovid may have copied the three Greek tragedians in calling the son of Tereus and Progne, Itys, is a point foreign to my enquiry: but as Barnes in a note on the passage in Homer observes, the tale inserted in the sixth book of the Metamorphoses is essentially different both in the names and circumstances. After examining the passages referred to by Servius in his note on Quas illi Philomela dapes quæ dona parat; in the 6th Eclogue of Virgil, and many more which have occurred to me, the authorities I collect among the Greek writers for his assertion, that *most of them represent Progne instead of Philomela as changed into a Nightingale*, are the 12th Ode of Anacreon, a passage or two in Apollodorus, and the narrations of Conon: Gorgias the Sophister, in Plutarch's Symposia, expostulates

Near Simois' banks the Nightingale complains;  
 What sounds melodious heave her throbbing breast!  
 The flocks on Ida wont to feed  
 Still browse o'er that airy height,  
 Soothing the cold ear of night,  
 Hark to the murmurs of the pastoral reed.  
 Sleep on our closing eyelids gently steals;  
 Sweet are its dews when morn her earliest dawn reveals.

SEMICHORUS.

But wherefore doth not he draw near whom Hector  
 Sent to explore the fleet?

SEMICHORUS.

He hath so long  
 Been absent that I tremble.

SEMICHORUS.

If he fell  
 Into some ambush, and is slain, we soon  
 Shall have sufficient cause for fear.

SEMICHORUS.

But haste,  
 Rouse Lycia's warriors as by lot ordain'd.

[Exit CHORUS.

## ULYSSES, DIOMEDE.

ULYSSES.

Heard'st thou, O Diomede, the sound of arms,  
 Or in these ears did empty murmurs ring?

DIOMEDE.

No: but the steely trappings which are link'd  
 To yonder chariots, rattled, and I too

with *Philomela* when a *Swallow* had dunged upon him. Arist. Rhet. L. 3. c. 3. *applauds* the distinction, as the action, though not unbecoming a Bird, would have been so in a Damsel: but most of the ancient Greek writers follow the history cited from Homer, and with them *Ἄρδη*, signifies the Nightingale, as does *Philomela* in the Latin Poets. Whatever mistakes may have arisen in later times from the injudicious blending of the two stories, the writings of those Greek Poets who use the term *Ἄρδη* for Nightingale, clearly point out the story they allude to.

With vain alarm was seiz'd, till I perceiv'd  
The coursers, who their clangor harness shook.

ULYSSES.

Beware, lest in this gloom of night thou stumble  
Upon the centinels.

DIOMEDE.

Tho' in the dark  
We tread, I with such caution will direct  
My steps as not to err.

ULYSSES.

But, should'st thou wake them,  
Thou know'st the watch-word of their host.

DIOMEDE.

I know

It is Apollo ; this I heard from Dolon.

ULYSSES.

Ha ! I perceive our foes have left these chambers.

DIOMEDE.

Here, Dolon told us, is the tent of Hector ;  
'Gainst him I wield this javelin.

ULYSSES.

What hath happen'd ?  
Is the whole squadron too elsewhere remov'd ?

DIOMEDE.

Perchance they too 'gainst us may have contriv'd  
Some stratagem.

ULYSSES.

For Hector now is brave  
Since he hath conquer'd.

DIOMEDE.

How shall we proceed ?  
For in this chamber him we cannot find,  
And all our hopes are vanish'd.

ULYSSES.

To the fleet  
Let us in haste return : for him some God

Protects, and crowns him with triumphant wreaths :  
We must not strive 'gainst Fortune's dread behests.

DIOMEDE.

Then to *Aeneas* will we go, or *Paris*  
That Phrygian most abhor'd, and with our swords  
Lop off their heads.

ULYSSES.

But how, in darkness wrapt,  
Canst thou direct thy passage thro' the troops,  
To slay them without danger ?

DIOMEDE.

Yet 'twere base,  
Back to the Grecian fleet should we return,  
No fresh exploit performing 'gainst the foe.

ULYSSES.

What means this language? hast not thou perform'd  
A great exploit? have we not slain the spy  
Who to our navy went, and are not these  
The spoils of Dolon? how canst thou expect  
To spread a general havoc thro' their troops?  
Comply; let us retire: may Fortune speed  
Our progress homeward.

MINERVA, ULYSSES, DIOMEDE.

MINERVA.

With affliction stung,

Why from the Trojan camp do ye retire?  
Altho' the Gods forbid you to destroy  
Hector or *Paris*, heard ye not that *Rhesus*,  
A mighty chief, with numerous troops is come  
To Troy? if he outlives this night, nor *Ajax*,  
Nor can *Achilles* hinder him from wasting  
The camp of Greece, demolishing your walls,  
And forcing a wide passage thro' your gates  
With his victorious spear: him slay, and all  
Is yours; but go not to the couch of *Hector*,

Nor hope to leave that chief a weltering trunk,  
For he must perish by another hand (18)

## ULYSSES.

Dread Goddess, O Minerva, I distinguish'd  
Thy well-known voice: for midst unnumber'd toils  
Thou ever dost support me: but, O say  
Where sleeps the mighty warrior thou hast nam'd,  
And in what part of the Barbarian host  
Have they assign'd his station?

## MINERVA.

Near at hand,  
And separate from the Phrygian troops, he lies;  
Hector hath plac'd him just without the lines  
Till morn arise; conspicuous in the gloom  
Of night, and close beside their sleeping lord,  
Yok'd to the car his Thracian coursers stand,  
White as the glossy plumage of the swan;  
Them bear away when ye have slain their lord,  
A glorious prize, for the whole world can boast  
No car beside drawn by such beauteous steeds.

## ULYSSES.

Either do thou, O Diomede, transpierce  
The Thracian soldiers, or to me consign  
That task; meanwhile seize thou the steeds.

## DIOMEDE.

## To slay

The foe be mine; do you the coursers guide,  
For you are practis'd in each nicer art,  
And quick of apprehension. To each man  
Should that peculiar station be assign'd  
In which he can be useful.

## MINERVA.

## But to us

Paris I see is coming, who hath heard

(18) Virgil's *Mox illos sua fata manent majore sub hoste,*

" Both doom'd to fall, but fall by greater hands." DRYDEN.  
where he is speaking of Pallas and Lausus as pressing on to encounter  
each other, is a visible imitation and improvement on this line.

A doubtful rumour from the watch, that foes  
Enter the trenches.

DIOMEDE.

Hath he any comrade,  
Or marches he alone?

MINERVA.

Alone he seems

To go to Hector's chamber, to announce  
That there are foes discover'd in the camp.

DIOMEDE.

Is it not first ordain'd that he shall die?

MINERVA.

You can no more, the Destinies forbid :  
For Hector must not perish by your hand ;  
But haste to him on' whom ye came to wreak  
Fate's dreadful purposes : myself meanwhile  
Assuming Venus' form, who midst the toils  
Of battle by her tutelary care  
Protects him, will with empty words detain  
Paris your foe. Thus much have I declar'd :  
Yet he, whom you must smite, tho' near at hand,  
Nor knows, nor hears, the words which I have utter'd.

[*Exeunt ULYSSES and DIOMEDE.*

PARIS, MINERVA.

PARIS.

General and brother, Hector, thee I call :  
Yet sleep'st thou? doth not this important hour  
Demand thy vigilance? some foes approach,  
Robbers or spies.

MINÉRVA.

Bé of good cheer ; for Venus  
Protects you : I in all your battles feel  
An interest, mindful of the prize I gain'd  
Favour'd by you, and am for ever grateful :  
Now to the host of Ilion I conduct  
Your noble Thracian friend, wha from the Muse,  
Harmonious Goddess, and from Strymon springs.

## PARIS.

To Troy and me thou ever art a friend.  
 In thy behalf when I that judgement gave,  
 I boast that for this city I obtain'd  
 The greatest treasure life affords. But hither,  
 Hearing an indistinct account, I come ;  
 For 'mong the guards there hath prevail'd a rumour,  
 That Grecian spies have enter'd Ilion's walls :  
 Tho' the astonish'd messenger who bore  
 These tidings, saw them not himself, nor knows  
 Who saw them : I on this account am going  
 To Hector's tent.

## MINERVA.

Fear nought ; for in the camp  
 No new event hath happen'd. To arrange  
 The Thracian troops is Hector gone.

## PARIS.

Thy words  
 Are most persuasive, and to them I yield  
 Implicit credence. From all fears releas'd,  
 I to my former station will return.

## MINERVA.

Go and depend upon my guardian care  
 To see my faithful votaries ever blest ;  
 For you in me shall find a zealous friend. [Exit PARIS.

## ULYSSES, DIOMEDE, MINERVA.

## MINERVA.

But now to you, my real friends, I speak.  
 Son of Laertes, O conceal your sword,  
 For we have slain the Thracian Chief, and seiz'd  
 His coursers ; but our foes have ta'en th' alarm  
 And rush upon you, therefore fly with speed,  
 Fly to the naval ramparts. Why delay  
 To save your lives when hostile throngs approach ?

[Exit MINERVA.

## CHORUS, ULYSSES, DIOMEDE.

## CHORUS.

Come on, strike, strike, destroy. Who marches yonder?  
 Look, look, 'tis him I mean! these are the robbers  
 Who in the dead of night alarm'd our host.  
 Hither, my friends, haste hither; I have seiz'd them.  
 What answer mak'st thou? tell me whence thou cam'st,  
 And who thou art.

## ULYSSES.

No right hast thou to know;  
 Insult me, and this instant thou shalt die,

## CHORUS.

Wilt thou not, ere this lance transpierce thy breast,  
 Repeat the watch-word?

## ULYSSES.

That thou soon shalt hear;  
 Be satisfy'd.

## SEMICHORUS I.

Come on, my friends, strike! strike!

## SEMICHORUS II.

Hast thou slain Rhesus?

## ULYSSES.

(19) I have slain the man  
 Who would have murder'd thee: forbear.

## SEMICHORUS I.

I will not.

(19) After reading the observations on this intricate passage in Petit, *Micrel. L. 3. c. 22.* p. 196, and the notes of Heath, and Dr. Musgrave, I am inclined to think with the two former, that these words are spoken by Ulysses, who, I apprehend, upon the Chorus seeing, and immediately knowing again, the horses of Rhesus, and thereupon asking him if he had murdered the Thracian king, replies, that he has slain the robber who had alarmed the camp, and recovered them out of his hands; not according to Heath's idea that he had been in the Grecian camp, killed one of the enemies *there*, and brought away *his* horses; those of Rhesus being, according to Euripides' description, very easily distinguishable in the night.

## SEMICHORUS II.

Forbear to slay a friend.

## SEMICHORUS I.

Pronounce the watch-word.

## ULYSSES.

Apollo.

## SEMICHORUS II.

Thou art right; let not a spear  
Be lifted up against him.

## SEMICHORUS I.

Know'st thou whither

Those men are gone?

## SEMICHORUS II.

We saw not.

## SEMICHORUS I.

Follow close  
Their steps, or we must call aloud for aid.

## SEMICHORUS II.

Yet were it most unseemly to disturb  
Our valiant comrades with our nightly fears.

[*Exeunt ULYSSES and DIOMEDE.*

## CHORUS.

O D E.

I.

What Chief is he, who mov'd along;  
What daring plunderer fleet and strong,  
Shall boast he 'scap'd my vengeful hand?  
How overtake his rapid flight?  
To whom compare him, who by night,  
With dauntless step pass'd thro' our armed band  
And slumbering guards? doth he reside  
In Thessaly, near ocean's boisterous tide  
In Locris, or those islands scatter'd o'er (20)

(20) By *σποραδα βιοι* is meant I apprehend "the life of an inhabitant of the Sporades," islands so called, from being widely scattered over the Ægean sea; they were principally occupied by Pirates, and we find

The waves? whence comes he to this fell debate?  
What Power supreme! doth he adore?

SEMICHORUS I.

Was this Ulysses' enterprise, or whose?

SEMICHORUS II.

If we may form our judgement from the past,  
Who but Ulysses — ?

SEMICHORUS I.

Think'st thou that it was?

SEMICHORUS II.

Why not?

SEMICHORUS I.

He is an enterprizing foe.

SEMICHORUS II.

What bravery? whom do you applaud?

SEMICHORUS I.

Ulysses.

SEMICHORUS II.

Praise not the treacherous weapon of a robber.

CHORUS.

II.

He enter'd Ilion once before,  
With foam his eyes were cover'd o'er,  
In tatters hung his squalid vest;  
He artfully conceal'd his sword,  
And sued for fragments from our board;  
Shorn was his head, and like a beggar drest;  
He curst with simulated hate  
Th' Atrides, rulers of the Grecian state.  
May just revenge his forfeit life demand:  
Would he had perish'd as his crimes deserve,  
Before he reach'd the Phrygian land.

SEMICHORUS I.

Whether this deed was by Ulysses wrought  
It matters not, I shrink with fear, for Hector

Islander used as a term of contempt, in the *Alexandromache* of Euripides, and other ancient writers.

Will to us guards impute the blaune.

SEMICHORUS II.

What charge

Can he allege?

SEMICHORUS I.

He will suspect.

SEMICHORUS II.

Why shrink

With terror?

SEMICHORUS I.

'Twixt our ranks they pass'd.

SEMICHORUS II.

Who pass'd?

SEMICHORUS I.

They, who this night have enter'd Phrygia's camp.

CHARIOTEER OF RHESUS, CHORUS.

CHARIOTEER.

Alas! intolerable stroke of fate!

SEMICHORUS I.

Be silent.

SEMICHORUS II.

Rouse! for some one may have fallen  
Into the snare.

CHARIOTEER.

O dire calamity  
Of Troy's allies, the Thracians!

SEMICHORUS I.

Who is he

That groans?

CHARIOTEER.

Ah! wretched me, and O thou king  
Of Thrace, who in an evil hour beheld'st  
Accursed Ilion; what an end of life  
Was thine!

CHORUS.

But which of our allies art thou?

For o'er these eyes the gloom of night is spread,  
And I discern thee not.

## CHARIOTEER.

Where shall I find  
Some of the Trojan chiefs? beneath his shield  
O where doth Hector taste the charms of sleep?  
To which of Ilion's leaders shall I tell  
All we have suffer'd? and what wounds unseen  
Some stranger hath on us with ruthless hand  
Inflicted? but he vanish'd and hath heap'd  
Conspicuous sorrows on the Thracian realm.

## CHORUS.

Some terrible disaster to the troops  
Of Thrace it seems hath happen'd, if aright  
I comprehend what I from him have heard.

## CHARIOTEER.

Our host is utterly destroy'd, our King  
Hath been dispatch'd by some foul secret stroke.  
How am I tortur'd by a deadly wound,  
Yet know not to what cause I must impute  
My perishing! 'Twas by the Fates ordain'd,  
That I, and Rhesus, who to Ilion led  
Auxiliar troops, ingloriously should bleed.

## CHORUS.

He in no riddle hath express'd the tale  
Of our misfortunes; he asserts too clearly  
That our allies are slain.

## CHARIOTEER.

We are most wretched,  
And to our wretchedness have join'd disgrace,  
A twofold evil. For, to die with glory,  
If glory must be purchas'd at the expence  
Of life, is very bitterness I deem  
To him who bleeds: (for what can make amends  
For such a loss as life?) but to the living  
Is he the source of pride, from him his house  
Derives renown. But we, alas! like fools,

Ignobly perish. Hector in the camp  
No sooner fix'd our station, and pronounc'd  
The watch-word, than we slept upon the plain,  
O'ercome with toil; no centinels were station'd  
To watch our troops by night, nor were our arms  
Duly arrang'd, and to the harness'd steeds  
Hung no alarm bell; for our Monarch heard  
That ye had prov'd victorious, and with ruin  
Threaten'd the Grecian fleet. Immers'd we lay  
In luckless slumber; till disturb'd in mind  
I started up, and with a liberal hand  
Measur'd the coursers' food, resolv'd betimes  
To yoke them for the battle. I beheld  
Two men, who, in the midnight darkness, walk'd  
Around our camp; but when I mov'd, they fled,  
And disappear'd immediately; with threats  
I bade them keep aloof: 'twas my conjecture  
That robbers, some of our own countrymen,  
Approach'd: they answer'd not, nor know I more.  
Returning to my tent, again I slept,  
And forms tremendous hover'd in my dream.  
For near my royal Master, as I stood,  
I saw two visionary wolves ascend  
Those coursers' backs which I was wont to guide,  
Oft' lashing with their tails they forc'd them on,  
Indignant breathing as they champ'd the bit,  
And struggling with dismay; but in attempting  
To drive away these ravenous beasts, I woke,  
Rous'd by the terrors of the night, and heard,  
Soon as I rais'd my head, expiring groans;  
The tepid current of my Master's blood,  
Yet gasping in the agonies of death,  
Besprinkled me. As from the couch I leap'd  
Unarm'd, and sought for weapons, some strong warrior  
Smote with his sword my ribs; the ghastly wound  
Display'd his might: prostrate I sunk to earth.  
Bearing the steeds away, and glittering car,

They by the swiftness of their feet escap'd,  
 Tortur'd with pain, too faint to stand, I know  
 Too well the dire calamity these eyes  
 Beheld ; but cannot say, or through what means,  
 Or by the hand of whom, my Lord was slain :  
 Yet can I guess that by our friends we suffer.

## CHORUS.

O Charioteer of Thracia's wretched King,  
 Be well assur'd this deed was by our foes  
 Committed. For lo Hector's self, appriz'd  
 Of this calamity, draws near ; he feels  
 Such anguish as he ought for thy disasters,

HECTOR, CHARIOTEER OF RHESUS,  
CHORUS.

## HECTOR.

O ye accursed authors of this mischief,  
 How did those spies, who by the foe were sent,  
 Thus, to your infamy, escape, and spread  
 Dire havoc through the host ; both as they enter'd  
 And as they left the camp ? Yet, unmolested,  
 Ye suffer'd them to pass. Who should be punish'd  
 But you ? for you, I say, were station'd here  
 To watch the camp ; but they without a wound  
 Are vanish'd, laughing at the Phrygian troops  
 For their unmanly cowardice, and me  
 Their leader. Be assur'd, by Jove I swear,  
 All-gracious Father, or the scourge or death  
 Shall wait you for such guilt, else deem that Hector  
 Is but a thing of nought, a very coward.

## CHORUS.

Great is, alas ! my danger, mighty Prince,  
 The foe stole in while I to you convey'd  
 Those tidings, that the Greeks around their ships  
 Had kindled fires : through all the live-long night  
 These watchful eyes have ne'er been seal'd by sleep.  
 By Simois' holy fountain I conjure you,

My royal Lord, impute no blame to me,  
 For I am wholly guiltless. If you learn  
 That in my deeds or words I have offended,  
 Plunge me alive beneath earth's deepest vault;  
 I ask no mercy.

## CHARIOTEER.

Why dost thou upbraid  
 These for the guilt? by plausible harangues  
 Would'st thou impose on thy Barbarian friends;  
 O thou Barbarian, thou the bloody deed  
 Didst perpetrate; nor can our slaughter'd comrades,  
 Nor we who linger pierc'd with ghastly wounds,  
 Admit that 'twas another. There requires  
 A long and subtle speech to make me think  
 Thou didst not basely murder thy allies,  
 Because the beauty of our steeds attracted  
 Thy admiration, and on their account  
 Hast thou slain those who at thy earnest prayer  
 Landed on Ilion's shore; they came, they died.  
 With greater decency than thou observ'st,  
 Who dost assassinate thy friends, did Paris  
 The rites of hospitality infringe.  
 Pretend not that some Grecian came unseen  
 And smote us. Who subdu'd the Phrygian host,  
 Who reach'd our quarters unobserv'd by Hector?  
 Thou with the Trojan army wert before us;  
 But who was wounded, who among thy troops  
 Expir'd, when thro' their ranks as thou pretend'st  
 The foe to us advanc'd? But I was wounded,  
 And they, whom a more grievous ill o'ertook,  
 No more behold the Sun. To be explicit,  
 I charge no Greek: what foe could come by night  
 And find out Rhesus' tent, unless some God  
 Had told the murderers, for they sure knew nought  
 Of his (21) arrival? therefore all this mischief  
 Must be thy sole contrivance.

(21) The reading of *α εφύγειν*, which stands in the various editions from Aldus to Barnes, is by Pierson in his *Verisimilia* altered into *ε*

HECTOR.

Our allies

Have long assisted us since first the Greeks  
 This realm invaded ; and I never heard  
 They to my charge imputed any crime.  
 Could I begin with thee ? by such desire  
 For beauteous steeds may I be never seiz'd,  
 As to induce me to destroy my friends.  
 Ulysses was the author of this deed.  
 What Greek could have accomplish'd or contriv'd  
 Such an exploit, but he ? him much I fear :  
 My soul is also troubled, lest he light  
 On Dolon too, and slay him, for 'tis long  
 Since he went forth, nor doth he yet return.

CHARIOTEER.

I know not that Ulysses whom thou nam'st,  
 Nor did a foe inflict this ghastly wound.

HECTOR.

Therefore retain, since thus to thee it seems,  
 Thy own opinion.

CHARIOTEER.

O my native land,  
 Might I but die in thee !

HECTOR.

Thou shalt not die :  
 For of the dead the number is sufficient.

*αργυρεύειν*, in consequence of the author of the *Etymologicum Magnum* citing *αργυρεύειν* to *ωραίεσσιν γένεσιν* from the *Rhesus* of Euripides. Mr. Touss concurs with him, and confirms the alteration by the same quotation from Suidas ; as does Dr. Musgrave by the authority of three manuscripts. I considered it as incumbent on me to alter my version conformably to a reading thus established, especially as it accords with the circumstances of Rhesus having avoided the common road, and travelled over Mount Ida in the night, and of Ulysses and Diomede's receiving their intelligence of Rhesus's arrival from Minerva, as they were quitting the Trojan camp on not finding Hector : for they could not, in the present instance, have extorted such information from Dolon as in Homer, because he in this Tragedy sets out to explore the Grecian camp before the Shepherd brings tidings of Rhesus's approach.

CHARIOTEER.

Rest of my Lord, but whither shall I turn ?

HECTOR.

Thou in my house shalt careful treatment find,  
And healing balsams.

CHARIOTEER.

Shall the ruthless hands  
Of murderers dress my wounds ?

HECTOR.

He will not cease

Alleging the same charge.

CHARIOTEER.

Perdition seize

The author of this bloody deed ! my tongue  
Has fix'd no charge, as thou pretend'st, on thee;  
But Justice knows.

HECTOR.

Conduct him to my palace  
With speed, that we may 'scape his clamorous plaints.  
But you must go, and to the citizens  
Proclaim, acquainting Priam, and the elders  
Who sit in council, first, that I direct  
The bodies of the slain shall be interr'd  
With due respect beside the public road.

[*Exit CHARIOTEER, supported by one of  
HECTOR's Attendants.*

CHORUS.

Why from the summit of exalted bliss  
Into fresh woes hath some malignant God  
Plung'd Troy, why caus'd this sad reverse of fortune ?

THE MUSE APPEARS IN THE AIR, HECTOR,  
CHORUS.

CHORUS.

High o'er our heads what Deity, O King,  
Is hovering ? in her hands a recent corse  
She bears : I shudder at the dreadful sight.

## MUSE.

Ye Trojans, mark we well: for I a Muse,  
 Who by the wise am worship'd, hither come,  
 One of the nine fam'd Sisters, having seen  
 The wretched fate of this my dearest son,  
 Who by the foe was slain: but he who smote  
 The generous youth, Ulysses, that dissembler,  
 At length shall suffer as his crimes deserve.

## O D E.

## I.

Parental anguish rends my breast,  
 For thee my Son, my Son, I grieve,  
 Thy Mother sinks with woes oppress'd.  
 Why didst thou take this road, why leave  
 Thy home, and march to Ilion's gate,  
 Where death did thy arrival wait?  
 Oft with maternal zeal I strove  
 Thy luckless courage to restrain,  
 And oft thy Sire oppos'd in vain.  
 But now with ineffectual love,  
 My dearest Son, thee now no more,  
 Thee, O my Son, must I deplore:

## CHORUS.

As far as bosoms, by no kindred ties  
 United, can partake a Mother's grief,  
 Do I bewail thy Son's untimely fate.

## MUSE.

## II.

On him your tenfold vengeance shed  
 From (22) Oeneus who derives his birth,  
 Smite base Ulysses' perjur'd head,  
 Ye Fiends who desolate the earth;  
 Thro' them with agonizing pain  
 I mourn my valiant offspring slain;

(22) Diomede's father Tydeus was son of Oeneus, king of Calydon, by his second wife Peribea, who, according to Apollodorus, was daughter of Hippomenus and sister of Capaneus.

May Helen too partake their doom,  
 Who from her bridal mansions fled,  
 And sought th' adulterer's Phrygian bed ;  
 For thou in Troy art to the tomb  
 By her consign'd ; and many a state  
 Bewails its bravest warriors' fate.

Much while on earth, and since thy murmuring ghost  
 Was plung'd in Orcus' dreary mansions more,  
 O (23) offspring of Philammon, didst thou wound,  
 My soul : that arrogance which caus'd thy ruin,  
 That contest with Pieria's choir, gave birth  
 To this unhappy youth : for having pass'd  
 The rapid current, with incautious step  
 Approaching Strymon's gemal bed, we mounted  
 Pangaeum's summit, for its golden mines  
 Distinguish'd ; each melodious instrument  
 Around us in full concert breath'd ; our strife  
 Was there decided with the Thracian minstrel ;  
 That Thamyris who dar'd blaspheme our art,  
 We of his eyes depriv'd. But since I bore  
 Thee, O my Son, through deference for my sisters,  
 And for my own reputed chastity,  
 Thee to the watery mansions of thy Sire  
 I sent ; and Strymon, to no human care,  
 But to the nymphs who haunt his limpid founts,  
 For nurture did consign thee : from those virgins  
 When, O my dearest son, thou hadst receiv'd

(23) Thamyris, who, according to Pausanias, was the son of Philammon and Argiopa, a nymph who dwelt on Parnassus ; Homer gives the same account with Euripides of his being deprived of his eyes by the Muses : he is twice called *ερυτός* by the Tragic Poet, a term which it appears by the passage Dr. Musgrave has referred to in Athenaeus, is also applied to a musician in a fragment of Aeschylus's. Suidas says, that Thamyris was the eighth epic poet before Homer, or according to some the fifth ; and mentions a poem of his on the nature of the Gods, consisting of near three thousand verses ; we are informed by Ovid, that his father Philammon was the son of Apollo by Chione the daughter of Daedalion.

The best of educations, thou becam'st  
 Monarch of Thrace, the first of men. I felt  
 No boding apprehensions of thy death;  
 By thee, while marshall'd on thy native ground,  
 Athirst for blood the dauntless squadrons mov'd.  
 But thee I caution'd, for I knew thy fate,  
 That thou to Troy should'st never go: but thee  
 Th' embassadors of Hector and the Senate,  
 By oft repeated messages, persuaded  
 To come to the assistance of thy friends.  
 Yet think not, O Minerva, thou sole cause  
 Of my son's fate, that thou these watchful eyes  
 Hast scap'd: Ulysses, and the son of Tydeus  
 Were not the authors of this bloody deed,  
 Altho' they gave the wound. We sister Muses  
 Honour thy city, in thy land we dwell.  
 Orpheus, the (24) kinsman of this hapless youth  
 Whom thou hast slain, dark mysteries did unfold;  
 And by Apollo, and our sister choir,  
 Thy venerable citizen Musæus  
 Was taught to soar beyond each warbled strain  
 Of pristine melody: but in return  
 For all these favours, bearing in my arms  
 My son, I utter this funereal dirge:  
 But I no other minstrel will employ.

## CHORUS.

Falsely the wounded Thracian charioteer

(24) Oeagrus, a Thracian king, was the father, and the Muse Calliope the mother, of Orpheus. Euripides distinguished the mother of Rhesus by no name except that of *the Muse*; but the commentators suppose her to have been either Terpsichore or Euterpe: Homer calls Eioneus, and not the river Strymon, his father; and that river was, according to Plutarch, called Palæstinus before Strymon son of Mars and Helice, king of Thrace, and father of Rhesus, on hearing of his son's death, threw himself into it, and from that time the river was called Strymon: but Conon, in the fourth of his Narrations, in a great measure reconciles the account of Homer with that of Euripides, by informing us, that the river was called Ioneus before it obtained from the Thracian king the name of Strymon.

Charg'd us with a conspiracy to slay him.

HECTOR.

Full well I knew, there needed not a seer  
To inform me, that he perish'd by the arts  
Of Ithacus. But was it not my duty  
When I my country saw by Grecian troops  
Besieg'd, to send forth heralds to my friends,  
Requesting them to aid us? I did send,  
And Rhesus came, by gratitude constrain'd,  
Illustrious partner of my toils. His death  
Lamenting, will I raise a tomb to grace  
The corse of my ally, and o'er the flame  
Strew tissued vests: for with confederate arms  
Dauntless he came, tho' piteous was his death.

MUSE.

They shall not plunge him in the yawning grave,  
Such vows will I address to Pluto's Bride,  
Daughter of fruitful Ceres, to release  
His ghost from the drear shades beneath: she owes  
To Orpheus' friends such honours. But henceforth,  
Dead as it were to me, will he no more  
Behold the sun, we ne'er must meet again,  
Nor shall he see his Mother; but shall lie  
Conceal'd beneath the caverns of that land  
With silver mines abounding, from a man  
Exalted to a God, restor'd to life,  
The priest of Bacchus, and of him (25) who dwells

(25) "From στρυγος ταυτην ολον it appears that this God, whoever he was, was not generally acknowledged and worshipped: I therefore refer this to the Thracian Lycurgus, who, according to Apollodorus, being imprisoned in a cave of the mountain Pangeum, was however worshipped by the Thracians, the rites in honour of him being united with those of Bacchus." See Strabo, p. 471. ed. Par. "Nonnus gives much the same account of Lycurgus, whom, however, he makes an Arabian," p. 369, ed. Falkin. "We must not pass over Lycurgus's being numbered by Apollodorus among the dead who were raised to life by Aesculapius, and the Scholiast of Pindar, Pyth. 3. Antis. 3. mentions Lycurgus' being raised from the dead." MUSGRAVE.

Beneath Pangeum's rock, a God ador'd  
 By those who haunt his orgies. But ere long  
 To yonder Goddess of the briny waves  
 Shall I bear doleful tidings: for by fate  
 It is decreed, her offspring too shall die;  
 But first our sisterhood, in choral plaints,  
 Will sing of thee, O Rhesus, and hereafter  
 Achillés, son of Thetis, shall demand  
 Our elegiac strains, not she who slew  
 Thee, hapless youth, Minerva, can redeem him;  
 Such an inevitable shaft is stor'd  
 In Phœbus' quiver. O ye pangs that rend  
 A mother's breast, ye toils the lot of man;  
 They who behold you in your real light  
 Will live without a progeny, nor mourn  
 With hopeless anguish o'er their children's tomb.

[*Exit the MUSE.*]

CHORUS.

To bury the deceas'd with honours due,  
 Will be his Mother's care: but if, O Hector,  
 Thou mean'st to execute some great emprise,  
 'Tis now the time: for morn already dawns.

HECTOR.

Go, and this instant bid our comrades arm,  
 Harness the steeds: but while ye in these toils  
 Are busied, ye the signal must await,  
 Th' Etrurian trumpet's clangor; for I trust  
 I first shall o'er the Grecian host prevail,  
 Shall storm their ramparts, and then burn their fleet,  
 And that Hyperion's orient beams will bring  
 A day of freedom to Troy's valiant race.

CHORUS.

Obey the monarch: clad in glittering mail  
 Let us go forth, and his behests proclaim  
 To our associates: for that God who fights  
 Our battles, haply will bestow success.

## THE TROJAN CAPTIVES.

διδαίκτο δε χαιτας  
Κραστος εκ Πολιοι τεφρη δ' επικινθατο οὐολλη  
Την οὐε απ' εσχαρενος αδην κατεχευαλο χερσιν,  
Ολλομετα Πριαμοι, και αστεος αιθεμενοιο.  
Και εα μεγα στοιαχιζετ' αμφι ε δηλιον ημαρ  
Μαψ' αικαδομειην ετερος δ' ετερην γοωσαι  
Ηγε Τροιαδων σφετερας επι τας αιαγκη.

QUINTUS CALABER.

## **PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.**

**NEPTUNE.**

**MINERVA.**

**HECUBA.**

**CHORUS OF CAPTIVE TROJAN DAMES.**

**TALTHYBIUS.**

**CASSANDRA.**

**ANDROMACHE.**

**MENELAUS.**

**HELEN.**

**SCENE—BEFORE THE ENTRANCE OF AGAMEMNON'S  
TENT IN THE GRECIAN CAMP NEAR TROY.**

## THE TROJAN CAPTIVES.

### NEPTUNE.

From the Ægean deep, in mazy dance  
Where Nereus' Daughters glide with agile feet,  
I Neptune hither come. For round the fields  
Of Ilion, since Apollo and myself  
With symmetry exact rear'd many a tower,  
Hewn from the solid rock; the love I bore  
The city where my Phrygian votaries dwelt,  
Laid waste by Greece, where smoke e'en now ascends  
The heavens, hath ne'er been rooted from this breast,  
For on Parnassus bred, the Phocian chief  
Epeus, by Minerva's arts inspir'd,  
Fram'd with a skilful hand, and through the gates  
Sent that accrû'd machine the Horse which teem'd  
With ambush'd javelins (1). Thro' forsaken groves,

(1) I find myself under a necessity of leaving out the two next lines of the original, on account of their consisting of a pun not calculated for being rendered into English. "Hence shall it be called by posterity "the — (ἀριός) horse, on account of the hidden spears (ἀριός) contained in it." The Latin interpreters render ἀριός, *durus*, which Robert Stephens, in his *Latin Thesaurus*, considers as synonymous with *lignus*: but Pausanias mentions a *brazza* statue of this Horse which he still calls ἀριός as extant among the curiosities in the Acropolis or citadel of Athens. By the genealogy of Epeus, which the same writer has given us in his *Corinthiaca*, we are informed that his father was Panopeus the son of Phocus, whence it appears that Pyrrhus (to whom Euripides always gives the name of Neoptolemus) and Epeus, were both of them the great-grandsons of Æacus. The recollection of this circumstance adds great force to that passage of Virgil, in which, after having called Perseus Æaciden, he attributes to Paulus Æmilius the glory of having avenged his Trojan ancestors by his triumphs over that nation. Pindar, in his eighth *Olympic Ode*, says Apollo and Neptune called in Æacus to their assistance in building Troy, and foretold that the walls he had joined with them in erecting should be overthrown in war, but not except by his posterity.

Thro' the polluted temples of the Gods,  
Flow tides of crimson slaughter: at the base  
Of altars sacred to Hercæan Jove,  
Fell hoary Priam. But huge heaps of gold  
And Phrygian plunder, to the fleet of Greece  
Are sent: the leaders of the host that sack'd  
This city, wait but for a prosperous breeze,  
That after ten years absence they their wives  
And children may with joy behold. Subdu'd  
By Juno Argive Goddess, and Minerva,  
Who leagu'd in Phrygia's overthrow, I leave  
Troy the renown'd, and my demolish'd shrines.  
For when pernicious Solitude extends  
O'er cities her inexorable sway,  
Abandon'd are the temples of the Gods,  
None comes to worship there. Scamander's banks  
Re-echo many a shriek of captive Dames  
Distributed by lot; th' Arcadians, some,  
Some the Thessalians gain, and some the sons  
Of Theseus leaders of th' Athenian troops:  
But they whom chance distributes not, remain  
Beneath yon roof selected by the chiefs  
Of the confederate army. Justly deem'd  
A captive, among them is Spartan Helen:  
And if the stranger wishes to behold  
That wretched woman, Hecuba lies stretcht.  
Before the gate, full many are her tears,  
And her afflictions many: at the tomb  
Of stern Achilles her unhappy Daughter  
Polyxena died wretchedly, her Lord  
The royal Priam, and her Sons are slain,  
That spotless Virgin too whom from his shrine  
Apollo with prophetic gifts inspir'd,  
Cassandra, spurning every sacred rite,  
Did Agamemnon violently drag  
To his adulterous bed. But, O farewell,  
Thou city prosperous once; ye splendid towers,

Had not Minerva's self ordain'd your fall,  
Ye still on your firm basis might remain.

## MINERVA, NEPTUNE.

## MINERVA.

May I accost the God who to my Sire  
In blood is nearest, mighty, through high Heaven  
Rever'd, and lay aside our antient hate?

## NEPTUNE.

'Tis well, thou royal Maid: an interview  
Twixt those of the same house, is to the soul  
An efficacious philtre.

## MINERVA.

I applaud

Those who are temperate in their wrath, and bring  
Such arguments, O Monarch, as affect  
Both you and me.

## NEPTUNE.

From all th' assembled Gods  
Some new commission bear'st thou, or from Jove,  
Or what celestial power?

## MINERVA.

From none of these.

But in the cause of Troy, whose fields we tread,  
I to your aid betake me, and would join  
Our common strength.

## NEPTUNE.

Hast thou then laid aside  
Thy former hate, to pity Troy, consum'd  
By the relentless flames?

## MINERVA.

First, thither turn

Your views: to me will you unfold your counsels,  
And aid the schemes I would effect?

## NEPTUNE.

With joy:

But I meanwhile would thy designs explore,

Whether thou com'st on the behalf of Greece,  
Or Troy;

MINERVA.

The Trojans, erst my foes, I wish  
To cheer, and to embitter the return  
Of the victorious Grecian host.

NEPTUNE.

What means  
This change of temper ? to excess thou hat'st  
And lov'st at random.

MINERVA.

Know you not the insult  
Which hath been shewn to me, and to my temple ?

NEPTUNE.

I know that Ajax violently tore  
Cassandra thence.

MINERVA.

Yet by the Greeks unpunish'd  
He 'scap'd, and e'en uncensur'd.

NEPTUNE.

Tho' the Greeks  
O'erthrew Troy's walls thro' thy auxiliar might —

MINERVA.

And for this very cause will I conspire  
With you to punish them.

NEPTUNE.

I am prepar'd  
For any enterprize thou wilt. What mean'st thou ?

MINERVA.

Their journey home I am resolv'd to make  
Most inauspicious.

NEPTUNE.

While they yet remain  
Upon the shore, or midst the briny waves ?

MINERVA.

As to their homes from Ilion's coast they sail.  
For Jove will send down rain, immoderate hail,

And pitchy blasts of air ; he promises  
 To give me too his thunderbolts to smite  
 The Greeks and fire their ships ; but join your aid,  
 Cause the *Æ*gean deep with threefold waves,  
 And ocean's whirlpools horribly to rage,  
 Fill with their corses the unfathom'd caves  
 Beneath Eubœa's rocks, that Greece may learn  
 My Shrines to reverence, nor provoke the Gods.

## NEPTUNE.

It shall be done : there need not many words  
 To recommend thy suit. My storms shall rouse  
 Th' *Æ*gean deep ; the shores of Myconè,  
 Scyros with Lemnos, all the Delian rocks,  
 And steep Caphareus with full many a corse  
 Will I o'erspread. But mount Olympus' height,  
 And from the Thunderer's hand his flaming shafts  
 Receiving, mark when the devoted host  
 Of Greece weigh anchor. Frantic is the man  
 Who dares to lay the peopled city waste,  
 Temples with tombs profaning, and bereaves  
 Of their inhabitants those sacred vaults  
 Where sleep the dead ; at length shall vengeance smite  
 That harden'd miscreant in his bold career. [Exeunt.

THE SCENE OPENS, AND DISCOVERS HECUBA  
ON A COUCH.

## HECUBA.

Arise thou wretch, and from the dust uplift  
 Thy drooping head ; tho' Ilion be no more,  
 And thou a Queen no longer, yet endure  
 With patience Fortune's change, and as the tide  
 Or as capricious Fortune wills, direct  
 Thy sails, nor turn against the dashing wave  
 Life's stubborn prow, for chance must guide thy voyage.  
 Alas ! for what but groans belongs to me  
 Whose country, children, husband, are no more ?  
 O mighty splendour of my Sires, now pent

In a small tomb, how art thou found a thing  
Of no account ! what portion of my woes  
Shall I suppress, or what describe, how frame  
A plaintive strain ? now fix'd on this hard couch,  
Wretch that I am, are my unwieldy limbs.  
Ah me ! my head, my temples, ah my side !  
O how I wish to turn and to stretch forth  
These joints ! My tears shall never cease to flow.  
For like the Muse's lyre, th' affecting tale  
Of their calamities consoles the wretched.  
Ye prows of those swift barks which to the coast  
Of fated Ilion, from the Grecian ports  
Adventurous launch'd amid the purple wave,  
Accompanied by inauspicious Pæans  
From pipes, and the shrill flute's enlivening voice,  
While from the mast devolv'd the twisted cordage  
By Ægypt first devis'd, ye to the bay  
Of Troy did follow Menelaus' wife,  
Helen, abhor'd adulteress, who disgrac'd  
Castor her Brother, and Eurotas' stream :  
She murder'd Priam Sire of fifty sons,  
And me the wretched Hecuba hath plung'd  
Into this misery. Here, alas, I sit  
In my loath'd prison, Agamemnon's tent ;  
From princely mansions dragg'd, an aged slave,  
My hoary tresses shorn, this head deform'd  
With baldness. But, alas ye hapless wives  
Of Ilion's dauntless warriors, blooming maids,  
And brides affianc'd in an evil hour,  
Together let us weep, for Ilion's smoke  
Ascends the skies. Like the maternal bird,  
Who wails her callow brood, I now commence  
A strain far different from what erst was heard  
When I on mighty Priam's sceptred state  
Proudly relying, led the Phrygian dance  
Before the hallow'd temples of the Gods.

*[She rises, and comes forth from the Tent.]*

## SEMICHORUS, HECUBA.

SEMICHORUS.

O Hecuba, what mean these clamorous notes,  
These shrieks of woe? for from the vaulted roof  
Thy plaints re-echoing smite my distant ear,  
And fresh alarms seize every Phrygian dame  
Who in these tents enslav'd deplores her fate.

HECUBA.

E'en now, my daughter, at the Grecian fleet  
Th' exulting sailors ply their oars.

SEMICHORUS.

Ah me!

What mean they? will they instantly convey me  
Far from my ruin'd country?

HECUBA.

By conjecture

Alone am I acquainted with our doom.

SEMICHORUS.

Soon shall we hear this sentence; "from these doors  
" Come forth ye Trojan captives, for the Greeks  
" Are now preparing to return."

HECUBA.

O cease,  
My friends, nor from her chambers hither bring  
Cassandra, frantic prophetess, defil'd  
By Argive ruffians, for the sight of her  
Would but encrease my griefs.

SEMICHORUS.

Troy, wretched Troy,  
Thou art no more, they too whom fate ordains  
No longer on thy fostering soil to dwell  
Are wretched, both the living and the slain.

## CHORUS, HECUBA.

CHORUS.

Trembling I come from Agamemnon's tent,

Of thee my royal mistress to enquire  
 Whether the Greeks have doom'd me to be slain,  
 And whether yet along the poop arrang'd  
 The mariners prepare to ply their oars.

HECUBA.

Depriv'd of sleep thro' horror, O my daughter,  
 I hither came: but on the road I see  
 A Grecian herald.

CHORUS.

Tell me to what lord  
 Am wretched I consign'd.

HECUBA.

E'en now the lot  
 Is casting, to decide your fate.

CHORUS.

What chief  
 To Argos, or to Phthia, me shall bear,  
 Or to some island, sorrowing, far from Troy?

HECUBA.

To whom shall wretched I, and in what land  
 Become a slave, decrepid like the drone  
 Thro' age, mere semblance of a pallid corse,  
 Or flitting spectre from the realms beneath?  
 Shall I be station'd or to watch the door,  
 Or tend the children of an haughty lord,  
 Erst plac'd at Troy in rank supreme?

CHORUS.

Alas!

HECUBA.

With what loud plaints dost thou revive thy woes!

CHORUS.

I never more thro' Ida's loom shall dart  
 The shuttle, nor behold a blooming race  
 Of children, in those lighter tasks employ'd  
 Which suit the young and beauteous, to the couch  
 Of some illustrious Greek convey'd, the joys

(2) Which night and fortune yields are lost to me;  
Or fill'd with water, from Pirene's spring  
Shall I be doom'd to bear the ponderous urn.

## HECUBA.

O could we reach the fam'd and happy realm  
Of Theseus, distant from Eurotas' tide,  
And curst Therapne's gates, where I should meet  
Perfidious Helen, and remain a slave  
To Menelaus, who demolish'd Troy.

## CHORUS.

By fame's loud voice I am inform'd, the vale  
Of Peneus, at Olympus base, abounds  
With wealth, and plenteous fruitage.

## HECUBA.

This I make

My second option, next the blest domain  
Of Theseus.

## CHORUS.

I am told that Vulcan's realm  
Of Ætna, opposite Phoenicia's coast  
The mother of Sicilian hills, is fam'd  
For palms obtain'd by valour. Thro' the (3) realm  
Adjacent, bordering on th' Ionian deep,  
Crathis the bright, for auburn hair renown'd,

(2) This language appears so unseemly, in the mouth of the aged Hecuba, that I have followed Dr. Musgrave in the distribution of this speech and several others, both preceding and following it, (see his note V. II. p. 415.) Having so done, I apprehend it to be the less necessary for me to adopt his conjectural alterations, and perhaps the reader, who recollects the terms in which Hecuba addresses Agamemnon, when she is entreating him to suffer her to inflict vengeance on Polymestor, (Hecuba, v. 824—832) will think I have gone too far; though he will find the opinion of Dr. Musgrave, in regard to this speech, in a great measure confirmed by that of Mr. Tyrwhitt.

(3) The country here mentioned, appears to be that, on which the famous city of Sybaris, whose inhabitants were ruined by their luxury, originally stood: after its destruction, Diodorus Siculus says, the Athenians sent a Colony thither, who built a city on a spot very near the ruins of Sybaris, which they called Thurium, from a fountain of that

The tribute of its holy current pours,  
And scatters blessings o'er a martial land.  
But lo, with hasty step a herald comes  
Bearing some message from the Grecian host !  
What is his errand ? for we now are slaves  
To yon proud rulers of the Doric realm.

## TALTHYBIUS, HECUBA, CHORUS.

## TALTHYBIUS.

O Hecuba, full oft, you know, to Troy  
I, as their herald, by the Grecian host  
Have been dispatch'd; you cannot be a stranger  
To me, Talthybius, who to you, and all,  
One message bring.

## HECUBA.

This, this, my dearest friends  
Is what I long have fear'd.

## TALTHYBIUS.

The lots are cast  
Already, if your terrors thence arose.

## HECUBA.

Alas to what Thessalian city saidst thou,  
Or to the Phthian, or the Theban realm  
Shall we be carried ?

## TALTHYBIUS.

To a separate lord  
Hath each of you distinctly been assign'd.

## HECUBA.

To whom alas, to whom am I allotted ?  
What Phrygian dames do happier fortunes wait ?

name. The river Crathis, on whose banks Sybaris stood, is celebrated, as Barnes informs us in his note on this passage, by a variety of ancient writers, for the virtue which is ascribed to it by Euripides, of giving an auburn colour to the hair : it discharges itself into the bay of Tarentum.

The Thurians appear to have been under great obligations to the stern virtues of their law-giver Charondas, for raising their national character to a pitch far beyond that of their predecessors the Sybarites.

TALTHYBIUS.

I know: but be distinct in your enquiries,  
Nor ask at once a multitude of questions.

HECUBA.

Say who by lot hath gain'd my wretched Daughter  
Cassandra?

TALTHYBIUS.

Her the royal Agamemnon  
His chosen prize hath taken.

HECUBA.

As a slave  
To tend his Spartan wife? ah me!

TALTHYBIUS.

No slave,  
But concubine.

HECUBA.

What, Phœbus' votive maid,  
To whom the God with golden tresses gave  
This privilege, that he should pass her life  
In celibacy?

TALTHYBIUS.

With the shafts of love  
Hath the prophetic Nymph transpierc'd his breast.

HECUBA.

My Daughter, cast the sacred keys away,  
And rend the garlands thou with pride didst wear.

TALTHYBIUS.

Is it not great for captives to ascend  
The regal couch?

HECUBA.

But where is she whom late  
Ye took away, and whither have ye borne  
That Daughter?

TALTHYBIUS.

Speak you of Polyxena,  
Or for whom else would you enquire?

HECUBA.

On whom

Hath chance bestow'd her?

TALTHYBIUS.

At Achilles' tomb

It is decreed that she shall minister.

HECUBA.

Wretch that I am! for his sepulchral rites  
Have I then borne a Priestess? but what law  
Is this, what Grecian usage, O my friend?

TALTHYBIUS.

Esteem your Daughter happy; for with her  
All now is well.

HECUBA.

What saidst thou? doth she live?

TALTHYBIUS.

'Tis her peculiar fate to be releas'd  
From all affliction.

HECUBA.

But, alas! what fortune  
Attends the warlike Hector's captive wife,  
How fares it with the lost Andromache?

TALTHYBIUS.

Her too Achilles' son hath from the band  
Of captives chosen.

HECUBA.

As to me who need  
For a third foot, the staff which in these hands  
I hold, whose head is whiten'd o'er with age,  
To whom am I a slave?

TALTHYBIUS.

By lot the King  
Of Ithaca Ulysses hath obtain'd you.

HECUBA.

Alas! alas! let your shorn temples feel  
The frequent blow; rend your discolour'd cheeks.

Ah me ! I am allotted for a slave  
 To a detestable and treacherous man,  
 Sworn foe of justice, to that lawless viper,  
 With double tongue confounding all, 'twixt friends  
 Exciting bitter hate. Ye Trojan dames,  
 O shed the sympathizing tear : I sink  
 Beneath the pressure of relentless fate.

## CHORUS.

Thy doom, O Queen, thou know'st: but to what chief  
 (4) Hellenian or Achaian I belong  
 Inform me.

## TALTHYBIUS.

Peace!—conduct Cassandra hither  
 With speed, ye guards, into our General's hands  
 When I his Captive have deliver'd up,  
 That we the rest may portion out.—Why gleams  
 That blazing torch within? would Ilion's dames  
 Their chambers fire? what mean they? doom'd to leave  
 This land, and to be borne to Argive shores,  
 Are they resolv'd to perish in the flames?  
 The soul, inspir'd with an unbounded love  
 Of freedom, ill sustains such woes. Burst open  
 The doors, lest, to their honour and the shame  
 Of Greece, on me the censure fall.

## HECUBA.

They kindle  
 No conflagration, but, with frantic step,  
 My Daughter, lo, Cassandra rushes hither.

CASSANDRA, TALTHYBIUS, HECUBA,  
 CHORUS.

## CASSANDRA.

Avaunt! the sacred flame I bring  
 With reverential awe profound,

(4) "The Poet here makes a distinction between Achaians and Hellenians. At the time of the Trojan war the Achaians were the inhabitants of Sparta according to Strabo and Pausanias, and the Hellenians, they who dwelt in Thessaly. There was a time too, when the Thessalians likewise were called Achaians, the reason for which may be collected from Pausanias." MUSGRAVE.

And wave the kindled torch around,  
O Hymen, thou benignant king.  
The Bridegroom, comes with jocund pride,  
I too am styl'd a happy Bride,  
My name through Argos' streets shall ring,  
O Hymen, thou benignant king !  
While thou attend'st my Father's bier,  
O Hecuba, with many a tear,  
While Ilion's ramparts overthrown  
From thee demand th' incessant groan,  
Ere the bright Sun withhold his ray,  
E'en in the glaring front of day,  
I bid the nuptial incense blaze  
To thee, O Hymen, thee whose power  
Invoking at her bridal hour  
The bashful virgin comes. Yon maze  
Encircling, 'mid the choral dance,  
As antient usage bids, advance,  
And in thy hand a flaming pine,  
O mother, brandish. God of wine,  
Thy shouting votaries hither bring,  
As if in Ilion thou hadst found  
Old Priam still a happy king.  
Range that holy groupe around  
O Phœbus, in thy laureat mead,  
Thy temple, shall the victim bleed.  
Let Hymen, Hymen, Hymen, sound.  
My Mother, for the dance prepare,  
Vault nimbly, and our revels share.  
At Hymen's shrine, my friends, prolong  
Your vows, awake th' exstatic song ;  
In honour of my bridal day,  
Chant, Phrygian nymphs, the choral lay,  
And celebrate the chief whom fate  
Ordains to be Cassandra's mate.

## CHORUS.

Wilt thou not stop the Princess, lest she rush  
With frantic step amid the Grecian host ?

## HECUBA.

O Vulcan, wont to light the bridal torch,  
 Now dost thou brandish an accursed flame ;  
 My soul foresaw not this. Alas, my Daughter,  
 I little thought, that midst the din of arms,  
 Or while we crouch beneath the Argive spear,  
 Thou could'st have celebrated such espousals.  
 Give me the torch, for while with frantic speed  
 Thou rushest on, it trembles in thy hand.  
 Nor yet have thy afflictions, O my Daughter,  
 Brought back thy wandering reason, thou remain'st  
 Disorder'd as before. Ye Trojan Dames,  
 Remove yon blazing pines, and in the stead  
 Of these her bridal songs let tears express  
 The anguish of your souls.

## CASSANDRA.

O Mother, place

A laureat wreath on my victorious brow,  
 Exulting lead me to the Monarch's bed.  
 And if for thee too slowly I advance,  
 Drag me along by force : for I am now  
 No more the spouse of Phœbus; but that king  
 Of Greece, fam'd Agamemnon, shall in me  
 Take to his arms a bride more inauspicious  
 Than even Helen's self : him will I smite,  
 And lay his palace waste, in great revenge  
 For my slain Sire and Brothers. But I cease  
 These menaces, and speak not of the axe  
 Which shall smite me and others, or the conflict  
 My wedlock shall produce, whence by the hands  
 Of her own son a Mother shall be slain,  
 And th' overthrow of Atreus' guilty house.  
 This city will I prove to have been happier  
 Than the victorious Greeks (for though the Gods  
 Inspire, I curb the transports of my soul),  
 Who for one single woman, to regain  
 The beauteous Helen only, wasted lives

Unnumber'd. Their wise leader, in the cause  
Of those he hated, slew whom most he lov'd ;  
He to his Brother yielded up his Daughter,  
Joy of his house, for that vile woman's sake,  
Who with her own consent, and not by force,  
Was borne away. But at Scamander's banks  
When they arriv'd, they died, though not by exile,  
Torn from their country, or their native towers :  
But them who in embattled fields were slain,  
Their children saw not, nor in decent shroud  
Were they enwrapp'd by their lov'd consorts' hands,  
But lie deserted on a foreign coast :  
Their sorrows also who remain'd at home  
Are similar; in widowhood forlorn  
Some die ; and others, of their own brave sons  
Depriv'd, breed up the children of a stranger ;  
Nor at their slighted tombs is blood pour'd forth  
To drench the thirsty ground. Their host deserves  
Praises like these. 'Tis better not to speak  
Of what is infamous, nor shall my Muse  
Record the shameful tale. But, first and greatest  
Of glories, in their country's cause expir'd  
The Trojans ; the remains of those who fell  
In battle, by their friends borne home, obtain'd  
Sepulchral honours in their native soil,  
That duteous office kindred hands perform'd :  
While every Phrygian who escap'd the sword  
Still with his wife and children did reside,  
Joy to the Greeks unknown. Now hear the fate  
Of Hector, him whom thou bewail'st, esteem'd  
The bravest of our heroes, by the Greeks  
Landing on Ilion's coast the warrior fell ;  
In their own country had the foe remain'd,  
His valour ne'er had been display'd : but Paris  
Wedded the Daughter of imperial Jove,  
In her possessing an illustrious bride.  
It is the wise man's duty to avoid

Perilous war. After the dye is cast,  
 He who undaunted meets the fatal stroke,  
 Adds to his native city fair renown ;  
 But the last moments of a coward shame  
 The land which gave him birth. Forbear to weep,  
 My Mother, for thy ruin'd country's fate ;  
 Weep not because thou see'st thy daughter borne  
 To Agamemnon's bed, for by these spousals  
 Our most inveterate foes shall I destroy.

## CHORUS.

How sweetly midst the sorrows of thy house  
 Thou smil'st ! ere long perchance wilt thou afford  
 A melancholy instance that thy strains  
 Are void of truth.

## TALTHYBIUS.

Had not Apollo fir'd  
 E'en to distraction thy perverted soul,  
 Thou on my honour'd leader, ere he quit  
 The shores of Ilion, should'st not unaveng'd  
 Pour forth these omens. But, alas ! the great,  
 And they who in th' opinion of mankind  
 Are wise, in no respect excel the vulgar.  
 For the dread chieftain of the Grecian host,  
 The son of Atreus, loves with boundless passion  
 This damsel frantic as the Mænades.  
 Myself am poor, yet would not I accept  
 A wife like her. Since thou hast lost thy reason,  
 I to the winds consign thy bitter taunts  
 'Gainst Argos, with the praises thou bestow'st  
 On Troy. Thou bride of Agamemnon, come,  
 Follow me to the fleet. But when Ulysses  
 Would bear you hence, O Hecuba, obey  
 The summons, you are destin'd to attend  
 A (5) Queen call'd virtuous by all those who come  
 To Ilion.

(5) Penelope.

x 2

## CASSANDRA.

Arrogant, detested slave !  
All heralds are like thee, the public scorn,  
Crouching with abject deference to some king  
Or' city. Say'st thou, " to Ulysses' house  
" My Mother shall be borne ?" Of what account  
Were then the oracles Apollo gave  
Utter'd by me his priestess, which declare,  
" She here shall die ?" I spare the shameful tale.  
He knows not, the unhappy Ithacus,  
What evils yet await him, in the tears  
Of me and every captive Phrygian maid,  
While he exults, and deems our misery gain.  
Ten more long years elaps'd beyond the term  
Spent in besieging Ilion, he alone  
Shall reach his country ; witness thou who dwell'st  
Mid'st ocean's straits tempestuous, dire Charibdis,  
Ye mountains where on human victims feast  
The Cyclops, with Ligurian Circe's isle,  
Whose wand transforms to swine, the billowy deep  
Cover'd with shipwrecks, the bewitching Lotus,  
The sacred Oxen of the Sun, whose flesh  
Destin'd to utter a tremendous voice  
The banquet shall embitter : he at length,  
In a few words his history to comprise,  
Alive must travel to the shades beneath,  
And hardly scaping from a watery grave  
In his own house find evils numberless.  
But why do I recount Ulysses' toils ?  
Lead on, that I the sooner in the realms  
Of Pluto, with that Bridegroom may consummate  
My nuptials. Ruthless miscreant as thou art,  
Thou in the tomb ignobly shalt be plung'd  
At midnight ; nor shall the auspicious beams  
Of day illumine thy funereal rites,  
O leader of the Grecian host, who deem'st  
That thou a mighty conquest hast atchiev'd.

Near to my Lord's remains, and in that vale,  
 Where down a precipice the torrent foams,  
 My corse shall to the hungry wolves be thrown,  
 The corse of Phœbus' priestess. O ye wreaths  
 Of him whom best of all the Gods I lov'd,  
 Adieu, ye symbols of my holy office,  
 I leave those feasts the scenes of past delight,  
 Torn from my brows avaunt, for I retain  
 My chastity unsullied still ; the winds  
 To thee shall waft them, O prophetic King.  
 Where is your general's bark, which I am doom'd  
 To ascend ? the rising breezes shall unfurl  
 Your sails this instant ; for in me ye bear  
 One of the three Eumenides from Troy,  
 Farewell, my Mother, weep not for my fate,  
 O my dear Country, my heroic Brothers,  
 And aged Father, in the realms beneath,  
 Ere long shall ye receive me : but victorious  
 Will I descend among the mighty dead,  
 When I have laid th' accursed mansions waste  
 Of our destroyers, Atreus' impious sons.

[*Exeunt CASSANDRA and TALTHYBIUS.*

CHORUS.

Attendants of the aged Hecuba,  
 Behold ye not your Mistress, how she falls  
 Upon the pavement speechless ? why neglect  
 To prop her sinking frame ! Ye slothful nymphs,  
 Raise up this woman, whom a weight of years  
 Bows to the dust.

HECUBA.

Away, and on this spot  
 Allow me, courteous damsels, to remain :  
 No longer welcome as in happier days  
 Are your kind offices ; this humble posture,  
 This fall best suits my present lowly state,  
 Best suits what I already have endur'd  
 And still am doom'd to suffer. O ye Gods,

In you I call upon no firm allies,  
Yet sure 'tis decent to invoke the Gods  
When we by adverse fortune are oppress'd.  
First, therefore, all the blessings I enjoy'd  
Would I recount, hence shall my woes demand  
The greater pity. Born to regal state,  
And with a mighty King in wedlock join'd,  
A race of valiant sons did I produce ;  
I speak not of their numbers, but the noblest  
Among the Phrygian youths, such as no Trojan,  
Nor Grecian, nor Barbarian dame could boast :  
Them saw I fall beneath the hostile spear,  
And at their tomb these tresses cut : their Sire,  
The venerable Priam, I bewail'd not,  
From being told of his calamitous fate  
By others, but these eyes beheld him slain,  
E'en at the altar of Hercæan Jove,  
And Ilion taken. I those blooming maids  
Have also lost, whom with maternal love  
I nurtur'd for some noble husband's bed ;  
They from these arms are torn : nor can I hope  
Or to be seen by them, or e'er to see  
My children more. But last of all, to crown  
My woes, an aged slave, shall I be borne  
To Greece ; and in such tasks will they employ me  
As are most grievous in the wane of life ;  
Me, who am Hector's mother, at the door  
Station'd to keep the keys, or knead the bread,  
And on the pavement stretch my wither'd limbs,  
Which erst repos'd upon a regal couch,  
And in such tatter'd vestments, as bely  
My former rank, enwrap my wasted frame.  
Wretch that I am, who, thro' one woman's nuptials,  
Have borne, and am hereafter doom'd to bear,  
Such dreadful ills. O my unhappy Daughter,  
Cassandra, whom the Gods have render'd frantic,  
With what sad omens hath thy virgin zone.

Been loos'd ! and where, Polyxena, art thou,  
O virgin most unfortunate ? but none  
Of all my numerous progeny, or male  
Or female, comes to aid their wretched Mother.  
Why, therefore, would ye lift me up ? what room  
Is there for hope ? me who with tender foot  
Pac'd through the streets of Troy, but now a slave,  
Drag from the palace to the rushy mat  
And stony pillow, that where'er I fall  
There may I die, through many many tears  
Exhausted. Of the prosperous and the great  
Pronounce none happy till the hour of death.

## CHORUS.

## O D E.

## I.

Prepare, O Muse, prepare a song  
Expressive of the fall of Troy ;  
The sympathetic dirge prolong,  
And banish every note of joy.  
I with loud voice of Ilion's fate will speak,  
Sing how the foe our ramparts storm'd  
Through the machine their treachery form'd,  
The vehicle of many a daring Greek,  
Who burst like thunder from that wooden steed,  
With gorgeous trappings grac'd, in mimic state,  
Concealing armed bands, which pass'd the Scæan gate,  
They whom such semblance could mislead,  
The unsuspecting crowd,  
As on Troy's citadel they stood,  
Exclaim'd ; " Henceforth our toils shall cease,  
" Come on, and to Minerva's fane convey  
" This holy image, pledge of peace."  
What veteran paus'd ? what youth but led the way ?  
Enlivening songs breath'd round in notes so sweet,  
That gladly they receiv'd the pestilential cheat.

## II.

Then did all Phrygia's race combine  
 Through their devoted gates to bear,  
 Enclos'd in the stupendous pine  
 The fraud of Greece, that latent snare,  
 To glut Minerva with Dardanian blood,  
 To pacify th' immortal Maid,  
 They the huge mass with ropes convey'd:  
 Thus the tall bark, into the briny flood  
 Too ponderous to be borne, is roll'd along:  
 Till they had lodg'd it in th' ill-omen'd fane  
 Of Her to whom we owe our ruin'd country's bane.  
 After their toil and festive song,  
 The cloud-wrapp'd Evening spread  
 Her veil o'er each devoted head,  
 Shrill Phrygian voices did resound,  
 And Libya's flutes accompanied the choir,  
 While nymphs high vaulting from the ground,  
 Mix'd their applauses with the chorded lyre,  
 And from each hearth the flames with radiance bright,  
 While heedless warriors slept, dispell'd the shades of  
 night.

## III.

Then o'er the genial board, to her who reigns  
 In woodland heights, Diana, child of Jove,  
 I wak'd the choral strains.  
 But soon there flew a dismal sound  
 Pergamus' wide streets around:  
 The shrieking infant fondly strove  
 To grasp the border of a Mother's vest,  
 And with uplifted hands its little fears express'd:  
 Mars from his (6) ambush by Minerva's aid

(6) " This is spoken of the Wooden Horse, whence the foe issuing forth, warred against the Trojans in the very heart of their city. The expression of *Ἄρης*, Mars, is poetical, and signifies the Greek soldiers, who, aided by the counsels of Minerva, framed that stratagem."

CARMELLI.

Conspicuous issu'd and the fray began,  
 Thick gore adown our altars ran,  
 And many a slaughter'd youth was laid  
 A headless trunk on the disfigur'd bed,  
 That Greece might shine with laureat wreaths array'd,  
 By Troy while fruitless tears are shed.

ANDROMACHE, HECUBA, CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Seest thou, Andromaché, O Queen, this way  
 Advancing, wafted in a foreign car?  
 Eager to cling to the maternal breast  
 Close follows her belov'd Astyanax,  
 The son of Hector.

HECUBA.

Whither art thou borne,  
 O wretched woman, on a chariot plac'd  
 Midst Hector's brazen armour, and those spoils  
 From captive Phrygian chiefs in combat torn,  
 With which Achilles' son from Ilion's siege  
 Triumphant, will the Phthian temples grace?

ANDROMACHE.

Our Grecian masters drag me hence.

HECUBA.

Alas!

ANDROMACHE.

Why with your groans my anguish strive to assuage?

HECUBA.

Oh!

ANDROMACHE.

I by griefs am compass'd—

HECUBA.

Mighty Jove!

ANDROMACHE.

And dread vicissitudes of fate.

HECUBA.

My children.

ANDROMACHE.

We once were blest.

HECUBA.

Now are those prosperous days  
No more ; and Ilion is no more.

ANDROMACHE.

Most wretched,

HECUBA.

My noble sons.

ANDROMACHE.

Alas !

HECUBA.

Alas my —

ANDROMACHE.

Woes,

HECUBA.

O piteous fortune —

ANDROMACHE.

Of the city —

HECUBA.

Wrapt

In smoke.

ANDROMACHE.

Return, my Husband, O return,

HECUBA.

In clamorous accents thou invok'st my son,  
Whom Pluto's realms detain, unhappy woman.

ANDROMACHE.

Thy Consort's tutelary power.

HECUBA.

And thou,  
Whose courage long withstood the Grecian host,  
Thou aged Father of our numerous race,  
Lead me, O Priam, to the shades beneath.

ANDROMACHE.

Presumptuous are such wishes.

HECUBA.

We endure

These grievous woes.

CHORUS.

While ruin overwhelms

Our city, for on sorrows have been heap'd  
 Fresh sorrows, thro' the will of angry Heaven,  
 Since in an evil hour thy (?) Son was snatch'd  
 From Pluto, who, determin'd to avenge  
 Those execrable' nuptials, with the ground  
 Hath levell'd Pergamus' beleaguer'd towers.  
 Near Pallas' shrine the corses of the slain  
 Weltering in gore to vultures lie expos'd,  
 And Ilion droops beneath the servile yoke.  
 Thee, O my wretched country, I with tears  
 Forsake: e'en now thou view'st the piteous end  
 Of all thy woes, and my lov'd native house.

HECUBA.

My children! O my desolated city!  
 Your Mother is bereft of every joy.

CHORUS.

What shrieks, what plaints resound! what floods of tears  
 Stream in our houses! but the dead forget  
 Their sorrows, and for ever cease to weep.

HECUBA.

To those who suffer, what a sweet relief  
 Do tears afford! the sympathetic Muse  
 Inspires their plaints.

ANDROMACHE

O Mother of that chief,  
 Whose forceful javelin thinn'd the ranks of Greece,  
 Illustrious Hector, see'st thou this?

(7) Paris; who, instead of being put to death in consequence of Cassandra's prophetic warnings, was sent to Mount Ida, and there bred up among the shepherds. I have disposed the ensuing speeches according to Dr. Musgrave's note.

HECUBA.

I see

The Gods delight in raising up the low,  
And ruining the great.

ANDROMACHE.

Hence with my son,

A captive am I hurried ; noble birth  
Subject to these vicissitudes now sinks  
Into degrading slavery.

HECUBA.

Uncontroll'd

The power of fate : Cassandra from these arms  
But now with brutal violence was torn !

ANDROMACHE.

A second Ajax to thy daughter seems  
To have appear'd. Yet hast thou other griefs.

HECUBA.

All bounds, all numbers they exceed ; with ills  
Fresh ills as for preeminence contend.

ANDROMACHE.

Polyxena, thy Daughter, at the tomb  
Of Peleus' son hath breath'd her last, a gift  
To the deceas'd.

HECUBA.

Wretch that I am, alas !  
Too clearly now I understand the riddle  
Which in obscurer terms Talthybius utter'd.

ANDROMACHE.

I saw her bleed, and lighting from this car  
Cover'd her with the decent shroud and wail'd  
O'er her remains.

HECUBA.

Alas ! alas ! my Child  
To bloody altars dragg'd by impious hands,  
Alas, alas, how basely wert thou slain !

ANDROMACHE.

Most dreadfully she perished ; yet her lot

Who perish'd is more enviable than mine.

## HECUBA.

Far different, O my Daughter, is the state  
Of them who live, from them who breathe no more:  
For the deceas'd are nothing: but fair hope,  
While life remains, can never be extinct.

## ANDROMACHE.

(8) Thou whom, altho' I sprung not from thy womb,  
I deem a Mother, to my cheering words  
With patience listen, they will yield delight  
To thy afflicted soul. 'Tis the same thing  
Ne'er to be born, or die; but better far  
To die, than to live wretched: for no sorrow  
Affects th' unconscious tenant of the grave.  
But he who once was happy, he who falls  
From Fortune's summit down the vale of woe,  
With an afflicted spirit wanders o'er  
The scenes of past delight. In the cold grave,  
Like one who never saw the blessed Sun,  
Polyxena remembers not her woes.  
But I who aim'd the dextrous shaft, and gain'd  
An ample portion of renown, have miss'd  
The mark of happiness. In Hector's house  
I acted as behoves each virtuous Dame.  
First, whether sland'rous tongues assail or spare  
The Matron's chastity, an evil name,  
Her who remains not at her home, pursues:  
Such vain desires I therefore quell'd, I staid  
In my own chamber, a domestic life  
Preferring, and forbore to introduce

(8) The two first lines of this speech are a translation of ο μης, η τεκνη, Καλλιστον λαγα, which is restored from the Harleian and Florentine manuscripts by Dr. Musgrave, it having been omitted by the preceding Editors: the Doctor's alteration of ω into ε is absolutely necessary to be admitted, as Andromache was daughter to Hecuba by marriage only, and not by birth.

Vain sentimental language, such as gains  
Too oft the ear of woman: 'twas enough  
For me to yield obedience to the voice  
Of Virtue, that best Monitor. My lord  
With placid aspect and a silent tongue  
I still receiv'd, for I that province knew  
In which I ought to rule, and when to yield  
Submission to a husband's will. The fame  
This conduct gain'd me, reach'd the Grecian camp,  
And prov'd my ruin: for when I became  
A captive, Neoptolemus resolv'd  
To take me to his bed, and in the house  
Of murderers I to slavery am consign'd.  
If shaking off my Hector's lov'd remembrance  
To this new Husband I my soul incline,  
I shall appear perfidious to the dead;  
Or, if I hate Achilles' son, become  
Obnoxious to my lords; tho' some assert  
That one short night can reconcile th' aversion  
Of any woman to the nuptial conch;  
I scorn that widow, left of her first lord,  
Who listens to the voice of love, and weds  
Another. From her comrade torn, the mare  
Sustains the yoke reluctant, tho' a brute  
Dumb and irrational, by nature form'd  
Subordinate to man: but I in thee  
Possess'd a husband, O my dearest Hector,  
In wisdom, fortune, and illustrious birth,  
For me sufficient, great in martial deeds:  
A spotless virgin-bride, me from the house  
Of my great father, didst thou first receive;  
But thou art slain, and I to Greece must sail  
A captive, and endure the servile yoke!  
Is not the death of that Polyxena,  
Whom thou, O Hecuba, bewail'st, an ill  
More tolerable than those which I endure?

For Hope, who visits every wretch beside,  
To me ne'er comes; to me no promis'd joys  
Afford a flattering prospect to deceive  
This anxious bosom; for 'tis sweet to think  
E'en of ideal bliss.

## CHORUS.

Thou art involv'd  
In the same sufferings, and in plaintive notes  
Bewailing thy calamity, inform'st me  
What treatment to expect.

## HECUBA.

I ne'er did mount  
A ship, yet I from pictures and report  
These matters know: amidst a moderate storm,  
Such as they hope to weather out, the sailors  
To save themselves, exert a cheerful toil;  
This to the rudder, to the shatter'd sails  
That goes, a third laborious at the pump  
Draws off the rising waters; but if vanquish'd  
By the tempestuous ocean's rage, they yield  
To fortune, and consigning to the waves  
Their vessel, are at random driven along.  
Thus I am mute beneath unnumber'd woes,  
Nor can this tongue expiate, for the Gods  
Such torrents pour as drown my feeble voice!  
But, O my daughter, cease to name the fate  
Of slaughter'd Hector, whom no tears can save.  
Pay due attention to thy present lord,  
With amorous glances and a fond compliance  
Receiving him; act thus, and thou wilt cheer  
Our friends, and this my grandson educate  
A bulwark to fallen Ilion, that his race  
The city may rebuild; and dwell in Troy.  
But a fresh topic of discourse ensues.  
What servant of the Greeks do I behold  
Again draw near, t' announce some new design?

TALTHYBIUS, ANDROMACHE, HECUBA,  
CHORUS.

TALTHYBIUS.

O thou who erst wert Hector's wife, that bravest  
Of Phrygians, hate me not ; for with reluctance  
Will I the general sentence of the Greeks  
And Pelops' progeny, announce.

ANDROMACHE.

What means

This evil prelude ?

TALTHYBIUS.

'Tis decreed thy Son ——  
How shall I speak it ?

ANDROMACHE.

To a separate lord

Shall be consign'd ?

TALTHYBIUS.

None of the Grecian chiefs

Shall ever o'er Astyanax bear rule.

ANDROMACHE.

Must I leave here, him who alone remains  
Of all that erst was dear to me in Troy ?

TALTHYBIUS.

Alas ! I know not in what terms t' express  
The miseries that await thee ?

ANDROMACHE.

I commend

Such modesty, provided thou canst speak  
Aught to afford me comfort.

TALTHYBIUS.

They resolve

To slay thy son ; thou hear'st my dismal errand.

ANDROMACHE.

Ah me ! thou hast unfolded to these ears  
An evil, greater than my menac'd spousals.

TALTHYBIUS.

By his harangues to the assembled Greeks,  
Ulysses hath prevail'd.

ANDROMACHE.

Alas! alas!  
Immoderate are the sorrows I endure.

TALTHYBIUS.

Saying they ought not to train up the son  
Of that heroic sire.

ANDROMACHE.

May he obtain  
O'er his own children triumphs great as these!

TALTHYBIUS.

He from the towers of Ilion must be thrown:  
But I entreat thee, and thou hence shall seem  
More prudent, strive not to withhold thy son,  
But bear thy woes with firmness; nor, tho' weak,  
Deem thyself strong; for thou hast no support,  
And therefore must consider that thy city  
Is overthrown, thy husband is no more,  
Thou art reduc'd to servitude; and we  
Are strong enough to combat with one woman:  
O therefore brave not this unequal strife,  
Stoop not to aught that's base, nor yet revile,  
Nor idly scatter curses on thy foes;  
For if thou utter aught that may provoke  
The anger of the host, thy son will bleed  
Unburied and unwept: but if thou bear  
With silence and composure thy misfortunes,  
Funereal honours shall adorn his grave,  
And Greece to thee her lenity extend.

ANDROMACHE.

Thee, O my dearest son, thy foes will slay;  
Soon art thou doom'd to leave thy wretched mother.  
What saves the lives of others, the renown  
Of an illustrious sire, to thee will prove  
The cause of death: by this paternal fame

Art thou attended in an evil hour.  
 To me how luckless prov'd the genial bed,  
 And those espousals, that to Hector's house  
 First brought me, when I trusted I should bear  
 A son, no victim to the ruthless Greeks,  
 But an illustrious Asiatic king.  
 Weep'st thou, my Son? dost thou perceive thy woes?  
 Why cling to me with timid hands? why seize  
 My garment? thus beneath it's mother's wings  
 The callow bird is shelter'd. From the tomb,  
 No Hector brandishing his massive spear  
 Rushes to save thee; no intrepid kinsman  
 Of thy departed father, nor the might  
 Of Phrygian hosts is here: but from aloof  
 Borne headlong by a miserable leap,  
 Shalt thou pour forth thy latest gasp of life.  
 Unpitied. Tender burden in the arms  
 Of thy fond mother! what ambrosial odours  
 Breath'd from thy lips? I swath'd thee to my breast  
 In vain, I toil'd in vain, and wore away  
 My strength with fruitless labours. Yet embrace  
 Thy mother once again; around my neck  
 Entwine thy arms, and give one parting kiss.  
 Ye Greeks, who studiously invent new modes  
 Of unexampled cruelty, why slay  
 This guiltless infant? Helen, O thou daughter  
 Of (9) Tyndarus, never didst thou spring from Jove,  
 But I pronounce thee born of many Sires,

(9) Barnes's note on this passage, informing us that Helen's Father Tyndarus, was the fourth in a lineal descent from Lacedemon, son of Jupiter, appears to have a tendency to mislead the reader. What Andromache here says of Helen, being only the language of indignation, with as little intention of questioning her pedigree, as Patroclus, in Homer, has of depriving his friend Achilles of both his parents, when he says,

Νηλεως μη αρε ται γη Πλατης τη ανωντια Πηλεως,

Ουδε Θυτης μητηρ γλαυκη δι τη ταπει Σαλαστη,

Πηλεως τη μητερα.

Il. L. 16. v. 33.

An evil Genius, Envy, Slaughter, Death,  
 And every evil that from Earth receives  
 Its nourishment ; nor dare I to assert  
 That Jove himself begot a pest like thee,  
 Fatal to Greece and each Barbarian chief.  
 Perdition overtake thee ! for those eyes  
 By their seducing glances have o'erthrown  
 The Phrygian empire. Bear this child away,  
 And cast him from the turrets if ye list,  
 Then banquet on his quivering flesh : the Gods  
 Ordain that I shall perish : nor from him  
 Can I repell the stroke of death. Conceal  
 This wretched form from public view, and plunge me  
 In the ship's hold ; for I have lost my son,  
 Such the blest prelude to my nuptial rite.

## CHORUS.

Thy myriads, hapless Ilion, did expire  
 In combat for one woman, to maintain  
 Paris' accrû'd espousals.

## (10) ANDROMACHE.

Cease, my child,

Nor ever amorous Hero caus'd thy birth,  
 Nor ever tender Goddess brought thee forth,  
 Some rugged rocks' hard entrails gave thee form,  
 And raging seas produc'd thee in a storm.      POPE.

or Virgil's Dido, when she says to *Aeneas*,

Nec tibi diva parens, generis nec Dardanus auctor,  
 Perfide: sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens  
 Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admirunt ubera tigres.

*AEn. L. 4. v. 366.*

False as thou art, and more than false, forsworn ;  
 Not sprung from noble blood, nor Goddess-born,  
 But hewn from harden'd entrails of a rock,  
 And rough Hyrcanian tygers gave thee suck.      DRYDEN.

In La Cerd'a's note on the latter of these passages, the reader will find  
 near twenty similar instances, collected from a variety of Greek and  
 Latin writers, not only in verse but prose.

(10) From the whole tenor of this speech, and more particularly the  
 terms *κακούντιον* and *νυμφες γνωμον*, I am strongly induced to conclude that

Fondly to lisp thy wretched Mother's name,  
 Ascend the height of thy paternal towers,  
 Whence 'tis by Greece decreed thy parting breath  
 Shall issue. Take him hence. Aloud proclaim  
 This deed ye merciless: that wretch alone  
 Who never knew the blush of virtuous shame,  
 Your sentence can applaud.

[*Exeunt ANDROMACHE and TALTHYBIUS.*

HECUBA.

O child, thou son

Of my unhappy Hector, from thy Mother  
 And me thou unexpectedly art torn.  
 What can I do, what help afford? for thee  
 I smite this head, this miserable breast;  
 Thus far my power extends. Alas, thou city,  
 And, O my grandson! is there yet a curse  
 Beyond what we have felt? remains there aught  
 To save us from the yawning gulph of ruin?

CHORUS.

O D E.

I. I.

I. Salamis' profound retreat  
 Fain'd for the luscious treasures of the bee,  
 High rais'd above th' encircling sea  
 Thou, Telamon, didst fix thy regal seat;  
 Near to (11) those sacred hills, where spread  
 The olive first its fragrant sprays,

Aldus, Barnes, &c. have judged right in ascribing it to *Andromache*, who on leaving the stage ends with addressing herself to *Talthybius*. It appears, however, by Dr. Musgrave's notes and his Latin version, that both Mr. Tyrwhitt and himself are of a different opinion, and put these lines into the mouth of *Talthybius*; but I observe, that in order to effect such change of speakers with any apparent propriety, they propose altering *υηδης* into *ηηδης*, without citing any authority for so doing: *Corriguntur antique editiones ab eruditis hominibus, que tamen interdum nihil emendationis indigent*, is a passage in the *Adversaria* of *Turnebus* which very frequently occurs to me.

(11) The hill upon which the citadel of Athens was afterwards erected, is the place where the olive first made its appearance, on *Minerva's*

To form a garland for Minerva's head,  
 And the Athenian splendor raise :  
 With the fam'd archer, with Alcmena's son  
 Thou cam'st exulting with vindictive joy ;  
 By your confederate arms was Ilion won,  
 When from thy Greece thou cam'st our city to destroy.

## I. 2.

Repining for the promis'd steeds,  
 From Greece Alcides led a chosen band,  
 With hostile prows th' indented strand  
 He reach'd, and anchor'd near fair Simois' meads ;  
 Selected from each ship, he led  
 Those who with dextrous hand could wing  
 Th' unerring shaft, till slaughter reach'd thy head,  
 Laomedon, thou perjur'd king :  
 Those battlements which Phœbus' self did rear  
 The victor wasted with devouring flame ;  
 Twice o'er Troy's walls hath wav'd the hostile spear,  
 Twice have insulting shouts announced Dardania's shame,

## II. 1.

Thou bear'st the sparkling wise in vain  
 With step effeminate, O (12) Phrygian boy,  
 Erewhile didst thou approach with joy

striking the ground with her spear in her contest with Neptune, which of them should give their name to Cecropia, which was afterwards called Athens, in honour of the Goddess, from Αθηνα, the Greek for Minerva. The island of Salamis is situated in the Saronian bay, or gulph of Ægina, not far distant from the coast of Athens, and was reduced into subjection by that state before the days of Euripides. Strabo and Eustathius say, that when the Athenians and Megarians were contending for Salamis, Pisistratus or Solon quoted the two following lines from Homer, to prove that the island belonged to the Athenians :

Αιας δ' εκ Σαλαμινος αλη θραυσθεντα μετ,  
 Στηνη δ' αγραν ον Αθηναιον γενετο φελλογυγε. II. L. 2. v. 557.

Many critics suppose the second of these lines to have been forged on that occasion. But Aristotle, in his Rhetoric, calls the above passage of Homer " a clear testimony, of which the Athenians availed themselves," without insinuating the least doubt of its arthenticity.

(12) Ganymede.

To fill the goblet of imperial Jove ;  
 For now thy Troy lies levell'd with the plain,  
 And its thick smoke ascends the realms above.

On th' echoing coast our plaints we vent,  
 As feather'd songsters o'er their young bewail,  
 A child or husband these lament,  
 And those behold their captive Mothers sail :  
 The founts where thou didst bathe, th' athletic sports,  
 Are now no more. Each blooming grace  
 Sheds charms unheeded o'er thy placid face,  
 And thou frequent'st Heaven's splendid courts.  
 Triumphant Greece hath levell'd in the dust  
 The throne where Priam rul'd the virtuous and the just.

## II. 2.

With happier auspices, O Love,  
 Erst didst thou hover o'er this fruitful plain,  
 Hence caught the Gods thy thrilling pain ;  
 By thee embellish'd, Troy's resplendent towers  
 Rear'd their proud summits blest by thundering Jove,  
 For our allies were the celestial powers.

But I no longer will betray  
 Heaven's ruler to reproach and biting shame.

The white-wing'd Morn, blest source of day,  
 Who cheers the nations with her kindling flame,  
 Beheld these walls demolish'd, and th' abode

Of that dear (13) Prince who shar'd her bed  
 In fragments o'er the wasted champain spread :

While swift along the starry road,  
 Her golden car his country's guardian bore :  
 False was each amorous God, and Ilion is no more.

## MENELAUS, HECUBA, CHORUS.

## MENELAUS.

Hail, O ye solar beams, who on this day,  
 When I my consort Helen shall regain

(13) *Tithonus.*

Your radiance shed. For I am he who long  
Endur'd the toils of battle; Menelaus,  
Attended by the Grecian host. To Troy,  
Not in a woman's cause, as many deem,  
I came, but came to punish him who broke  
The laws of hospitality, and ravish'd  
My Consort from my palace. He hath suffer'd  
As he deserv'd, such was the will of Heaven,  
He and his country by the spear of Greece  
Have been destroy'd. But I am come to bear  
That Spartan Dame away, whom with regret  
I term my Consort, though she once was mine.  
But she beneath these tents is with the rest  
Of Phrygia's captives number'd; for the troops  
Whose arms redeem'd her, have to me consign'd  
That I might either take away, or spare  
Her life, and waft her to the Argive coast.  
I am resolv'd that Helen shall not bleed  
In Troy, but o'er the foaming waves to Greece  
Will I convey her, and to them whose friends  
Before yon walls were slain, surrender'd  
To perish by their vengeance. But with speed  
Enter the tent, thence by that hair defil'd  
With murder, O my followers, drag her forth,  
And hither bring: for when a prosperous breeze  
Arises, her will I to Greece convey.

## HECUBA.

O thou who mov'st the world, and in this earth  
Hast fix'd thy station, whosoe'er thou art,  
Impervious to our reason, whether thou,  
O Jove, art dread Necessity which rules  
All Nature, or that Soul which animates  
The breasts of mortals, thee do I adore,  
For in a silent path thou tread'st and guid'st  
With justice the affairs of man.

## MENELAUS.

What means

This innovation in the solemn prayer  
You to the Gods address ?

HECUBA.

I shall applaud

The stroke, O Menelaus, if thou slay  
Thy wife ; but soon as thou behold'st her, fly,  
Lest she with love ensnare thee. For the eyes  
Of men she captivates, o'erturns whole cities,  
And fires the roofs of lofty palaces,  
She is possess'd of such resistless charms ;  
Both I and thou and thousands to their cost,  
Alas ! are sensible how great her power.

HELEN, MENELAUS, HECUBA, CHORUS.

HELEN.

O Menelaus, this is sure a prelude  
To greater horrors. For with brutal hands  
I by your servants from these tents am dragg'd ?  
Too well I know you hate me, yet would learn,  
How you and Greece have of my life dispos'd.

MENELAUS.

Thou by the utmost rigour of the laws  
Hast not been sentenc'd ; but the host, to me  
Whom thou hast wrong'd, consign thee to be slain.

HELEN.

May not I answer to these harsh resolves,  
That if I bleed, unjustly shall I bleed ?

MENELAUS.

I came not hither to debate, but slay thee ?

HECUBA.

Hear her, nor let her die, O Menelaus,  
Without this privilege. Me too allow  
To make reply to her defence ; for nought  
Of the foul deeds, which she in Troy committed  
Yet know'st thou : if united, the whole tale  
Must force thee to destroy her, and preclude  
All means of her escaping.

## MENELAUS.

An indulgence

Like this supposes leisure to attend ;  
However, if she have a wish to speak,  
She may : but be assur'd, that my compliance  
To your request is owing, for such favour  
To her I would not grant.

## HELEN.

Perhaps with me

Whom you account a foe, you will not deign,  
Whether I seem to utter truth, or falsehood,  
To parly.—But to each malignant charge  
With which, O Hecuba, I know thou com'st  
Prepar'd against me, will I make reply,  
And to o'er-balance all that thou canst urge  
Produce recriminations.—First, she bore  
Paris, the author of these mischiefs, next  
Did aged Priam ruin Troy and me,  
When erst that infant he forbore to slay,  
That baleful semblance of a flaming torch ?  
Hear what ensued ; by Paris were the claims  
Of the three rival Goddesses decided.  
The gift Minerva proffer'd ; that commanding  
The Phrygians, he should conquer Greece ; while Juno  
Promis'd, that he his empire should extend  
From Asia to remotest Europe's bounds,  
If he to her adjudg'd the golden prize ;  
But Venus, who in rapturous terms extoll'd  
My charms, engag'd that as the great reward  
She would on him bestow me ; to her beauty  
If o'er each Goddess he the preference gave.  
Observe the sequel ; Venus, o'er Minerva,  
And Juno, gain'd the triumph ; and my nuptials  
Thus far have been a benefit to Greece ;  
Ye are not subject to Barbarian lords,  
Crush'd by invasion, or tyrannic power.  
But I my ruin owe to what my country

Hath found thus advantageous, for my charms  
To Paris sold, and branded with disgrace,  
E'en for such deeds as merited a wreath  
To crown these brows. But you may urge, that all  
I have alleg'd is of no real weight,  
Because by stealth I from your palace fled.  
Accompanied by no mean Goddess, came  
That evil genius, sprung from Hecuba,  
Distinguish him by either name you list  
Paris or Alexander, in your house,  
Whom, O delirious, you behind you left,  
And sail'd from Sparta to the (14) Cretan isle.  
Well, be it so. Of my own heart, not you  
I in regard to all that hence ensued  
Will ask the question. What could have induc'd me,  
Following that stranger, to forsake my home,  
False to my native land? impute the guilt  
To Venus, and assume a power, beyond  
E'en that of Jove, who rules th' inferior Gods  
But yields to her behests. My crime was venial;  
Yet hence you may allege a specious charge  
Against me; since to earth's dark vaults the corse  
Of Paris was consign'd, no longer bound  
Thro' Heaven's supreme decree in nuptial chains,  
I to the Grecian fleet should have escap'd  
From Ilion's palace; such was my design:  
This can the guards of Troy's beleaguer'd towers,  
And centinels who on the walls were station'd,  
Attest, that oft they caught me, as with ropes  
By stealth I strove to light upon the ground;  
But a new husband, fierce Deiphobus,  
Obtain'd me for a wife by brutal force,

(14) " Upon Paris's landing in Sparta he was received with the  
" greatest honours by Menelaus; but, because it was necessary for  
" Menelaus to go at that time to Crete to divide the wealth of Atreus,  
" he left Paris at his house, and commanded Helen to pay the same at-  
" tention to his guest as to himself. BARNES.

Tho' every Phrygian disapprov'd. What law  
Can sentence me, whom 'gainst my will he wedded,  
By you, my Lord, with justice to be slain?  
But for the benefits thro' me deriv'd  
To Greece, I in the stead of laureat wreaths  
With slavery am requited. If you wish  
To overcome the Gods' supreme behests  
That very wish were folly.

## CHORUS.

O my Queen,  
Assert thy children's and thy country's cause,  
'Gainst her persuasive language, for she speaks  
With eloquence, tho' guilty: curst imposture!

## HECUBA.

I those three Goddesses will first defend,  
And prove that she hath utter'd vile untruths:  
For of such madness ne'er can I suspect  
Juno and Pallas that immortal maid,  
As that the first should to Barbarian tribes  
Propose to sell her Argos, or Minerva  
To make her Athens subject to the Phrygians:  
Seeking in sportive strife the palm of beauty  
They came to Ida's mount. For thro' what motive  
Could Juno with such eagerness have wish'd  
Her charms might triumph? to obtain a husband  
Greater than Jove? could Pallas, who besought  
Her Sire she ever might remain a virgin,  
Propose to wed some Deity? Forbear  
To represent these Goddesses as foolish,  
That thy transgressions may by their example  
Be justified: thou never canst persuade  
The wise. Thou hast presum'd t' assert (but this  
Was a ridiculous pretence) that Venus  
Came with my son to Menelaus' house.  
Could she not calmly have abode in Heaven,  
Yet wasted thee and all Amycla's city  
To Iliion? but the beauty of my son

Was great, and thy own heart, when thou beheld'st him  
 Became thy Venus: for whatever folly  
 Prevails, is th' (15) Aphrodite of mankind:  
 That of Love's Goddess, justly doth commence  
 With the same (15) letters as an ideot's name.  
 Him did'st thou see in a barbaric vest  
 With gold resplendent, and thy wanton heart  
 Was thence inflam'd with love, for thou wert poor  
 While yet thou didst reside in Greece; but leaving  
 The Spartan regions, thou didst hope, the city  
 Of Troy, with gold o'erflowing, could support  
 Thy prodigality; for the revenues  
 Of Menelaus far too scanty prov'd  
 For thy luxuriant appetites: but say'st thou  
 That Paris bore thee thence by force? what Spartan  
 Saw this? or, with what cries didst thou invoke  
 Castor or Pollux, thy immortal brothers,  
 Who yet on earth remain'd, nor had ascended  
 The starry height? but since thou cam'st to Troy,  
 And hither the confederate troops of Greece  
 Tracing thy steps, began the bloody strife,  
 Whene'er thou heard'st that Menelaus prosper'd  
 Him did'st thou praise, and make my Son to grieve  
 That such a mighty rival shar'd thy love:  
 But if the Trojan army prov'd victorious,  
 He shrunk into a thing of nought. On Fortune  
 Still didst thou look, still deaf to Virtue's call  
 Follow her banners: yet dost thou assert

(15) Though I am very sensible the word Aphrodite is not naturalized in the English language as a name of Venus; the quibble here made use of, induces me to retain it in this passage: the Greek Lexicographers derive the word from *ἀφρόν* "foamy" on account of her origin from the sea; but though this be its common acceptation, it is here twisted, as Henry Stephens observes in his Greek Thesaurus, into the same etymology with *ἀφρόν* which signifies "folly." An English translator, however, finds himself here under the same disadvantages with those, mentioned by Barnes in his notes on this passage, with regard to his Latin version.

That thou by cords hast from the lofty towers  
In secrecy attempted to descend,  
As if thou here hadst been constrain'd to stay?  
Where then wert thou surpriz'd, or sharpen'd sword,  
Or ropes preparing, as each generous dame  
Who sought her former husband would have done?  
Oft have I counsell'd thee in many words;  
"Depart, O Daughter, that my Sons may take  
"Brides less obnoxious: thee aboard the ships  
"Of Greece, assisting in thy secret flight,  
"Will I convey. O end the war 'twixt Greece  
"And Ilion." But to thee was such advice  
Uuwelcome; for with pride thou in the house  
Of Paris didst behave thyself, and claim  
The adoration of Barbaric tribes,  
For this was thy great object. But e'en now  
Thy charms displaying, clad in gorgeous vest  
Dost thou go forth, still daring to behold  
That canopy of Heaven which o'erhangs  
Thy injur'd husband; thou detested woman!  
Whom it had suited, if in tatter'd vest  
Shivering, with tresses shorn, in Scythian guise  
Thou hadst appear'd, and for transgressions past  
Deep smitten with remorse, assum'd the blush  
Of virtuous matrons, not that frontless air.  
O, Menelaus! I will now conclude;  
By slaying her, prepare for Greece the wreaths  
It merits, and extend to the whole sex  
This law, that every woman who betrays  
Her lord shall die.

## CHORUS.

As that illustrious stem

Whence thou deriv'st thy birth, and as thy rank  
Demand, on thy adulterous wife inflict  
Just punishment, and purge this foul reproach,  
This instance of a woman's lust, from Greece;  
So shall thy very enemies porceive  
Thou art magnanimous.

**MENELAUS.**

Your thoughts concur  
With mine, that shè a willing fugitive  
My palace left and sought a foreign bed ;  
But speaks of Venus merely to disguise  
Her infamy. — Away ! thou shalt be ston'd,  
And in one instant for the tedious woes  
Of Greece make full atonement ; I will teach thee  
That thou didst shame me in an evil hour.

**HELEN.**

I by those knees entreat you, O forbear  
To slay me, that distraction sent by Heaven  
To me imputing : but forgive me.

**HECUBA.**

Wrong not  
Thy partners in the war, whom she hath slain ;  
In theirs, and in my children's cause, I sue.

**MENELAUS.**

Desist, thou hoary matron : her entreaties  
Move not this stedfast bosom. O my followers  
Attend her, I command you, to the ships  
Which shall convey her hence.

**HECUBA.**

Let her not enter  
Thy ship.

**MENELAUS.**

Is she grown heavier than before ?

**HECUBA.**

He never lov'd who doth not always love,  
How'er the inclinations of the dame  
He loves may fluctuate.

**MENELAUS.**

All shall be perform'd  
According to thy wish ; she shall not enter  
My bark : for thou hast utter'd wholesome counsels :  
But soon as she in Argos' lands, with shame,  
As she deserves, shall she be slain, and warn  
All women to be chaste. No easy task :

Yet shall her ruin startle every child  
Of folly, tho' more vicious still than Helen.

## CHORUS.

## O D E.

## I. 1.

E'en thus by too severe a doom,  
To Greece, O Jove, hast thou betray'd  
Our shrines, our altars, dropping rich perfume,  
The lambent flame that round the victims play'd,  
Myrrh's odorous smoke that mounts the skies,  
Yon holy citadel, with Ida's grove  
Around whose oaks the clasping ivy plies,  
Where riulets meandering rove  
Cold and translucent from the drifted snows ;  
On that high ridge with orient blaze  
The Sun first scatters his enlivening rays,  
And with celestial flame th' ecstatic Priestess glows.

## I. 2.

Each sacrifice, each pious rite,  
Hence vanish'd, with th' harmonious choirs  
Whose accents sooth'd the languid ear of night,  
While to the Gods we wak'd our sounding lyres ;  
Their golden images no more  
Twelve times each year, on that revolving eve  
When shines the full-orb'd moon, do we adore.  
Harrass'd by anxious fears, I grieve,  
Oft thinking, whether thou, O Jove, wilt deign  
To listen to our piteous moan,  
High as thou sitt'st on thy celestial throne ;  
For Troy, by fire consum'd, lies level with the plain.

## II. 1.

Thou, O my husband, roam'st a flitting shade,  
To thee are all funereal rites denied,  
To thee no lustral drops supplied :  
But I by the swift bark shall be convey'd

Where Argos' cloud-capp'd fortress stands,  
 Erected by the Cyclops' skilful hands.  
 Before our doors assembling children groan,  
 And oft repeat with clamorous moan  
 A mother's name.— Alone shall I be borne  
 Far from thy sight, by the victorious host  
 Of Greece, and leaving Ilion's coast,  
 O'er Ocean's azure billows sail forlorn,  
 Either to Salamis, that sacred land,  
 Or where the Isthmian summit o'er two seas  
 A wide extended prospect doth command,  
 (16) Seated in Pelops' straits where Greece the prize  
 decrees.

## II. 2.

Its arduous voyage more than half complete,  
 In the Ægean deep, and near the land,

(16) Unable after the searches I have made for that purpose, to meet either with any reading or exposition of this difficult passage which appears to me preferable to *θεα τιθενται*

*Πηλοπος τυχητιν ιδειν*, copied from Aklus,

Ubi in portis Pelopis sunt sedes, as it stands in Barnes, who thus interprets it in his note "Ubi sedes Pelopis, id est Peloponnesus in an-  
 " gustiis suis (Πηλας; vocat) habet certamen Isthmicum." The Isthmian games celebrated by Pindar, date their origin from Sisyphus king of Corinth, who finding on the shore the body of Melicerta (the son of Ino, who was afterwards deified by the name of Palæmon) buried it; soon after which, the land was afflicted by a plague, and Sisyphus consulted the oracle, which directed him to celebrate funereal games in honour of Melicerta. When the Corinthians left off paying this homage to the new Sea-God, the pestilence broke out afresh, and the same oracular response commanded the games to be perpetuated: they were however interrupted for a time by the outrages and murders committed on the Isthmus, but were re-established by Theseus, after he had purged the land of Sinnis and the other robbers who infested it. The circumstance which to me seems to account for these "ιδειν" or "seats for viewing the Isthmian games," being here introduced, is, its being mentioned by Plutarch, in his life of Theseus, that he agreed with the Corinthians, as an acknowledgement for the services he had done them, that the Athenians who attended the Isthmian games should have the privilege of occupying the first seats: an honorary distinction to his country not likely for Euripides to omit making some allusion to.

May the red lightning by Jove's hand  
 Wing'd from the skies with tenfold ruin; meet  
 The bark that wafts me o'er the wave  
 From Troy to Greece a miserable slave.  
 Before the golden mirror wont to braid  
 Her tresses, like a sportive maid,  
 May Helen never reach the Spartan shore,  
 Those household Gods to whom she prov'd untrue,  
 Nor her paternal mansions view,  
 Enter the streets of Pitane no more,  
 Nor Pallas' temple with its brazen gate;  
 Because her nuptials teem'd with foul disgrace  
 To mighty Greece thro' each confederate state;  
 And hence on Simois' banks were slain Troy's guiltless race

But ha! on this devoted realm are hurl'd  
 Successive woes. Ye hapless Phrygian dames,  
 Behold the slain Astyanax, whom Greece  
 With rage inhuman from yon towers hath thrown.

## TALTHYBIUS, HECUBA, CHORUS.

*The Body of ASTYANAX borne in upon a Shield.*

## TALTHYBIUS.

O Hecuba, one ship is left behind  
 To carry the remainder of the spoils  
 Which to Achilles' Son have been adjudg'd,  
 To Phthia's coast. For Neoptolemus,  
 Hearing that recent evils hath befall'n  
 His grandsire Peleus, and that Pelias' son (17)

(17) " Pelias, the father of Acastus, was son of Neptune or Salmo-  
 " nus, who was the son of Dorus, who was the son of Deucalion."  
 " Others represent this history differently, for while our Poet asserts  
 " that Peleus when oppressed with old age was stripped of his Kingdom  
 " by Acastus, son of Pelias; Apollodorus and others affirm that, long  
 " before this time, Acastus, with his Wife who had falsely accused Pe-  
 " leus of adultery, was slain by Peleus. See Apollodorus, L. 3, c. 12."  
 BARNES.

Upon examining the passage referred to, I find that it is very inaccu-

Acastus hath expell'd him from his realm,  
Already hath departed with such speed  
As would admit of no delay: with him  
Andromache is gone, for whom I shed  
A stream of tears, when from the land she went  
Wailing her country, and to Hector's tomb  
Her plaints addressing: the victorious chief  
Hath she entreated, to allow the corse  
Of your unhappy Hector's Son, who perish'd  
From Ilion's ramparts thrown, to be interr'd,  
Nor bear this Shield, the terror of the Greeks,  
With brass resplendent, which his Father plac'd  
Before his flank in battle, to the house  
Of Peleus; nor to that ill-omen'd chamber  
Where spousals dire on her arrival wait  
The Mother of the slain; for such an object  
Must grieve her to behold: but in the stead  
Of cedar and the monumental stone;  
Bury the child in this: for she the corse  
Hath to your arms consign'd, that you may grace it  
With many a fragrant garland, and with vests  
Such as your present fortunes will afford.  
For she has sail'd, and thro' his haste her lord  
Prevented her from lodging in the grave  
Her Son. While thus you his remains adorn  
We will mark out the spot, and with our spears  
Dig up the ground. Without delay perform  
These duties: I one task to you most irksome  
Have render'd needless: for I lav'd the body,  
And cleans'd the wounds as o'er Scamander's stream  
I pass'd. But to prepare for the deceas'd  
A tomb, I go, that with united toil

rately cited by Bærgs, and that the accounts of Apollodorus and Euripides are by no means irreconcileable, as the former only says that Peleus, aided by Jason and the two Dioscorides or sons of Jupiter, Castor and Pollux, sacked Iolchos, and slew Astydamia the Wife of Acastus: an account which not only does not contradict, but adds fresh probability to, the event of his being afterwards stripped of his kingdom by Acastus, after the death of Achilles, and in the absence of Neoptolemus.

When this we have accomplish'd, they may steer  
Our vessel homeward. [Exit TALTHYBIUS.

HECUBA.

Place that orbed Shield

Of Hector on the ground, a spectacle  
Most piteous, and unwelcome to these eyes.  
How, O ye Greeks, whose abject souls bely  
Your brave atchievements, trembling at a child,  
Could'ye commit this unexampled murder,  
Lest at some future time he should rebuild  
The walls of Ilion? Ye inhuman cowards!  
Our ruin from that fatal hour we date  
When Hector with unnumber'd heroes fell.  
But having sack'd our city, and destroy'd  
Each Phrygian warrior, fear'd ye such an infant?  
The dastard I abhor who meanly shrinks  
Thro' groundless panic.—O for ever lov'd,  
By what a piteous fate didst thou expire!  
Hadst thou, the champion of thy country, died,  
In riper years, when married, and endued  
With power scarce second to th' immortal Gods,  
Thou hadst been blest, if aught on earth deserves  
The name of bliss. But thou, my son, beheld'st  
And hadst a distant knowledge of these joys,  
Which thou didst ne'er experience: for to thee  
The treasures which the palaces of Troy  
Contain'd, prov'd useless. O unhappy youth,  
How wert thou hurl'd from thy paternal walls  
Rear'd by Apollo's hand; and thro' those ringlets,  
Which oft thy Mother smooth'd and kiss'd, the gore  
Bursts from thy fractur'd skull: but let me wave  
So horrid a description. O ye hands,  
How in your fingers do ye still retain  
A pleasing sad remembrance of your Sire,  
Or why do ye lie motionless before me?  
Dear mouth, full many a babbling accent wont  
To utter, art thou clos'd by death? thy voice

Deceiv'd me erst, when clinging to these garments  
 " O Mother," oft didst thou exclaim ; " the hair  
 Shorn from my brows to thee I will devote,  
 " Lead round thy tomb my comrades, and address  
 " Thy hovering ghost in many a plaintive strain."  
 Now not to me, alas ! dost thou perform  
 These dutieous offices, but I, bow'd down  
 With age, an exile, of my children reft,  
 Must bury the disfigur'd corse of thee  
 A tender infant. These unnumber'd kisses,  
 My cares in nurturing thee, and broken sleep,  
 Prov'd fruitless. What inscription can the bard  
 Place o'er thy sepulchre ? " The Greeks who fear'd  
 " This infant, slew him !" Such an epitaph  
 Would shame them. As for thee who hast obtain'd  
 Nought of thy wealth paternal, yet this Shield  
 In which thou shalt be buried will be thine.  
 O brazen orb, which erst wert wont to guard  
 The nervous arm of Hector, thou hast lost  
 Thy best possessor : in thy concave circle  
 How is that Hero's shape impress'd ; it bears  
 Marks of that sweat which drop'd from Hector's brow,  
 Wearied with toil, when 'gainst thy edge he lean'd  
 His cheek. Hence carry, to adorn the corse,  
 Whate'er our present station will afford,  
 For such the fortunes which Jove grants us now.  
 As splendor suits not : yet accept these gifts  
 Out of the little I possess. An ideot  
 Is he, who thinking himself blest, exults  
 As if his joys were stable : like a man  
 Smitten with frenzy, changeful Fortune bounds  
 Inconstant in her course, now here now there,  
 Nor is there any one who leads a life  
 Of bliss uninterrupted.

## CHORUS.

All is ready :  
 For from the spoils yon Phrygian Matrons bear  
 Trappings to grace the dead.

## THE TROJAN CAPTIVES.

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HECUBA.

On thee, my Son,  
Not as a victor who with rapid steeds  
Didst ever reach the goal, or wing the shaft  
With surer aim, an exercise rever'd  
By each unwearied Phrygian youth, thy grandame  
Places these ornaments which erst were thine :  
But now hath Helen, by the Gods abhor'd,  
Stripp'd thee of all thou didst possess, and caus'd  
Thy murder, and the ruin of our house,

CHORUS.

Alas ! thou hast transpierc'd my inmost soul,  
O thou, whom I expected to have seen  
Troy's mighty ruler.

HECUBA.

But I now enwrap  
Thy body with the vest thou should'st have worn  
At Hymen's festive rites, in wedlock join'd  
With Asia's noblest Princess. But, O source  
Of triumphs numberless, dear shield of Hector,  
Accept these laureat wreaths : for tho' by death  
Thou canst not be affected, thou shalt lie  
Join'd with this corse in death ; since thou deserv'st  
More honourable treatment, than the arms  
Of crafty and malignant Ithacus.

CHORUS.

Thee, much lamented youth, shall earth receive,  
Now groan, thou wretched mother.

HECUBA.

Oh !

CHORUS.

Commence

Those wailings which are utter'd o'er the dead;

HECUBA.

Ah me !

CHORUS.

Alas ! too grievous are thy woes  
To be endur'd.

## HECUBA.

These fillets o'er thy wounds  
 I bind, and exercise the healing art  
 In name and semblance only, but, alas!  
 Not in reality. Whate'er remains  
 Unfinish'd, 'mid the shades beneath, to thee  
 With tender care thy Father will supply.

## CHORUS.

Smite with thy hand thy miserable head  
 Till it resound. Alas!

## HECUBA.

My dearest comrades.

## CHORUS.

Speak to thy friends; O Hecuba, what plaints  
 Hast thou to utter?

## HECUBA.

Nought but woe for me  
 Was by the Gods reserv'd; beyond all cities  
 To them hath Troy been odious. We in vain  
 Have offer'd sacrifice. But had not Jove  
 O'erthrown and plung'd us in the shades beneath,  
 We had remain'd obscure, we by the Muse  
 Had ne'er been sung, nor ever furnish'd themes  
 To future Bards. But for this hapless youth  
 Go and prepare a grave; for the deceas'd  
 Is with funereal wreaths already crown'd:  
 Altho' these pomps, I deem, are to the dead  
 Of little consequence; an empty pride  
 They in the living serve but to display,

## CHORUS.

Thy wretched Mother on thy vital thread  
 Had stretch'd forth mighty hopes: tho' styl'd most happy  
 From thy illustrious birth, thou by a death  
 Most horrid didst expire.

## HECUBA.

Ha, who are these  
 Whom I behold, in their victorious hands

Waving those torches o'er the roofs of Troy?  
E'en now o'er Ilion some fresh woes impend.

## TALTHYBIUS, HECUBA, CHORUS.

## TALTHYBIUS.

To you I speak, O leaders of the troops  
Who are ordain'd to burn this town of Priam.  
No longer in your hands without effect  
Reserve those blazing torches: but hurl flames  
On this devoted city, for when Troy  
Is utterly demolish'd, we shall leave  
Its hated shores, exulting. But to you  
O Phrygians, I the same behests address;  
When the shrill trumpet of our chiefs resounds,  
Ye to the Grecian Navy must repair  
And from these regions sail. But as for thee,  
Thou aged and most miserable Dame,  
Follow their steps who from Ulysses come,  
To whom thy fate consigns thee for a slave  
Far from thy country in a foreign land.

## HECUBA.

Ah, wretched me! this surely is the last,  
The dire completion this, of all my woes.  
I leave my country: Ilion's bulwarks flame.  
Yet, O decrepid feet, with painful haste  
Bear me along, that I may bid adieu  
To my unhappy city. Thou, O Troy,  
Distinguish'd erst among Barbarian tribes  
By thy superior prowess, soon shalt lose  
The most illustrious name thou didst acquire:  
Thee will the flames consume, and us our foes  
Drag from our home to slavery. O ye Gods!  
Upon the Gods yet wherefore should I call?  
For when we erst invok'd them oft, they heard not.  
Come on, and let us rush amid the flames:  
For in the ruins of my blazing country  
'Twill be to me most glorious to expire.

TALTHYBIUS.

Thy griefs, O wretched woman, make thee frantic.  
But lead her hence, neglect not. For Ulysses  
Obtain'd this prize, and she to him must go.

HECUBA.

O dread Saturnian king, from whom the Phrygians  
Derive their origin, dost thou behold  
Our sufferings, most unworthy of the race  
Of Dardanus?

CHORUS.

He surely doth behold:  
But this great city, city now no more,  
Is ruin'd: nought remains of Troy.

HECUBA.

The blaze.

Of Ilion glares, the fire hath caught the roofs,  
The streets of Pergamus, and crashing towers.

CHORUS.

As the light smoak on rapid wing ascends  
To heaven, how swiftly vanishes fallen Troy!  
Torrents of flame have laid the palace waste,  
And o'er its summit waves the hostile spear.

HECUBA.

O fostering soil, that gave my children birth.

CHORUS.

Alas! alas!

HECUBA.

Yet hear me, O my sons,  
Your Mother's voice distinguish.

CHORUS.

With loud plaints  
Thou call'st upon the dead, those aged limbs  
Stretcht on the ground, and scraping up the dust  
With either hand. I follow thy example  
Kneeling on earth's cold bosom, and invoke  
My wretched husband in the shades beneath.

HECUBA.

We forcibly are borne —

CHORUS.

Most doleful sound!

HECUBA.

To servile roofs.

CHORUS.

From my dear native land.

HECUBA.

(18) Slain, uninterr'd, abandon'd by thy friends,  
 Thou sure, O Priam, know'st not what I suffer.  
 For sable Death hath clos'd thine eyes for ever ;  
 Tho' pious, thou by impious hands wert murder'd.  
 O ye polluted temples of the Gods,  
 And thou my dearest city.

CHORUS.

Ye, alas,

Are by the deadly flame and pointed spear  
 Now occupied, on this beloved soil  
 Soon shall you lie a heap of nameless ruins :  
 For dust, which mix'd with smoak, to Heaven ascends,  
 No longer will permit me to discern  
 Where erst my habitation stood: the land  
 Loses its very name, and each memorial  
 Of pristine grandeur ; wretched Troy's no more.

HECUBA.

Ye know the fatal truth, ye heard the crash

(18) Virgil in the like manner represents the body of the unfortunate Priam as deprived of funereal rites, and left exposed on the strand by the victorious Greeks :

Jacet ingens littore truncus,  
 Avulsumque humeris caput & sine nomine corpus.

“ On the bleak shore now lies th' abandon'd King,  
 “ A headless carcass, and a nameless thing.” DRYDEN.

The latter part of the description is conformable to the account given by Quintus Calaber, who represents the head of Priam as severed from his body by Neoptolemus with as much ease as the reaper cuts an ear of ripe corn : the circumstance of Priam's being left without a funereal pyre, while Troy was burning, flamma indiget ardente Troja, is also recorded by Seneca with his usual quaintness.

Of falling towers. Our city to its basis  
Is shaken. O ye trembling, trembling limbs,  
Support my steps.

## TALTHYBIUS.

Depart to end thy days  
In servitude. Alas! thou wretched city!  
Yet to the navy of the Greeks proceed.

## THE BACCHANALIANS.

Fas pervicaces est mihi Thyadas,  
Viniq[ue] fontem, lactis et uberes  
Cantare rivos, atque truncis  
Lapsa cavis iterare melia;  
— Tectaque Penthei  
Disjecta non lev[er]i ruinâ.

HOR.

## **PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.**

**BACCHUS.**

**PENTHEUS.**

**CHORUS OF BACCHANALIAN WOMEN.**

**SERVANT.**

**TIRESIAS.**

**CADMUS.**

**MESSENGER.**

**ANOTHER MESSENGER.**

**AGAVE.**

**SCENE—BEFORE THE PALACE OF PENTHEUS AT  
THEBES.**

## THE BACCHANALIANS.

### BACCHUS.

THIS Theban land, I Bacchus Son of Jove  
Revisit: I, whom Semele, the Daughter  
Of Cadmus, erst amid the lightning's blaze  
Brought forth. But for a human form exchanging  
That of the God, I to my native fount  
Of Dircè and Ismenos' waters come,  
And, of my Mother whom the thunder smote,  
Behold the tomb, close to her ruin'd house,  
Where th' unextinguishable flame from Heaven  
Yet blazes, a memorial of the hate  
Which Juno to her hapless rival bore.  
My praise on Cadmus I bestow, who rear'd  
A temple to his Daughter on this spot  
Which no unhallow'd feet invade: its walls  
I with the blushing fruitage of the vine  
Have skreen'd around. But now from Lydia's fields  
With gold abounding, from the Phrygian realm,  
And that of Persia scorch'd by torrid suns,  
Passing thro' Bactrian gates, the frozen land  
Of Media, and thro' Araby the blest,  
With Asia's wide-extended continent  
Reaching to ocean's briny verge, where Greeks  
Are intermingled with Barbarian tribes  
In many a fortress, and well-peopled town  
(1) Where I have led the choral dance, and 'stablish'd  
My rites: to manifest my power divine  
Among mankind I come to this the first

(1) I have here placed *εἰς τὸν κόσμον* &c. and the following line, before *εἰς τὸν κόσμον* on the authority of Pierson's *Versimilia*: this transposition is also recommended by Dr. Musgrave in his note, and followed in his version.

Of the Hellenian cities; here, in Thebes  
First have I loudly shouted, first have worn  
The hides of slaughter'd stags, and in their hands  
Bade my intrepid votaries wield the spear  
With ivy bound, the thyrsus. For the Sisters  
Of my own Mother, whom it least became,  
Pretend that Bacchus never sprung from Jove,  
But by a human paramour seduc'd,  
That Semele unjustly charg'd the God  
With her transgression, Cadmus having fram'd  
Such stratagem: hence falsely they assert  
She for this boast was by the Thunderer slain.  
I therefore have expell'd them from their homes;  
With frenzy smitten, on yon mount they dwell,  
Now destitute of reason; I constrain'd them  
To assume the habit in my orgies worn,  
And every woman of the seed of Cadmus,  
Fir'd with the same delirium, I drove forth  
From her abode; they with the Theban youths  
Sit intermingled on the lofty rocks  
Beneath yon verdant pines. Yet must this city,  
Tho' loth, be taught at length that to my rites  
She still remains a stranger, that I plead  
My Mother's cause, and to mankind appear  
A God, by Jove begotten. But his throne,  
And rank, hath Cadmus yielded up to Pentheus,  
His Daughter's Son, who wages impious war  
With me, from his libations who repels me,  
Nor e'er makes mention of me in his prayers.  
To him I therefore, and to every Theban  
Will shew myself a God: all matters here  
Well settled, then to some fresh land remove:  
But if the Theban city in its wrath  
With arms would from the mount my votaries drive,  
Myself will lead the Mænades to battle:  
I for this cause assume a mortal form,  
And have cast off the semblance of a God.

But, O ye generous Dames, who to frequent  
 My orgies came from Lydian Tmolus' height,  
 By me selected from Barbarian tribes  
 My faithful comrades, hither bring those timbrels  
 Whose well-known sound pervades the Phrygian realm,  
 By Rhea, holy Mother, and by me  
 Invented, and around the regal dome  
 Of Pentheus marching, beat them loud, that Thebes  
 May all come forth and your procession view.  
 But with my followers to Cithæron's top  
 Will I ascend, and view their choral rites.

[*Exit Bacchus.*

CHORUS.

Leaving the realms of Asia, and the mount  
 Of sacred Tmolus, most delightful toil,  
 Pleasing fatigue, I lead the dance prescrib'd  
 By Bromius, and attune my voice to chaunt  
 The praises of our God. But who obstructs  
 My path, or who at yonder portals stands?  
 Avaunt, and utter no unhallow'd sounds:  
 For as our solemn usages ordain  
 Will I to Bacchus ever wake the song.

O D E.

L. 1.

Acquainted with Heaven's mystic rites,  
 How blest is he who, purg'd from every stain,  
 Glows with religious ardour, and delights  
 To haunt the mountains with our duteous train;  
 Who to the mighty Mother, yields,  
 To Cybele's dread orgies, honour due,  
 And to Bacchus' worship true,  
 With ivy crown'd, a thrysus wields.  
 Away ye votaries of the God,  
 And hither lead the Son of Jove,  
 Who Phrygia's pathless mountains long hath trod;  
 Mid spacious Grecian streets with transport shall he rove.

## I. 2.

When sudden throes her entrails tore,  
 As wing'd from Heaven the rapid lightnings came,  
 The Mother an abortive infant bore,  
 And died o'ercome by that celestial flame :

But Jove, in such distressful state,  
 Did for his Son another womb supply,  
 And safe within his fostering thigh  
 Conceal him from Saturnia's hate :  
 At length the horned God he bore,  
 Form'd by the Fates with plastic care ;  
 Who on his head a wreath of serpents wore,  
 The Mænades hence twine the spoils around their hair.

## II. 1.

Fresh ivied Garlands shall be thine ;  
 O Thebes, where lovely Semele was born :  
 Convolvulus with pliant shoots entwine,  
 Wield in your revelry the branches torn  
 From lofty oak, or verdant pine,  
 And of the hides of Stags a vestment wear  
 Conspicuous with its spotted hair.  
 The celebrate the rites divine  
 Now arm yourselves with sportive wand :  
 E'en things inanimate shall dance,  
 With Bromius, o'er yon mount, the female band,  
 Their looms, their shuttles, left, in frantic guise advance.

## II. 2.

O ye Curetes, sacred race  
 Of happy Crete, where Jove himself was born,  
 And Corybantes, with terrific grace  
 On whose bright helms three nodding crests are worn ;  
 To your inventive skill we owe  
 The timbrel, to attemper whose harsh sound  
 Soft breath'd the Phrygian pipes around.  
 On Rhea first did ye bestow  
 That present, which the frantic crew

Of (2) *Satys*, from th' immortal Dame  
Obtain'd : to the triennial feasts it drew  
A numerous groupe at length, amidst whose loud acclaim

## III.

Pleas'd on some mountain Bacchus stands,  
Oft as some votary, from his agile bands,  
In the Stag's hide array'd, with headlong speed  
From its summit to the mead  
Descending, quaffs the wild goat's spouting gore,  
Eager on crude flesh to prey,  
And to the Lydian hills pursues his way :  
With Evoë, Evoë sounds each mountain hoar :  
Bromius himself conducts the festive band :  
Rills of milk, and rills of wine,  
Moisten the enchanted land ;  
For him the bee's nectareous treasures stream,  
And Syrian frankincense perfumes his shrine.

The God, who lifts a blazing pine,  
Swift rushes on, and scattering wide its gleam  
Excites the loiterers, in their mid-career

His voice pervades their ear,  
While wanton in the gale his tresses bright :  
Inspiring thus their festive strain,  
He cries, " Advance, O duteous train,  
" My praise to hymn on Tmolus' golden height,  
" With loud-mouth'd drum, and Phrygian shout,  
" Record great Evan your victorious God,  
" Where'er the pipe invites your giddy rout  
" To sports in my belov'd abode,  
" Such sports as suits the Mænades, who climb

(2) " These two verses, hitherto little understood, ought, I think,  
" to be rendered, but the frantic *Satys* obtained it (i. e. the Timbrel)  
" from the Mother-Goddess. For the Poet is giving a kind of history of  
" the Timbrel: its invention was due to the Curetes and Corybantes,  
" by whom it was delivered into the hands of Mother Rhea, and ob-  
tained from her by the *Satys*, who united it to the triennial dances  
" with which Bacchus is delighted."

HEATH, not. Trag. Vet. p. 108, Oxon. 1762.

“ With fearless step the ridge sublime.”  
 Like the young colt, with conscious pride  
 Who gambols by the Mother’s side,  
 Exulting see each Nymph advance  
 To join the Bacchanalian dance.

## TIRESIAS, CHORUS.

## TIRESIAS.

Who from the palace gates calls Cadmus forth,  
 Agenor’s Son, who rear’d these Theban walls  
 After he fled from Sidon’s coast ? go, say  
 Tiresias seeks him, he my errand knows,  
 And our agreement ; hoary veterans both,  
 To bear the sacred thyrsus, and array’d  
 In dappled hides of stags, around our heads  
 The flaunting ivy bind.

## CADMUS, TIRESIAS, CHORUS.

## CADMUS.

My dearest friend,  
 What joy inspir’d me, when each sapient word  
 That flows from thy instructive tongue, I heard  
 Within the palace : but I come prepar’d,  
 Invested with the ensigns of the God.  
 For it behoves us, with our utmost might  
 To raise the glories of my Daughter’s Son,  
 Illustrious Bacchus, who to mortal eyes  
 A potent God displays himself. O where  
 Shall we begin, or where conclude the dance,  
 Shaking our hoary locks ? conduct the steps,  
 Aged Tiresias, of thy aged friend :  
 For thou art wise ; and I, by night, by day  
 Unwearied, with my thyrsus am resolv’d  
 To smite the ground, tho’ sports like these our age  
 Has caus’d us to forget.

## TIRESIAS.

You sympathise

With me, for I too am grown young again,  
And in the dance will join.

CADMUS.

We in our chariots  
Will therefore mount the hill.

TIRESIAS.

This might be deem'd  
An insufficient homage to the God.

CADMUS.

Old as I am, O veteran, like a child  
Thee will I guide.

TIRESIAS.

Superfluous are our toils,  
For to Cithæron will the God himself  
Conduct us.

CADMUS.

But shall we alone, of all  
The Theban citizens, to Bacchus lead  
The festive dance?

TIRESIAS.

Because ourselves alone  
Are truly wise, but others judge amiss.

CADMUS.

Twill be a tedious march : but take my hand.

TIRESIAS.

O clasp yours fast in mine.

CADMUS.

I am a man  
And hence presume not to despise the Gods.

TIRESIAS.

Into the nature of th' immortal Powers  
I search not too minutely. Those traditions  
Which from our Sires descended, and which long  
We have preserv'd, coeval with our birth,  
By no insidious reasoning, no device  
Of sophisters, can ever be o'erthrown.  
Some will allege, I use not the discretion

My age requires, when I resolve to dance,  
 And with a wreath of ivy crown my brow.  
 Whether the young or old should lead his choir  
 The God hath not defin'd, but claims from all  
 A public homage, tho' to him no joy  
 Mere numbers by their worship can afford.

## CADMUS.

Since, O Tiresias, thou these solar beams  
 Behold'st not, by my words will I to thee  
 Perform the faithful office of a Seer.  
 Pentheus with speed toward the palace comes,  
 Echion's son, to whom I have surrender'd  
 The empire of this land. How is he smitten  
 With wonder! what fresh tidings can he bring?

PENTHEUS, CADMUS, TIRESIAS, CHORUS.

## PENTHEUS.

Having awhile been absent from the realm,  
 On my return I hear, that by fresh evils  
 This city is infested, and their homes  
 Our women have deserted, on pretence  
 That they in mystic orgies are engag'd;  
 On the unbrageous hills they chant the praise  
 Of this new God, whoe'er he be, this Bacchus;  
 Him in their dances they revere, and place  
 Amid their ranks huge goblets fraught with wine:  
 Some fly to pathless deserts, where they meet  
 Their paramours, while they in outward shew  
 Are Mænades by holy rites engross'd,  
 Yet Venus more than Bacchus they revere.  
 Binding their hands, as many as I caught,  
 My servants in the public prisons hold:  
 But o'er the craggy mountains will I chase  
 All who escap'd, both Lao and Agave  
 Who to Echion bore me, with Autonoë  
 Actæon's mother; them in galling chains  
 Will I secure, and force them to desist.

From these accursed Bacchaalian rites.  
But they inform me that a stranger, ver'sd  
In fraud and vile enchantments, is arriv'd  
From Lydia, grac'd with auburn tresses, wreath'd  
In wavy ringlets, his complexion's ruddy,  
And in his animated eyes are lodg'd  
All Cytherea's graces, he, by day,  
By night, holds converse with our blooming maids,  
Pretending to instruct them in the rites  
Of Bacchus. But if once within these walls  
I seize him, he no more shall brandish wide  
His thyrsus, or those auburn ringlets wave,  
For I that head will sever from his trunk.  
He says that Bacchus is a God, pretends  
That erst he in the fostering thigh of Jove  
Was lodg'd secure, tho' by Heaven's flaming bolts  
He with his guilty Mother was consum'd,  
Because with lying tongue she styl'd herself  
The Thunderer's bride. Doth not the arrogance  
Of this vain stranger, whosoe'er he be,  
Merit severe and exemplary vengeance?  
But lo, another miracle! I view  
The seer Tiresias, in the dappled hides  
Of stags, (O most ridiculous!) array'd:  
Attended by my Mother's hoary Father,  
Who brandishes a wand in frantic guise.  
'Tis with disgust, my Graadsize, that these eyes  
Behold your venerable age devoid  
Of understanding. Why refuse to cast  
That ivy-wreath away, or why still holds  
Your hand the thyrsus? was it, O Tiresias,  
Thro' thy persuasion? would'st thou have him too,  
Busied in introducing to mankind  
This upstart God, observe the winged tribes  
That skim the air, or from the blazing shrine  
Derive a gainful trade? Unless grey hairs  
Had pleaded thy excuse, thou should'st sit chain'd

Amid yon Bacchanalians. For when women  
 Share at their feasts the grape's bewitching juice ;  
 From their licentious orgies, I pronounce,  
 No good results.

## CHORUS.

Ye violated rites

Ordain'd by Heaven ! O stranger, for the Gods  
 Hast thou no reverence, or for mighty Cadmus,  
 Who erst that crop of earth-born warriors sow'd ?  
 Son of Echion, dost thou shame thy race ?

## TIRESIAS.

When the wise man hath found a specious topic  
 On which to argue, he with ease may frame  
 An eloquent harangue. Your tongue indeed  
 Is voluble like theirs who reason well,  
 But in your language no discretion reigns.  
 He who possesses courage, sovereign power,  
 And fluency of speech, if not endued  
 With wisdom, is an evil citizen.  
 I have not words t' express how this new God  
 Whom you deride, thro' Greece shall be rever'd.  
 The two chief rulers of this nether world,  
 Proud boy, are Ceres, Goddess most benign,  
 Or Earth, (distinguish her by either name)  
 Who nourishes mankind with solid food :  
 Yet hath the son of Semele discover'd,  
 And introduc'd, the grape's delicious draught,  
 Which vies with her, which causes every grief  
 To cease among the wretched tribes of men,  
 With the enlivening beverage of the wine  
 Whenever they are fill'd ; he also gives  
 Sleep, sweet oblivion to our daily cares,  
 Than which no medicine is with greater power  
 Endued to heal our anguish. Tho' a God,  
 He in libations to th' immortal powers  
 Is oft pour'd forth, that men thro' him may gain  
 Unnumber'd benefits. But you deride him,

Because he erst was in the thigh of Jove  
 Enclos'd : to you I fully will expound  
 This noble mystery. From the lightning's blaze  
 When Jove had snatch'd and to Olympus borne  
 The tender infant, Juno from the realms  
 Of Heaven would have expelled him. But Jove fram'd  
 This stratagem to thwart her ; having broken  
 A portion of that Ether which enwraps  
 The world, he plac'd him there, surrendering up  
 Young Bacchus for an hostage, to appease  
 The wrath of Juno; whence, in after-times,  
 Deluded mortals said he in the thigh  
 Of Jove was nourish'd, and by thus omitting  
 (3) One single letter, the tradition forg'd.  
 This God too is a mighty Seer, the transports,  
 And Bacchanalian frenzy he inspires,  
 With a prophetic energy abound :  
 For when he enters with resistless force  
 The human frame, he prompts his madding votaries  
 To speak of things hereafter, and assumes,  
 In some degree, the character of Mars (4)

(3) Substituting *μέρος*, which signifies "thigh," for *φυρός*: "hostage." Many antient Greek writers call Juno "the Air," insomuch that, *Ηγε* is a definition to be met with in Suidas, and several other Lexicographers ; and hence Bacchus' being lodg'd in the *Air* when he was an infant, is called his being given to *Juno* for an hostage: But Diodorus Siculus imputes the origin of this tradition to the concealment of Bacchus in a mountain of India, called *Meros*, overlooking the city of Nysa, which boasted of having that God for its founder.

(4) Nonnus in like manner draws a comparison between Bacchus and Mars ;

Αφος μ καλεω σε χρισιονας και γαρ εγχοις  
 Πασι Διος τεκνοστον επει φυρω στο Θυρω  
 Ταυτη αργενεις, οσσα δει μαρτιαλα Αηρι.

Dionys. L. 18. p. 504, ed. Lubini,

In nought to Mars inferior thee I call ;  
 Great 'midst th' sons of Jove, thou viest with all :  
 Not Mars with more success his spear doth wield  
 Than thou thy thyrsus in th' embattled field.

The same Poet, in another passage, which does not at present readily

For he with sudden terror smites the host,  
When under arms, e'en in the ranks of war,  
Before a lance is hurl'd: by Bacchus wrought  
Are maddness, and these fears: on Delphic rocks  
May you behold him vaulting, with a torch  
Smiting the cloven summit of Parnassus,  
And brandishing the Bacchanalian branch;  
He thro' all Greece is mighty. But, O Pentheus,  
To my persuasions yield, nor idly boast  
Of your authority, your rank supreme:  
Learn to suppress the fond conceit, nor think  
That you are wise. But in this land receive  
The God, pour forth libations, celebrate  
His feasts, and on your brow the garland bind.  
For Bacchus drags not a reluctant train  
Of Females to th' impure delights of Venus:  
But in his nature still doth there subsist  
An inborn modesty, which never fails,  
To this we should look well: for midst the rites  
Of Bacchus, no contagion can infect  
The bosoms of the chaste. Hath this escap'd  
Your notice? You rejoice, when crowds beset  
The gates, and Thebes extols the name of Pentheus:  
He too delights in homage I presume.  
Myself, and Cadmus whom you ridicule,  
Will therefore wear our ivy crowns, and dance,  
Both grey with age, yet is behoves us both  
To join the choral dance, nor shall your words  
Urge me to wage an ineffectual war  
Against the God. For with inveterate frenzy  
Are you possesst, no magic charms can heal  
A malady like yours, which owes its rise  
To some enchantment.

## CHORUS.

Aged man, thou hold'st

occur to me, describes in a very animated strain the wonderful and instantaneous effects of a Panic terror on the human mind.

A language not unworthy of Apollo,  
And wisely pay'st due honours to young Bacchus,  
That mighty God.

## CADMUS.

Tiresias, O my son,  
Hath counsell'd thee aright: with us reside,  
The laws forbid not. But from us thou fleest,  
Tho' capable, yet destitute of wisdom,  
What tho', as thou aver'st, this Bacchus prove  
At length no God, yet call him one; the falsehood  
Shall do thee credit: since he is the son  
Of Semele, th' opinion that she bore  
A Deity, great honour will reflect  
On us, and all our race. Hast thou beheld  
Actæon's wretched fate, whom in the woods,  
Train'd by his care, the ravenous bounds devour'd,  
Because he idly boasted to excel  
Diana in the chase? lest thou like him  
Should'st perish, hither come, and round thy head  
The sacred ivy will I bind; with us  
Yield homage to the God.

## PENTHEUS.

You shall not touch me;  
Go celebrate these Bacchanalian rites,  
Your folly is contagious. On the wretch  
From whom you learn such madness, will I wreak  
A vengeance just and terrible. Let some  
Go to yon chair with speed, whence he observes  
The flight of birds, o'erturn it with their levers  
As if with Neptune's trident, in confusion  
Blend all his ensigns of the Soothsayer's trade,  
And to the winds of Heaven disperse his wreaths;  
Hence shall I sting him deeply: but let others  
Range thro' the city, and trace out the steps.  
Of that effeminate stranger, who misleads  
Into fresh guilt our women, and defiles  
The bridal couch: if ye the miscreant seize,

Bind him and drag him hither, to be ston'd  
 As he deserves : in Thebes shall he behold  
 Most inauspicious Bacchanalian rites.

## TIRESIAS.

Unhappy man, you know not what you say.  
 You certainly are frantic, and long since  
 Your reason has been wavering. Let us go  
 And offer up our prayers for him, O Cadmus,  
 (Altho' his wrath be dreadful) and for Thebes,  
 Lest signal vengeance, by th' offended God,  
 Should be on all inflicted. With your staff  
 Of ivy follow me, and let us strive  
 Each other to support: it were unseemly  
 For two old men to fall. But come what may,  
 To Bacchus, son of Jove, must we perform  
 Our dutious service. But beware, lest Pentheus  
 Bring sorrow to your house. Not as a Seer  
 This do I speak; but by experience taught  
 That folly issues from the mouth of fools.

[*Excunt CADMUS and TIRESIAS.*

## CHORUS.

O D E.

I. 1.

Religion, O thou venerable Queen,  
 Borne on thy golden pinions thro' the world,  
 Heard'st thou that foul reproach,  
 By the blaspheming Pentheus cast  
 On Bromius, Semele's illustrious son,  
 Who crown'd with vernal garlands, at the board  
 Where genial mirth presides, is most rever'd  
 Of all the blest immortal powers?  
 His offices are these; to dance,  
 To hear the pipe's sweet sounds with joy,  
 To bid care cease, when the grape's clusters  
 Are introduc'd among the Gods,  
 And foaming bowls, with ivy tendrills wreath'd,  
 Cause the gay feast to close in lenient sleep.

## I. 2.

To certain misery, the unbridled tongue.  
 And frenzy's lawless rage, at length must lead;  
     But a pacific life  
     On its stable basis rests,  
 And Wisdom is the pillar of a throne.  
 Distant in place, from Ether's lucid fields  
 The Gods look down on mortals here below.  
     That science which beyond the scope  
     Of frail humanity aspires,  
     Haunts not the bosom of the Sage.  
     Short is life, and they who follow  
     Ambition's splendid treacherous lure  
 Taste not the blessings of the present hour:  
 I deem their conduct frantic and unwise.

## II. 1.

O could I sail to Cyprus, happy isle  
 Of Venus, whence sweet Loves dispense'd to man  
     Sooth every anxious breast!  
     And Paphos, where with hundred mouths  
 The waves of ocean fructify the plains,  
 Tho' never aided by refreshing showers;  
 Or to the Muses' fair Pierian seat  
     Olympus' consecrated vale,  
     O Bromius, Bromius, thither lead  
     Our chosen band, thou Power Divine:  
     In those realms are found the Graces,  
     There inhabits young Desire,  
 And there exulting Bacchus' festive train  
 Their sacred orgies are allow'd to hold,

## II. 2.

Our Deity, the son of Jove, delights  
 In banquets, and in Peace, the source of wealth,  
     And nurse of blooming youths:  
     Impartial to the rich and poor,  
 On both he showers unmingle joys of wine:  
 Whoever sternly slights the proffer'd boon,

Foe to the God, rejects a bliss which lasts  
 Thro' lengthen'd days and happy nights.  
 'Tis wisdom to restrain our souls.  
 From crediting the doctrines taught  
 By men, rashly overweening.  
 Whate'er with uniform consent,  
 The multitude hath practis'd and approv'd,  
 As an unquestion'd truth will I proclaim.

SERVANTS BRING BACCHUS ROUND,  
 PENTHEUS, CHORUS.

SERVANT.

We come, O Pentheus, having seiz'd the prey,  
 For whom thou didst dispatch us, nor in vain  
 Assail'd we, for we found the savage tame :  
 He fled not, but without reluctance yielded  
 And undismay'd, nor did those ruddy cheeks  
 Change their complexion ; with a smile he bade us  
 Bind him and lead him on ; his firm demeanor  
 Extorted my respect : then seiz'd with shame  
 I cry'd ; " O stranger, I against my will  
 " Convey thee hence ; but I am sent by Pentheus,  
 " Who thus enjoin'd." As for the female choir  
 Of Bacchus' votaries, whom, when caught, by chains  
 Thou in the public prison didst confine,  
 Escap'd from bondage, thro' the sacred groves  
 They in wild measures lead the dance, and call  
 On Bromius, on the God whom they adore.  
 Spontaneously their fetters burst asunder,  
 And massive bars, untouch'd by human hand,  
 Flew from the doors. To Thebes this stranger comes  
 With many powers miraculous endued.  
 But 'tis thy part to see to what remains.

PENTHEUS.

Hold fast his hands : for now he is confin'd  
 Amid the toils, he hath not speed sufficient  
 To 'scape me. The mere graces of thy form  
 Are such, O stranger, as may well entice.

Frail women's hearts, and for this cause thou com'st.  
 Unlike a wrestler's, o'er thy cheeks dishevel'd  
 Stream the long ringlets of thy hair, expressive  
 Of wantonness; effeminately white  
 Is thy complexion; the sun's parching rays  
 Avoiding, by thy charms in shadowy groves  
 Thou striv'st love's idle dalliance to invite.  
 But first inform me from what race thou spring'st.

BACCHUS.

No empty boast I utter, but with ease  
 Can answer this enquiry. Have you heard  
 Of Tmolus' flowery mount?

PENTHEUS.

I know it circles

The walls of Sardis.

BACCHUS.

Thence I come: my country  
 Is Lydia.

PENTHEUS.

But from whence dost thou import  
 These rites to Greece?

BACCHUS.

By Bacchus, son of Jove,  
 Was I initiated.

PENTHEUS.

Is there a Jove  
 In those Barbaric regions who begets  
 New Deities?

BACCHUS.

No: but 'tis he who here  
 Took for his Bride the beauteous Semele.

PENTHEUS.

Was it by night or in the face of day  
 That he constrain'd thee to adopt his worship?

BACCHUS.

By him was I discern'd, him too I saw  
 Full clearly, when to me the God entrusted.

The mystic rites.

PENTHEUS.

But of these mystic rites  
What is the nature?

BACCHUS.

They who never mingled  
In Bacchus' sacred orgies must not know.

PENTHEUS.

Avail they ought to those who at his altars  
Present th' oblation?

BACCHUS.

Tho' it well deserve  
All your researches, this you must not hear.

PENTHEUS.

Thou artfully hast vamp'd up this deceit  
To raise my curiosity.

BACCHUS.

The rites  
Of Bacchus dwell not underneath the roof  
Of bold impiety.

PENTHEUS.

Since thou averr'st  
That thou full clearly hast discern'd the God,  
Describe his person.

BACCHUS.

He assum'd what form  
He pleas'd, nor did I issue my commands.

PENTHEUS.

My question thou full dexterously evad'st,  
And mak'st no answer.

BACCHUS.

He must seem devoid  
Of reason, who mysterious truths unfolds  
To those who lack discretion.

PENTHEUS.

Cam'st thou first  
To Thebes, to introduce this God?

BACCHUS.

In dance

All the Barbarians celebrate our orgies.

PENTHEUS.

Because in wisdom they are far beneath  
The citizens of Greece.

BACCHUS

In this respect

They far transcend: but different are their laws.

PENTHEUS.

By night or day these sacred rites perform'st thou?

BACCHUS.

Mostly by night, for venerable is darkness.

PENTHEUS.

To women this is treacherous and unsafe.

BACCHUS.

E'en in the broadest day may shame be found.

PENTHEUS.

Thou for thy impious sophistries shalt suffer  
Due punishment.

BACCHUS.

For indiscretion, you,  
And want of reverence to the God.

PENTHEUS.

How bold  
Is Bacchus, practis'd in the strife of words!

BACCHUS.

What shall I suffer, say what dreadful sentence  
On me wilt thou inflict?

PENTHEUS.

First will I cut  
Thy graceful ringlets.

BACCHUS.

Sacred are these locks,  
I (5) nourish them in reverence to the God.

(5) " Virgil has translated this passage in the account of Amata  
" pretending to devote her Daughter Lavinia to Bacchus;

PENTHEUS.

Then let thy hands surrender up the thyrsus.

BACCHUS.

Take it away thyself: it was the gift  
Of Bacchus, and I bear it.

PENTHEUS.

In a dungeon

Thee will I guard.

BACCHUS.

Whene'er I please, the God,  
The God himself, will instantly release me.

PENTHEUS.

When 'midst his frantic votaries thou shalt stand,  
And call upon his name.

BACCHUS.

E'en now the God  
Is present, and beholds what I endure.

PENTHEUS.

Where is he? to these eyes he still remains  
Invisible.

BACCHUS.

With me: but you are impious,  
And cannot see him.

PENTHEUS.

Hold him fast; he scorns  
Both me and Thebes.

“ Quin etiam in silvas simulato numine Bacchi  
“ Evolat, et natara frondosis montibus abdit,  
“ Evoë Bacche, fremens, solum te virgine dignum  
“ Vociferans. Etemin molles tibi sumere thyrsos,  
“ Te lustrare choro, *sacram tibi pascente crinem.* En. I. vii. v. 385.  
“ Wandering through woods and wilds and devious ways,  
“ She feign'd the rites of Bacchus, cried aloud  
“ And to the buxom God the Virgin vow'd:  
“ Evoë, O Bacchus, thus began the song,  
“ And Evoë, answer'd all the female throng.  
“ O Virgin, worthy thee alone!” she cried;  
“ O worthy thee alone!” the crew replied:  
“ *For the she feeds her hair, she leads thy dance,*  
“ *And with thy winding ivy wreaths her lance.*

Daynes.  
BRUNCK.

BACCHUS.

Stand off, and bind me not :  
I still retain my reason, and say this  
To the distracted.

PENTHEUS.

I who here am lord  
O'er thee, repeat it, that thou shalt be bound.

BACCHUS.

You know not that you live, you neither see  
Nor recollect your very name.

PENTHEUS.

'Tis Pentheus;  
Agave and Echion were my patrons.

BACCHUS.

Such (6) inauspicious fortunes as that name  
Prognosticates, you justly have deserv'd.

PENTHEUS.

Go, bind him to the manger where my steeds  
Are fed, that darkness may his prospects bound.  
There dance: but I for slaves will sell these women  
Whom thou bring'st hither, partners of thy crimes;  
Or from the rattling drum at least restrain  
Their busy hands, and make them ply the loom.

[Exit PENTHEUS.

BACCHUS.

I will retire: For what the fates decree not,  
Necessity constrains us not t'endure.  
But for these scoffs, will Bacchus, whom you call  
A thing of nought, on your devoted head  
Inflict just vengeance: for, while me you wrong,  
You drag, in galling chains, the captive God.

[Exit BACCHUS guarded.

(6) In the Greek language *μῆνις* signifies "Grief." At the conclusion of the dialogue between Cadmus and Tiresias a few pages before, the latter has already made the same miserable pun; and Theocritus has debased his 26th Idyllic by it,

*Εἰς ὁπες πινθίηται, κατα κατα οὐρανος*.

## CHORUS.

## O D E.

## I.

From Achelous' slimy bed,  
 O lovely Dirce, who deriv'st thy birth ;  
 When first Jove's son young Bacchus grac'd the earth,  
 Thy streams were sprinkled o'er his head.  
 Th' abortive infant, his relenting Sire  
 Snatch'd from the lightning's livid fire,  
 And shelter'd in his thigh ;  
 " Let this male womb contain thee," cried aloud  
 The parent God ; " till to Thebes' wondering crowd  
 " Thee I produce, their Deity,  
 " By Dithyrambus' name." Our solemn rite,  
 Yet thou, O Dirce, dost confound,  
 Regardless of our train with garlands crown'd.  
 Why scorn my prayer? what means thy flight?  
 Obedient to young Bromius' nod,  
 Soon shall thy current hail the jocund God,  
 Shaded by ripen'd clusters bright,  
 And vineyards blushing rich delight.

## II.

But ah, with what ungovern'd rage  
 Amidst our orgies stalks yon earth-born King,  
 Pentheus, who from the Dragon's teeth did spring  
 The prop of bold Echion's age?  
 No human features mark that savage face,  
 He, like the Giants' bloody race,  
 Defies th' immortal Powers.  
 'Midst Bromius' votaries, while I tread the plain,  
 Me will the Tyrant bind with galling chain ;  
 The partner of our festive hours  
 Already in a dungeon he detains,  
 Secluded from the beams of day.  
 O Bacchus, Son of Jove, dost thou survey  
 The Priest who chants thy hallow'd strains

Expos'd to Fate's impending scourge ?  
 Descend benign from steep Olympus' verge,  
 Brandish thy thrysus, and repress  
 That ruthless miscreant's wantonness.

## III.

Lead'st thou the votive choir  
 To Nyssa's (7) mount where savage beasts abound,  
 On steep Corycian summits art thou found,  
 Or dost thou haunt Olympus' shadowy cave,  
 Where Orpheus erst, with magic lyre,  
 Collected trees that listen'd to his strain,  
 And lur'd the howling lion from the plain ?  
 O blest Pierian mount,  
 Revering thee, ere long will Bacchus lead  
 His shouting followers to the Muses' fount,  
 And crossing Axius' rapid spring  
 The Mænades to (8) Lydia bring  
 Streaming with joys exhaustless and refin'd,  
 Bounteous parent of mankind,  
 Whose waters glide thro' regions fam'd  
 For coursers which outstrip the wind.

(7) The epithet *Nympope*; "nurse of wild beasts" seems to be here applied to the mountain Nyssa, on account of its producing the Tigers by which Poets and Painters concur in representing the chariot of Bacchus as drawn,

Qui pampineis victor juga flectit habenis  
 Liber, agens celso Nysæ de vertice Tigres.

VIRGIL, *Æn.* l. vi. v. 804.

Bacchus turning from his Indian war,  
 By Tygers drawn triumphant in his car  
 From Nisus' top descending on the plains ;  
 With curling vines around his purple reins.

DRYDEN.

Mr. Jodrell having too hastily taken the last of the above lines from Virgil, detached ; calls it a representation of the God *pursuing* the Tigers from the lofty eminence of Nyssa.

(8) Heath and Dr. Musgrave, in their notes, observe that the Asiatic Lydia cannot be the place here meant, but that the Poet is speaking of a river called Lydia, mentioned by several of the antient historians and geographical writers, which constitutes the boundary between some part of Boeotia and Macedon.

BACCHUS (*within*).

Ho! listen, listen, listen, to my voice,  
Ye Bacchanalian Nymphs.

CHORUS.

Who's there? whence came  
The sounds of Evius which thus call me forth?

BACCHUS (*within*).

To you again I speak, e'en I the Son  
Of Semele and Jove.

SEMICHORUS I.

Thou mighty Lord,  
O Bromius, Bromius, join our votive choir.  
How horribly the ground beneath our feet  
Shakes! venerable God! ere long the house  
Of Pentheus from its basis shall be hurl'd.  
Refulgent in the portals Bacchus stands,  
To him yield dutious worship.

SEMICHORUS II.

We obey.

See the beams starting from yon marble columns.  
Within those chambers the triumphant shouts  
Of Bromius shall be heard.

SEMICHORUS I.

Light, light the torch,  
The blazing torch, and fire the house of Pentheus.

SEMICHORUS II.

Behold'st thou not the rising conflagration,  
And on the sacred tomb of Semele  
How with redoubled force those embers burn  
The relics of Jove's lightning? on the ground  
Fall prostrate, O ye trembling Mænades:  
For Bacchus, Son of Jove, our King, invades,  
And levels these proud mansions with the ground.

BACCHUS, CHORUS.

BACCHUS.

What! seiz'd with terror, ye Barbarian dames,

On earth are ye fallen prostrate? ye perceiv'd,  
 It seems, how Bacchus shook the house of Pentheus.  
 Rise; let those trembling limbs resume their office,  
 And lay aside your fears.

## CHORUS.

O thou who pour'st  
 A splendour o'er our Bacchanalian rites,  
 Thee with what transport I again behold!  
 Forlorn we wail'd thy absence.

## BACCHUS.

By despair  
 Were ye encompass'd; borne to Pentheus' house  
 When I was sentenc'd to the gloomy dungeon.

## CHORUS.

What could I feel but horror; for what friend  
 Had I if thou hadst fail'd? But by what means  
 Wert thou deliver'd, after thou hadst fallen  
 Into the hands of that unrighteous man?

## BACCHUS.

Myself full easily myself set free,  
 And with no toil.

## CHORUS.

Did he not bind thy hands  
 In galling chains?

## BACCHUS.

Herein too I his rage  
 Have mock'd: for while he thought he had secur'd  
 His prisoner, me he touch'd not, but was sooth'd  
 With empty hope: for having found a Bull  
 In the same stall to which they had confin'd me,  
 The beast's tough hoofs he shackled, breathing ire;  
 Sweat from each pore distill'd, and with his teeth  
 He gnaw'd his lips, while I sat near at hand  
 An unconcern'd spectator: but meantime  
 Bacchus on his arrival shook the walls,  
 And kindled on his Mother's sepulchre  
 The sleeping embers, which, when Pentheus saw,

He thought the mansion blaz'd, and ran impetuous  
 Now here, now there, commanding his attendants  
 To bring all (9) Achelous : to no purpose  
 Did every servant toil; but he the flames  
 Left unextinguish'd, and on a surmise  
 That I had 'scap'd, into the palace rush'd  
 With his drawn sword. Then Bromius (I describe  
 Each circumstance as it to me appear'd)  
 Within the hall, a meteor in my shape  
 Compos'd, which the distracted Pentheus smote,  
 Wounding the air as if he had transpierc'd

(8) The river Achelous was so much celebrated, that it has frequently been made use of to signify water in general, as in Virgil's Georgics,

Chaoniam pingui glandem mutavit aristā,  
 Poculaque inventis Acheloia miscuit uvis.

Which Dryden has rendered

“ Who gave us corn for mast, for water wine.”

When Hermione makes use of the term *Αχελεως δρον* in the Andromache, while she is threatening to employ that unfortunate Princess in the most servile offices, I have concurred with the Latin translation in rendering it simply “water,” because I was apprehensive it might sound preposterous to an English reader to speak of the small quantity of water carried in a vessel at Phthia, a province of Thessaly, by the name of a river dividing Ætolia from Acarnania, at which it was impossible it could have been filled. But where the frantic Pentheus is calling for whole rivers to extinguish a conflagration, the geography becomes immaterial, nor are we bound to enquire whether the scene is near their banks; by dropping the metaphor, and saying only, “ to bring water,” we may be thought to weaken the energy of the original. I cannot discover any other reason for Dirce being called, in the preceding Ode, the Daughter of Achelous, than that river's being considered, as Didymus (cited by Barnes) styles it, in the light of the most antient of all others, Ποταμης αρσενιτατ<sup>η</sup>. Nonnus calls the fountain Dirce, the Daughter of Ismenos, a river near Thebes, often mentioned in conjunction with it by Euripides; and Boccace, in his Genealogia Decorum Gentilium, speaks of Dirce, who, before her metamorphosis, was Wife of Lycus, as one of the Daughters of the Sun. In regard to the passage referred to by Barnes, in *Natalis Comes*, a writer of the sixteenth century, it affords no new light, as the above-mentioned passage of Euripides is the sole authority he produces for calling Dirce daughter of Achelous.

My vitals. Bacchus then afflicted him  
 With greater evils, for he dash'd the roof  
 Upon the ground, and the whole structure broke  
 Into a thousand fragments, while he view'd  
 The scene of my captivity, a scene  
 To him most inauspicious: thro' fatigue  
 His sword he from his hand let fall, and droops  
 Unnerv'd; presumptuous man, who with a God  
 Hath dar'd to wage this war. But undismay'd  
 I from these doors the Bacchanalian choir  
 Conducting, join your band, nor heed the wrath  
 Of Pentheus. But I deem he soon will reach  
 The vestibule, for I his sandals hear  
 Within resounding. After these events  
 What vehement reproaches will he utter?  
 Yet will I meet him calmly, tho' he come  
 Breathing die threats: for it behoves the wise  
 To curb the sallies of outrageous ire.

## PENTHEUS, BACCHUS, CHORUS.

## PENTHEUS.

Most horrid are the ills I have endur'd:  
 That stranger, whom so recently I bound,  
 Hath from confinement 'scap'd. But ha! 'tis he.  
 What prodigies are these? How com'st thou forth,  
 How dar'st thou to appear before my gates?

## BACCHUS.

O pause awhile; refrain these hasty strides,  
 And curb that vehemence of soul.

## PENTHEUS.

How cam'st thou  
 Forth from thy prison? how could'st thou shake off  
 Thy fetters?

## BACCHUS.

Said I not, or did these words  
 Escape your ears? "A God shall set me free."

## PENTHEUS.

I know not what thou mean'st, such various boasts.

Flow from that tongue.

BACCHUS.

He who for man produc'd  
The clustering vine.

PENTHEUS.

Thou falsely dost assert  
That Bacchus wrought this miracle.

BACCHUS.

Bar fast  
The massive doors of each encircling tower.

PENTHEUS.

Would that avail me? cannot Gods o'erleap  
The topmost pinnacles?

BACCHUS.

In all beside  
Are you full wise, except in that great point  
Where wisdom is most needful.

PENTHEUS.

I am vers'd  
In each essential rule of a sage conduct.

BACCHUS.

First then to yonder Messenger give ear,  
And learn what tidings from the mount he brings;  
While we will here remain, and scorn to fly.

MESSENGER, PENTHEUS, BACCHUS,  
CHORUS.

MESSENGER.

O Pentheus, monarch of this Theban realm,  
I, from Cithaeron's summit, am arriv'd,  
Pil'd with unwasted heaps of whitest snow.

PENTHEUS.

What mighty business doth this speech announce?

MESSENGER.

I saw the Bacchanalian dames, who, urg'd  
By frantic transports, issued from our gates  
With their feet bare. My Sovereign, I to you  
And to this city, would relate the deeds

They have committed, which are fraught with horror  
 And most miraculous ; but wish to hear  
 Whether I freely may recount what happen'd,  
 Or should abridge the tale : for, O my Lord,  
 The hasty temper of your soul, that rage  
 And aweful mien of royalty I fear.

## PENTHEUS.

Speak out : thou shalt incur no punishment  
 From me, to whom the voice of honest truth  
 Conveys no hostile sounds : but in proportion  
 As the exploits of yonder madding crew ;  
 Which thou to me report'st, are more atrocious,  
 Severer wrath shall overtake the miscreant,  
 Who to our women taught these impious rites.

## MESSENGER.

Our heifers in large herds the mountain's brow  
 Ascended, as the sun his orient beams  
 Diffus'd to warm earth's surface, there I saw  
 Three groups of women ; o'er the first Autoneë  
 Presided, o'er the next your royal Mother  
 Agave, and the third was Ino's band.  
 Carelessly stretcht upon the ground all slept,  
 Some for their pillow chose the leaves of fir ;  
 On the oak's casual foliage spread beneath  
 While others decently reclin'd their heads ;  
 Nor had th' intoxicating bowl, or sound  
 Of the shrill pipe, as you assert, impell'd them  
 To wander thro' the verdant grove in quest  
 Of Venus' joys impure. But standing up  
 Amidst the Bacchanalian choir, your Mother,  
 To wake them from their slumbers, loudly shouted  
 Soon as the bellowing of the bulls she heard.  
 Then casting off sweet slumber from their eyes,  
 With wond'rous seeming modesty they rose,  
 Young, old, the virgin, and th' unwedded dame.  
 Over their shoulders first their streaming hair  
 They spread, resuming the hind's shaggy hide

Which loosely floated, by no zone confin'd,  
The speckled skins of serpents round their knees  
Were girt, some in their arms bore kids, or whelps  
Of surly wolves, and gave them suck, at home  
Leaving their new-born children ; on her front  
Each plac'd a vivid garland form'd of oak,  
Ivy, or flowers of wild convolvulus :  
But one of them her thyrsus seiz'd, and smote  
The solid rock, whence gush'd the limpid fount ;  
Another plung'd her wand into the ground,  
From whence the bounteous God caus'd streams of wine  
To issue forth, while they who wish'd for milk  
Thrusting their fingers only through the turf  
Found lacteous currents follow : honey dripp'd  
From every staff with pliant ivy bound.  
Had you been there, and seen these prodigies,  
You, to that Deity whom now you scorn,  
Had yielded homage. We together met,  
Leaving our oxen and our fleecy charge,  
Among each other a debate to hold  
On their miraculous and strange exploits.  
But an impostor, who in cities long  
Had exercis'd his fluency of speech,  
Address'd us in these terms, " O ye who dwell  
" Upon this hallow'd mount, are ye dispos'd  
" From her wild orgies forcibly to drag  
" Agave Pentheus' Mother, and perform  
" An acceptable service to our King ?"  
His words approving, we behind the thicket  
In ambush plac'd ourselves : they wildly mov'd,  
Their band collecting at the stated hour  
To celebrate their feasts, with a loud voice  
Invoking Bacchus, Bromius Son of Jove :  
The savage beasts, the very mountain shar'd  
Their Bacchanalian transports ; where they trod  
All nature whirl'd around. But near me leap'd  
Agave ; starting up, I, from the thicket

Where I lay hid, sprung forth and ran to seize her.  
She shriek'd aloud; "O ye my nimble hounds,  
" These men would hunt us down; but follow me  
" Each with her thyrsus arm'd." By hasty flight  
From these infuriate Bacchanalian dames  
We 'scap'd; but they our grazing herds invaded,  
Tho' in their hands no steely weapon gleam'd:  
You might have seen one seize and firmly hold  
A fatted heifer, others rent the limbs  
Of steers asunder; ribs and cloven hoofs  
Were toss'd around, from branching pines distill'd  
Morsels of flesh and intermingled gore.  
The raging bulls, who menac'd with their horns,  
Were in a moment stretch'd upon the ground  
Assail'd by many a blooming maid: the Daughters  
Of royal Cadmus from the flesh tore off  
The hides, ere you could close your eyes; and swift  
As birds that cleave the air, they to the vale  
Were borne, where o'er Asopus' current waves  
The plenteous Theban harvest: on they rush'd  
Midst Hysia's and Erythra's swains, who dwell  
Beneath Cithaeron's mount: with hostile rage,  
All their opponents scatter'd, and dragg'd forth  
The shrieking infants from their lowly cots;  
But whatsoe'er they on their shoulders plac'd,  
Tho' fasten'd by no bandage, close adher'd,  
And fell not to the earth; no not e'en brass,  
Or ponderous steel: unsing'd their tresses bore  
The lambent fire. But in their wrath, the peasants,  
Harrass'd by Bacchus' votaries, took up arms:  
A wondrous spectacle, O King, ensued,  
For by our brazen spears no blood was drawn:  
Hurl'd from their hands, but where the thyrsus smote,  
A griesly wound appear'd; that female troop  
Discomfited the warriors, not without  
Th' assistance of some Deity: then came  
Back to their station, to those very springs.

Which for their use by their benignant God  
 Were open'd, there they cleans'd the sprinkled gore,  
 And serpents with their tongues wip'd clammy drops  
 From their discolour'd cheeks. My Lord, admit  
 Into this city, whosoe'er he be,  
 This Power Divine, for wondrous is his might:  
 I am inform'd, this also they aver,  
 That he, the grape, that med'cine for our cares,  
 Bestow'd on favour'd mortals. Take away  
 The sparkling Wine, fair Venus smiles no more,  
 And every pleasure quits the human race.

## CHORUS.

Tho' in the presence of a mighty King  
 I dread to speak so freely, yet this truth  
 Shall be declar'd, that Bacchus is inferior  
 To none of all the Gods.

## PENTHEUS.

In one short moment

The pride of his insensate train like fire  
 Is lighted up, to all the Greeks a source  
 Of great dishonour. But the times admit  
 Of no delay; go to Electra's gate  
 And give command to all the troops who bear  
 The ponderous targe, or mount the rapid steed;  
 The light-arm'd infantry, and those who twang  
 With surest aim the sounding bow, to join me,  
 That we may war against this frantic crew,  
 Else will disgrace attend us, if we brook  
 Such insults from a female band. [Exit MESSENGER.]

(10) BACCHUS.

O Pentheus,

You still remain obdurate tho' you hear  
 My counsels, yet tho' I from you endure  
 Such cruel treatment, still do I maintain

(10) This speech, and several which follow, are ascribed to Bacchus on the authorities of Reiskius, Mr. Heath, Mr. Tyrwhitt, Dr. Musgrave, and Brunck.

It is your duty not to take up arms  
 Against the God: forego this rash emprise;  
 For ne'er will Bromius suffer you to drive  
 His votive train from yonder haunted mount.

PENTHEUS.

Counsel me not; but having 'scap'd from prison,  
 Be satisfied with this, or I again  
 Will punish thee.

BACCHUS.

Much rather I to him  
 Would offer sacrifice, than in my wrath,  
 Frail mortal as I am, kick 'gainst the spurs  
 Of a vindictive God.

PENTHEUS.

I will consign  
 Fit victims to the altar; slay those women  
 As they deserve, and o'er Cithæron's top  
 Spread universal havoc.

BACCHUS.

Your whole band  
 Shall be discomfited, and to complete  
 Your shame, your brazen shields shall be transpierc'd  
 With the slight thyrsus.

PENTHEUS.

We, a stranger harsh  
 And obstinate, encounter, who, nor yields  
 To punishments inflicted, nor desists  
 From his rash enterprise.

BACCHUS.

You still have means  
 Of happily composing these dissensions.

PENTHEUS.

By doing what? by crouching to my slaves?

BACCHUS.

These women hither will I bring unarm'd.

PENTHEUS.

Alas, thou meditat'st some fell deceit.

BACCHUS.

Why do you talk of treachery ; by my schemes  
When I would save you ?

PENTHEUS.

Ye this plot devised  
With one consent, that ye might ever haunt  
Those Bacchanalian orgies.

BACCHUS.

I have form'd  
A compact with the God.

PENTHEUS.

Bring, bring my arms ;  
And be thou silent.

BACCHUS.

Would you see them seated  
Together on the summit of the hill ?

PENTHEUS.

This earnestly I wish for ; and with heaps  
Of gold, for the discovery, will reward thee.

BACCHUS.

Whence can such wondrous eagerness arise ?

PENTHEUS.

Woe be to those I find inflam'd with wine.

BACCHUS.

Why long to see the objects which you loathe ?

PENTHEUS.

Know then, in silence as I sit beneath  
Yon sheltering pine —

BACCHUS.

But they will trace your footsteps,  
Tho' you attempt concealment.

PENTHEUS.

Face to face  
Shall Pentheus meet them ; thou hast rightly spoken.

BACCHUS.

Under my conduct will you undertake  
The toilsome march ?

PENTHEUS.

Without delay lead on;  
For I my time to thy disposal yield.

BACCHUS.

Over your body cast a linen robe.

PENTHEUS.

Shall I forget to act a manly part,  
And wear the dress of women?

BACCHUS.

Lest they kill you,  
If they perceive you are a man.

PENTHEUS.

These counsels  
Are well suggested; whosoe'er thou art,  
Thou sure art wise.

BACCHUS.

I these instructions gain'd  
From Bacchus.

PENTHEUS.

Teach me therefore how to practise  
The wholesome admonitions thou hast given.

BACCHUS.

Entering the palace, in a fit disguise  
Will I equip you.

PENTHEUS.

Such as women wears?  
It shames me.

BACCHUS.

Now no longer are you prompt  
The votive train of Bacchus to behold.

PENTHEUS.

Describe the dress thou mean'st I shall assume.

BACCHUS.

Long hair I down your back will cause to stream  
In many a ringlet.

PENTHEUS.

But what other mode  
Of ornaments for me wilt thou contrive?

BACCHUS.

The stole shall reach your feet, and o'er your head  
I mean to place a coif.

PENTHEUS.

Is there aught more  
Which thou would'st add?

BACCHUS.

The thyrsus in your hand  
Must you sustain, and in the dappled hide  
Of a slain hind advance.

PENTHEUS.

Such female robes  
Are what I cannot, will not stoop to wear.

BACCHUS.

Go then, and perish in th' unequal strife  
With Bacchus' votaries.

PENTHEUS.

Better were it first  
Their motions to observe.

BACCHUS.

By far more wise  
Than hunting after others ills to swell  
The number of those ills already known.

PENTHEUS.

But thro' the city how shall I proceed  
Unseen by every Theban?

BACCHUS.

We must use  
Paths unfrequented: I will lead the way.

PENTHEUS.

I rather would submit to aught, than suffer  
Bacchus' infuriate votaries to deride me.

BACCHUS.

The palace we will enter, and deliberate,  
If you think proper.

PENTHEUS.

Wheresoe'er thou wilt,

I give my free consent, and will go forth  
 Prepar'd to wield the javelin, or adopt  
 Each salutary counsel thou canst give.

[*Exit PENTHEUS.*

BACCHUS.

Soon shall he reach the Bacchanalian choir,  
 And die as he deserves. Ye generous Dames,  
 Within your reach he stands. To thee, O God  
 Of Nyssa, now belongs the dread emprise,  
 Nor art thou distant far: be vengeance ours;  
 But first do thou with madness fire his soul,  
 For while his reason yet remains entire,  
 He will refuse to wear a female vest,  
 But hurried to distraction soon assume  
 Such garb: I would expose him to the scoffs  
 Of every Theban, thro' the city led  
 In such apparel, since he utter'd threats  
 The most alarming. But I go t' array  
 Pentheus in trappings such as he shall bear,  
 Slain by his Mother, to the shades beneath.  
 Thus shall he know dread Bacchus, son of Jove,  
 A God most terrible when he asserts.  
 His slighted power: but gracious to mankind.

[*Exit BACCHUS.*

CHORUS.

O D E.

I.

When shall I join the midnight dance,  
 With agile step my comrades lead,  
 And as our festive choirs advance  
 Triumphant o'er the enamel'd mead,  
 My heaving bosom to the dewy gale  
 Expand, high bounding like a fawn  
 Who gambols o'er the verdant lawn,  
 When from the hunter she with ease

Hath 'scap'd, and sprung from his entangling snare,  
 In vain a clamorous troop pursue ;  
 Swift as the storm bursts thro' the troubled air,  
 She leaves them far behind, and in the dale  
 'Midst gushing rivulets, anew  
 Tastes the sweet charms of solitude,  
 While interwoven thickets rude  
 Her favourite habitation veil ?  
 What greater priv'lege 'midst the fell debate  
 Can sage or chieftain from the Gods request  
 Than that of ever fast'ning on the crest  
 Of the miscreant whom we hate ?  
 Pleasure with unsullied fame  
 Ever must alliance claim.

## II.

The tardy God arrives at length  
 His stedfast promise to fulfil,  
 Exulting in immortal strength.  
 Tremble, ye ministers of ill !  
 With vengeance arm'd he smites the impious head  
 Of him who dares pollute his shrine,  
 And madly spurn the powers divine.  
 The Gods thick mists around them spread,  
 With art the lingering foot of Time they hide,  
 And to his haunts the sinner trace.  
 Desist ! ah, hope not with intemperate pride  
 Thou canst ascend above Heaven's sacred laws.  
 The wise these obvious truths embrace ;  
 Whate'er he be, the God is strong,  
 And every custom 'stablish'd long  
 From nature's self derives its cause.  
 What greater priv'lege 'midst the fell debate  
 Can sage or chieftain from the Gods request  
 Than that of ever fastening on the crest  
 Of the miscreant whom we hate ?  
 Pleasure with unsullied fame  
 Ever must alliance claim.

## III.

Blest is the man who 'scapes the stormy wave,  
 And in the harbour finds repose :  
 He too is blest, 'midst dangers brave,  
 Who soars above the malice of his foes :  
 And now these, now those possess  
 Superior talents or success ;  
 Distinct their aims ; but hope each bosom fires.  
 There are, a rich encrease who find,  
 The vows of some are scatter'd in the wind :  
 But in my judgement blest are they  
 Who taste, tho' only for the day,  
 The joys their soul desires.

## BACCHUS, PENTHEUS, CHORUS,

## BACCHUS.

On you, O Pentheus, eager to behold  
 The rites which are forbidden, and attempt  
 Impossibilities, I call ; come forth  
 Without the palace, and before these eyes  
 Appear in Bacchanalian robes attir'd,  
 A likeness of the Mænades, a spy  
 On your own Mother, and the hallow'd choir.  
 Your form resembles one of Cadmus' daughters.

## PENTHEUS.

Two suns, methinks, these wondering eyes behold,  
 And the strange vision of a double Thebes  
 With its seven gates ; thou, chang'd into a bull,  
 Appears't to lead the way, and from thy head  
 Rise stately horns. Art thou indeed that beast ?  
 For thou its semblance bear'st. Before us marches  
 Some unpropitious God.

## BACCHUS.

He is a friend  
 To our designs : and now those eyes discern  
 The objects you were destin'd to behold.

PENTHEUS.

What semblance do I wear? Is not this gait,  
The gait of Ino, this Agave's mien?

BACCHUS.

Fixing my eyes on you, methinks e'en now  
I see them. But those tresses are misplac'd,  
And loosen'd from the coif which I bound o'er them.

PENTHEUS.

By shaking them, as in my house I trod  
With Bacchanalian transports, in wild dance,  
I have dishevel'd them.

BACCHUS.

But, I, whose office  
Is to attend you, will their braids renew:  
Lift up your head.

PENTHEUS.

These ornaments adjust;  
For I on thee depend.

BACCHUS.

Your zone is loose,  
Nor hangs the decent vest in waving folds  
Down to your feet.

PENTHEUS.

To me they seem to leave  
My right expos'd, but cover my left ankle.

BACCHUS.

Will you not place me in the foremost rank  
Among your friends, when with surprize you find  
The Bacchanalians virtuous?

PENTHEUS.

In which hand  
Holding my thyrsus, shall I most resemble  
One of their festive troop?

BACCHUS.

You from the ground  
With your right hand and your right foot must lift it.  
This change in your opinion I applaud.

PENTHEUS.

Upon my shoulders can I bear away,  
Cithæron's mount, with Bacchus' frantic crew ?

BACCHUS.

You certainly are able if you will.  
Erst was your soul diseas'd, but you now think  
Just as you ought.

PENTHEUS.

Strong levers must I bring,  
Or with these hands unaided, from its basis  
Can I pluck up the mountain, on these arms  
And shoulders heaving it ?

BACCHUS.

O spare that seat  
Dear to the Nymphs, and dear to gentle Pan  
Whence oft resounds the flute.

PENTHEUS.

Thou well hast spoken.  
Defenceless women must not be subdued  
By brutal strength : but in the piny grove  
Will I conceal myself.

BACCHUS.

A place well-suited  
For your intended ambush will you find,  
When thither you ascend, a treacherous spy,  
To view the Mænades.

PENTHEUS.

I rather think  
That 'midst the woods, they like the feather'd race  
May in their beds be caught, to wanton sloth  
While they themselves abandon.

BACCHUS.

On the watch  
Go therefore, and you haply will surprize them  
If not surpriz'd yourself.

PENTHEUS.

In pomp conduct

Me thro' the midst of the fam'd Theban realm,  
For I alone of all its valiant sons  
Have dar'd to undertake this great emprise.

BACCHUS.

You singly for the city have endur'd  
Toils to yourself peculiar, and such conflicts  
As your achievements have deserv'd, await you.  
But follow me, for I am a safe guide:  
Thence shall another bear you.

PENTHEUS.

What, my Mother?

BACCHUS.

To every eye conspicuous.

PENTHEUS.

Such my aim.

BACCHUS.

You shall be carried back.

PENTHEUS.

Thou represent'st me  
Like some inactive dastard.

BACCHUS.

In the hands  
Of her who gave you birth.

PENTHEUS.

How! must I then

Be so effeminate?

BACCHUS.

As this implies.

PENTHEUS.

An undertaking worthy of myself  
Is that on which I enter. [Exit PENTHEUS.]

BACCHUS.

You in wrath

Are dreadful, and to dreadful scenes of blood  
Rush with impetuous step. Too high for earth,  
Go seek renown in Heaven. Stretch forth your hands,  
Agave, and thy sisters, O ye Daughters

Of Cadmus. To a mighty strife I lead  
 This youth, where I and Bromins shall prevail.  
 The sequel, let th' event itself disclose.

[*Erit Bacchus.*

CHORUS.

O D E.

I.

Swift hounds of Madness, the steep mount ascend,  
 To Cadmus' Daughters at their mystic rite  
 Hie instantly, each bosom rend  
 With that portentous rage your stings excite  
 'Gainst yon distracted spy, in female vest  
 Who with a treacherous purpose drest,  
 The hallow'd Mænades invades.  
 His Mother on the rock, surveys our foe  
 Ascending from the plains below,  
 And to her comrades 'midst their wonted shades,  
 Exclaims; "With impious scorn  
 " What Theban mounts these hills to vex our choir?  
 " He was not by a mortal Sire  
 " Begotten, or of woman born,  
 " From some lion's fierce embrace  
 " He sprung, or from the Libyan Gorgon's race."  
 Descend from Heaven, thy glittering steel  
 Unsheathe, O Justice, let that earth-born youth,  
 Foe to religion, law, and plighted truth,  
 Echion's Son, severest vengeance feel.

II.

With views tyrannic, and immoderate ire,  
 Where Bacchus loves his midnight sports to hold,  
 And Semele's devoted choir  
 Her praises chant, he ranges uncontroll'd,  
 As if man's feeble prowess could defy  
 Th' unconquerable Deity.  
 Securely o'er life's dangerous stage  
 Who hope to pass, their wandering thoughts confine,  
 Nor scrutinise exploits divine,

I envy not the talents of the Sage ;  
 Far nobler aims are mine :  
 Those truths alone I labour to attain  
 Which stablish Virtue's endless reign,  
 In such devotions prompt to join  
 I each rite with horror view,  
 That tends to rob the Gods of homage due.  
 Descend from Heaven, thy glittering steel  
 Unsheathe, O Justice, let that earth-born youth,  
 Foe, to religion, law, and plighted truth,  
 Echion's Son, severest vengeance feel.

## III.

Assume the bull's tremendous form,  
 A dragon arm'd with thousand heads arise,  
 Or with the lion's glaring eyes  
 Thou mighty (11) Hunter rouse the gathering storm ;  
 Yet rather now thine own ingenuous face  
 Displaying, in the snare surprize  
 Yon Tyrant ere his danger he descries,  
 Fallen 'mong the Mænades that fatal race.

## MESSENGER, CHORUS.

## MESSENGER.

Ye mansions, prosperous erst in Greece, and founded  
 (12) By that old man of Sidon, in these meads  
 Who sow'd the earth-born crop when he had slain  
 The Dragon ; with what tears do I bewail  
 Your fate : tho' servitude be my hard portion ;  
 Yet sympathises an ingenuous slave  
 In the afflictions of his lords.

(11) Zagreus, one of the names of Bacchus, is derived by the lexicographers from his activity in the chase ; Ζαγρεύς, quasi Ζαρύ μεγαν. H. Steph. Thea. Gr. vol. 5. p. 1003.

(12) Cadmus, who founded Thebes, when he was yet young and previous to his marriage with Harmonia ; but is in this Tragedy represented as very aged and infirm, his Grandson Pentheus being arrived at years of maturity.

CHORUS.

What bringst thou  
Fresh tidings from the Bacchanalian dames?

MESSENGER.

Echion's offspring, Pentheus, is no more.

CHORUS.

O sovereign Bromius, now dost thou appear  
A mighty God.

MESSENGER.

What mean'st thou by this language?  
At the disastrous fortunes of our King  
Dost thou exult, O woman?

CHORUS.

I was born  
In foreign climes, and with Barbaric voice  
Chant Bacchus' praises. Now no more I fear  
The galling chain.

MESSENGER.

Canst thou suppose that Thebes  
Is thus enervate grown?

CHORUS.

Not Thebes, but Bacchus,  
Bacchus is now our Ruler.

MESSENGER.

I forgive thee;  
Yet glorying in the mischiefs ye have done,  
O woman, is unseemly.

CHORUS.

By what fate  
The miscreant died, inform me.

MESSENGER.

Having left  
Therapnè, Pentheus and myself now cross'd  
Asopus' current, and begun to climb  
Cithæron's mount, a Stranger guided us  
To view the mystic orgies; on my lord  
I tended: first we reach'd a verdant grove

Thro' which with cautious step we trod, observing  
Strict silence: for unseen we hop'd to see.  
There was a valley, which on either side  
Was bounded by a precipice, refresh'd  
By many a spring, and shaded o'er with pines,  
Where sat the Mænades, their hands employ'd  
In pleasing labours; round their batter'd thyrsus  
Some wound anew the ivy, while the rest  
Leaving the craggy summit of the hill,  
Like sportive coursers from the yoke releas'd,  
Sung to each other in alternate strains  
Their Bacchanalian hymns. But hapless Pentheus,  
Beholding not the famale band, exclaim'd;  
" O Stranger, from the spot on which we stand,  
" These eyes distinctly see not the wild gestures  
" Of Bacchus' votaries: but if we mount  
" The neighbouring hilloc, on whose summit grows  
" A lofty pine, I better shall discern  
" Their rites unseemly." Soon as he had spoken;  
Wrought by the Stranger, an exploit I witness'd  
The most miraculous; for with his hand  
He seiz'd the topmost branches of the pine  
Which tower'd to Heaven, and trail'd them in the dust:  
Thus like a bow, or like the crooked wheel  
Which with unwearied motion in a circle  
Around its axis whirls, the Stranger warp'd  
The stateliest trunk which on the mountain grew,  
With more than human might: then placing Pentheus  
Upon the branches of the pine, he loo'sd  
His hold with gradual caution, lest the King  
Might from his seat, by an elastic bound,  
Be shaken: but the tree, on which my Lord  
Still kept his seat, tower'd upright to the skies:  
Here by the Mænades was he discover'd;  
Ere he beheld them: for exalted thus,  
He now was more conspicuous than before.  
The Stranger was no longer to be seen:

But from the clouds, a voice burst forth, suppos'd  
To be by Bacchus utter'd, " O ye Nymphs,  
" I bring the miscreant hither who derides  
" Both you, and me, and the mysterious orgies  
" Which I ordain'd: 'tis yours to punish him,"  
Scarce had he spoken, when the sacred flames  
From Heaven descending overspread the ground.  
Hush'd was the air, and in the silent grove  
No rustling motion of the leaves was heard,  
Nor roar'd the beasts of prey: yet not distinctly  
Did the voice reach their ears, they rose to listen,  
And wildly gaz'd around, till he afresh  
Issu'd his mandates. Soon as Cadmus' Daughters  
Clearly distinguish'd the commands of Bacchus,  
Like winged doves, they ran with nimble foot;  
Agave, Mother to our King, her Sisters,  
And all the Bacchanalian Dames, o'erleap'd  
The foaming torrent, and the craggy rock,  
For Bacchus had breath'd frenzy on their souls.  
Describing Pentheus seated on the pine,  
First at the Monarch's head they hurl'd huge stones,  
Mounting an adverse cliff, and strove to smite him  
With the torn branches of the pine; their comrades,  
The missile thyrsus aiming at the foe,  
Wasted in air their unavailing rage:  
Too high for them to reach, he sat, regardless  
Of danger, till at length, they with a force,  
Like that of thunderbolts, threw arms of oaks  
Which they had rooted up without the aid  
Of iron levers. But when yet their toils  
Remain'd unfinish'd; " O ye Mænades,"  
Agave cried; " collected in a ring  
" Around the tree, take hold of it, and seize  
" The Beast who to its summit hath ascended,  
" Lest he divulge our God's mysterious rites."  
They, at the signal, with a thousand hands,  
Grasp'd the firm pine, and tore it from the ground.  
To earth, high-mounted, from its giddy top

Fell Pentheus groaning : for he knew his fate  
 Was near. His wretched Mother, like a Priestess,  
 Began the sacrifice ; he threw the cawl  
 From his dishevel'd hair, that she her Son  
 Might recognise, nor in his gore imbrue  
 Her ruthless hands : he touch'd her cheeks and cried ;  
 “ I am, I am, O Mother, your own Son,  
 “ That Pentheus whom beneath Echion's roof  
 “ You bore, take pity on me then, nor slay  
 “ Your guilty child.” But she meantime with rage  
 Still foaming, roll'd her eyes, of reason rest,  
 Posset by Bacchus, nor her stubborn soul  
 Could his entreaties move : then with both hands  
 Seiz'd his left arm, and stamping on the ribs  
 Of this unhappy victim, tore away  
 His (13) shoulder, nor appear'd th' exertion great,

(13) In describing the death of Pentheus, with a minuteness which cannot fail of disgusting every reader, Euripides has been followed by Ovid, Met. I. iii. v 710. Propertius very justly enumerates it among the horrors of Grecian history, and joins it with the exposure of Andromeda, Thyestes' feast, the death of Meleager, the sacrifice of Iphigenia, and the cruelties of Sinis retorted on his own head : but his application is peculiarly unfortunate when he compliments Italy as free from equal enormities : for Rome in those early days, which may most fitly be adduced as parallels to the above events (collected from a variety of detached Grecian states) beheld its very foundation cemented with the blood of Remus slain by his Brother's hand : of the six first Kings, Numa alone appears to have escaped assassination. Add to these crimes, Horatius stabbing his own Sister, the cruelty exercised on the traitor Metius, and the rape of Lucretia, the first ages of Rome will suffice at least for a counterpart to those of Greece : but if we suppose the Latin Poet, inattentive to the more antient records of his country, to have had in view only the times in which he lived ; the history of the second Triumvirate, and its inhuman proscriptions, is too well known to need any discussion : but its being recorded that the Father of Propertius was massacred by command of Augustus, is a circumstance I can by no means pass over, as it leaves us in doubt how to portion out our detestation between the Tyrant, whose cowardice and cruelty deluged Rome with blood, shed by the daggers of assassins, and the venal Bard, who, by giving the appellation of Deus, to his Father's murderer, hath left us an instance of servility at which nature shudders.

For by the God, with ease was she enabled  
Her bloody purpose to effect : but Ino,  
On his right side, full many a ghastly wound  
Inflicted ; with Autonoë, the whole choir  
Of Bacchanalian Dames press'd on, and join'd  
In one tremendous shout : his groans continued  
Till he had breath'd his last. They howl'd, one rent  
His arm away, another with his foot  
The sandal ; they laid bare his ribs, and scatter'd,  
Like balls, the mangled morsels of his flesh ;  
Dispers'd, his body lies, beneath the rocks,  
And midst the leafy thicket, nor with ease  
Can be discover'd. But the ghastly head  
His Mother seiz'd, and, on her thyrsus fixt,  
Over Cithæron's mountain, as the spoils  
Of a slain lion, bears it ; having left  
Her Sisters with the Mænades engag'd  
In choral rites, proud of her horrid trophy  
She thro' the portals stalks, and calls aloud  
On Bacchus her companion in the chase,  
Who aided her to take the prize. What tears  
From so unblest a triumph soon shall stream !  
But from the scene of misery I retir'd  
Before Agave to these mansions come.  
For modest worth, and reverence for the Gods,  
Are, in my judgement, the most certain marks  
Of glory and of wisdom in mankind.

[*Exit MESSENGER.*

CHORUS.

Bacchus claims our choral lay.  
Be the fall of Pentheus sung,  
From the mighty Dragon sprung ;  
Who in female vestments gay,  
Sure pledge of death, the sacred wand  
Bore enwreath'd with ivy band,  
By the Bull's false semblance led  
To inevitable fate.

Ye Mænades, who spring from Cadmus, hear !  
 On him the God hath wreak'd his hate,  
 Our presumptuous foe hath bled  
 With many a groan and many a tear.  
 Heroic strife, the Mother tore  
 Her Son, and in his streaming gore  
 Did her triumphant hands imbrue.  
 But I cease the warbled strain,  
 For hither fierce Agave hies :  
 Madness glaring in her eyes :  
 She to Bacchus hath been true ;  
 Let her join our hallow'd train.

## AGAVE, CHORUS.

AGAVE.

Ye Asiatic Bacchanalians !

CHORUS.

Ha !

Why call me ?

AGAVE.

From yon mountain, to the palace,  
 I bring this Whelp new-slain, no vulgar prize.

CHORUS.

I see it, and receive you for our comrade.

AGAVE.

Without a snare, I this young Lion caught,  
 As your own eyes may witness.

CHORUS.

In what desert ?

AGAVE.

Cithæron.

CHORUS.

Say what mean you by Cithæron ?

AGAVE.

Cithæron slew him.

CHORUS.

Who first gave the wound ?

AGAVE.

That praise was all my own.

CHORUS.

Thrice blest Agave!

AGAVE.

Hence in loud hymns shall they record my name.

CHORUS.

What partner had you?

AGAVE.

Cadmus —

CHORUS.

Who belonging

To Cadmus?

AGAVE.

After me his Daughters smote  
This Beast.

CHORUS.

Successful in so great a prize.

AGAVE.

Partake the banquet.

CHORUS.

What shall I partake?

Wretch that I am!

AGAVE.

This seems a tender Whelp,  
His head was cover'd with a length of hair,  
But on his cheeks it just began to spring:  
And from his shaggy mane 'tis evident  
That he's a Lion. Bacchus, skilful hunter,  
Rous'd 'gainst this Beast the Mænades.

CHORUS.

Our King

Returns victorious from the sylvan chase.

AGAVE.

You praise —

CHORUS.

On whom do I my praise bestow?

AGAVE.

Soon shall the Thebans praise me; soon shall Pentheus,

My Son, applaud his Mother, who hath slain  
The Lion's furious Whelp.

CHORUS.

Do you exult?

AGAVE.

With transport, yes with transport I recount  
The great and glorious deeds I have atchiev'd.

CHORUS.

Now to the citizens, O wretched woman,  
Display the trophies you have hither brought.

AGAVE.

Draw near, O ye inhabitants of Thebes  
With stately turrets crown'd, that ye may view  
The ravenous Beast, whom we of Cadmus' race  
Hunted and caught, without the barbed shafts  
Thessalia lends, without the fraudulent net,  
But by our hands alone. I hence may speak  
In loftier terms, and scorn the useless toil  
Of them who forge the spear: for with these hands  
Have I both caught and rent the howling Savage.  
Where is my aged Sire? let him approach:  
And where my Son, my Pentheus? from the palace  
Go bid him bring a ladder, and affix  
The Lion's head to yonder sculptur'd frieze.

CADMUS, AGAVE, CHORUS.

CADMUS *to his ATTENDANTS.*

Follow my steps, and in procession march  
Before these mansions, O my friends, who bear  
That miserable burden, Pentheus' corse,  
Which after long researches I have found  
Upon Cithaeron's cliff, and hither bring,  
In pieces torn, and from the tangled thicket  
Collected: for I heard th' audacious deed  
My Daughters have committed; thro' the streets,  
As I, with old Tiresias, to perform  
The rites of Bacchus went: the sacred mount  
Revisiting, I thence convey my Son,

Slain by the Mænades. Autonoë, Wife  
 To Aristæus, Mother of Actæon,  
 And with her Ino, I beheld : possest  
 By frenzy 'midst the thicket still they range.  
 But hither, as some stranger hath inform'd me,  
 Agave comes with Bacchanalian step,  
 Nor groundless were the tidings which I heard :  
 For I her inauspicious face deservt.

## AGAVE.

Thou, O my Father, hast a right to boast  
 That thou the noblest Daughters hast begotten :  
 In the same terms I speak of the whole race,  
 But mostly of myself, who at the loom  
 Leaving my web unfinish'd, have aspir'd  
 To greater actions, with these naked hands  
 Seizing the Lion. In my arms, thou seest,  
 The trophies which my valour hath obtain'd  
 I bring, to be suspended in the palace :  
 Receive them, O my Father, and exulting  
 In my successful chase, invite thy friends  
 To share the feast, for thou, thro' such exploits  
 By me perform'd, art happy, yes thrice happy.

## CADMUS.

O grief, all bounds surpassing ! and O murder,  
 Which by those miserable hands was wrought,  
 Too grievous to behold ! A chosen victim  
 Presenting to the Gods, all Thebes and me  
 You to the feast invite. First let me wail  
 Your woes, and then my own : for from the God  
 Tho' we deserve such treatment, too severely  
 Have we been punish'd by the mighty Bromius  
 Our kinsman.

## AGAVE.

How morose ! what louring frowns  
 Contract the eye-lids of an aged man !  
 May my Son prosper in the chase, and act  
 Like his intrepid Mother, when, surrounded

By Theban youths, he rushes on the haunts  
Of savage beasts: but he can only wage  
An impious war against the Gods. My Sire,  
Let us instruct him not to place delight  
In sophistry's pernicious art. Where is he?  
Who will invite him hither as a witness  
To my felicity?

CADMUS.

Alas! alas!

When you perceive what you have done, your sorrows  
Will be intolerable: but if for ever  
You in your present state could have remain'd,  
Tho' ye are distant far from real bliss  
Yet would not you seem wretched to yourselves.

AGAVE.

But which of these transactions was not right,  
Or can produce affliction.

CADMUS.

First lift up

Your eyes to Heaven.

AGAVE.

I do. Why bid me look  
On that ethereal region?

CADMUS.

Seems the air  
To you as if it still remain'd the same,  
Or is it chang'd?

AGAVE.

'Tis brighter than before,  
And more transparent.

CADMUS.

Is your soul still seiz'd  
With the same stupefaction?

AGAVE.

Tho' I knew not  
The meaning of this language, by degrees  
Am I grown calm; my former transports cease.

CADMUS.

Are your ears open then to wisdom's voice?  
Can you discreetly answer?

AGAVE.

I forget  
Each circumstance we talk'd of, O my Sire.

CADMUS.

Into what mansion, 'midst the jocund rites  
Of Hymen, did you enter?

AGAVE.

Me thou gav'st  
In marriage to Echion, who, they say,  
Sprung from the Dragon's teeth.

CADMUS.

Beneath those roofs  
What offspring to your husband did you bear?

AGAVE.

Pentheus, the product of our mutual love.

CADMUS.

But in those arms whose visage do you hold?

AGAVE.

A Lion's, as my partners of the chase.  
Inform me.

CADMUS.

View it stedfastly; with ease  
May you discern.

AGAVE.

Ha! what do I behold?  
Why in my hands this trophy do I bear?

CADMUS.

Mark, and inform yourself yet more distinctly.

AGAVE.

These eyes discern the greatest of all griefs.

CADMUS.

Doth it appear the semblance of a Lion?

AGAVE.

No: I his miserable Mother hold

The head of Pentheus.

CADMUS.

Slain before you knew him :

Most piteous doom !

AGAVE.

Who murder'd him ? how fell he  
Into my hands ?

CADMUS.

O wretched Truth, thou com'st  
Unseasonably.

AGAVE.

Speak out ; my bosom throbs  
'Midst this suspense.

CADMUS.

You, and your Sisters, slew him.

AGAVE.

Where died he ? In his palace ? Name the spot.

CADMUS.

Where erst Actæon by his hounds was torn.

AGAVE.

But wherefore did the helpless youth ascend  
Cithæron's mount ?

CADMUS.

He went to ridicule  
Your orgies, and the God.

AGAVE.

What motive brought  
Us hither ?

CADMUS.

Ye were frantic ; and all Thebes  
With Bacchanalian transports was inspir'd.

AGAVE.

Bacchus hath caus'd our ruin, this at length  
I comprehend.

CADMUS.

By you was he insulted ;  
For him ye deem'd no God.

AGAVE.

But where, my Sire,  
Are Pentheus' lov'd remains?

CADMUS.

I with much toil  
Have trac'd his body out, and hither bring.

AGAVE

Are these limbs join'd anew? but on my Son  
What portion of my madness did I wreak?

CADMUS.

Like you, he worship'd not the God, who hence  
All in one ruin hath involv'd, both you  
And him, that he this miserable house  
Might overthrow; and me who destitute  
(14) Of Sons, alas, my Daughter, see this youth,  
Fruit of your womb, dishonourably slain,  
And by unholie hands. To him, my house  
Look'd up with eyes of hope. Thou, O my Grandson,  
The pillar of these mansions, wert rever'd  
By the whole city. No man dar'd t' insult me,  
Altho' I was grown old, when he beheld  
Thy prowess: for from thee would he have found  
The punishment he merited. But now  
Shall I the mighty Cadmus with disgrace  
Be from these walls expell'd, e'en I who sow'd  
The Theban race, and reap'd that glorious harvest.  
O most belov'd! altho' thou art no more,

(14) "Here Euripides representing the aged Cadmus without male issue, " violates the received tradition of antient History, and even contradicts " his own express authority in the Phoenissæ, where he declares that Cad- " mus by his wife Harmonia had a son whose name was Polydorus. And " we learn from Diodorus Siculus, that Polydorus son of Cadmus re- " turned to the kingdom of Thebes after the expulsion of his Father, " and that his descendants there reigned in succession. Pausanias " likewise mentions this Polydorus as son of Cadmus, and informs us " that he enjoyed the sovereignty of Thebes, after the migration of " Cadmus to the Illyrians and the Encheleans. We have also the con- " ccurring testimony of Apollodorus in support of this son of Cadmus, " Polydorus, as king of Thebea.

Mr. JODRELL.

Still to be number'd with my dearest children.  
 Touching this chin, no more shalt thou accost  
 Thy Grandsire with a fond embrace, and say;  
 " Old man, who injures thee? who dares to vex  
 " Thy sorrowing heart? O speak, that I may crush  
 " The author of thy wrongs." But now, one fate,  
 One direful fate, involves both me, and thee,  
 Thy wretched mother, and her wretched sisters.  
 If any impious mortal yet contemns  
 The Powers celestial, let him view the death  
 Of Pentheus, to convince him there are Gods.

## CHORUS.

For thee I grieve, O Cadmus: tho' the fate  
 Of thy unhappy Grandson was deserv'd,  
 Yet 'tis to thee the source of bitter woe.

## BACCHUS, CADMUS, AGAVE, CHORUS.

## BACCHUS.

O Father, you behold how I am chang'd.  
 You also, and Harmonia child of Mars  
 Whom you a mortal wedded, must assume  
 The form of Serpents: in a chariot drawn  
 (15) By oxen, as Jove's oracles pronounce,

(15) "Instead of *οχλος δι μοχθην* the manuscripts of Henry Stephens have *οχλος δι μοχθην*, which Barnes approves of, though extremely harsh. Reiskeius supposes the Moschi to be here meant, a barbarous nation mentioned by Herodotus and Strabo, where we learn that they inhabited the regions situated on the banks of the Phasis, and consequently at a great distance from Illyria. There is no need of any alteration, for what obstacle is there to Cadmus and Harmonia being drawn (at least according to the popular opinion) by oxen harnessed to their chariot? Nonnus in various passages ascribes such a vehicle to the Moon; nor was the mother of Cleobis and Biton conveyed in any other manner. Moreover, there was an ancient rumour, that Cadmus himself, when he fled into Illyria, rode in a car drawn by oxen. The author of the *Etymologicum Magnum*, under the word *Βαθος*, Buthoe, calls it a city of Illyria, so named from Cadmus' having founded it when he hastened in a chariot drawn by Oxen from Thebes to the Illyrians." Dr. MUSGRAVE.

You and your Consort borne sublime, shall rule  
 Barbarian tribes, and with unnumber'd troops  
 Lay many cities waste, but after plundering  
 Apollo's temple, shall the host return  
 With evil auspices: yet Mars will save  
 You and Harmonia, both thenceforth ordain'd  
 To live amid the islands of the blest.  
 I, Bacchus, from no human Father sprung,  
 But from immortal Jove, to you announce  
 These fortunes. If ye earlier could have learn'd  
 That wisdom which your stubbōn hearts rejected,  
 Much bliss had' been your portion, while your walls  
 Contain'd Jove's son, their guardian.

CADMUS.

We implore

Thy mercy; we, O Bacchus, have transgress'd.

BACCHUS.

Too late, my power divine, have ye acknowledg'd;  
 For at the season when 'twas most important  
 Ye knew me not.

CADMUS.

Our errors we confess:

But thou art too vindictive.

BACCHUS.

Tho' a God,

By you was I insulted.

CADMUS.

In their wrath

Gods ought not to resemble men.

BACCHUS.

Long since

By Jove my Father thus it was ordain'd.

AGAVE.

Thy doom, alas! old man, is wretched exile.

CADMUS.

My Daughter, in what dreadful woes involv'd  
 Are we, and you, and your beloved Sisters!

I too, an aged sojourner, must go  
 To those Barbarian tribes ; Heaven's oracles  
 Moreover have ordain'd I shall invade  
 My bleeding country with a foreign host,  
 And, chang'd into a Dragon's scaly form,  
 Harmonia, sprung from Mars, my Consort lead,  
 Who shall the same ferocious shape assume,  
 To these polluted altars and the tombs  
 Of slaughter'd Greeks, when to the field I bring  
 That unrelenting phalanx. But my woes  
 Shall never end, nor can I steer my bark  
 Down to the tranquil shores of Acheron.

AGAVE.

But I, my Father, when of thee bereft,  
 From Thebes myself will banish.

CADMUS.

O my Daughter,  
 Why thus with trembling arms around me cling,  
 As the young swan to its decrepid sire ?

AGAVE.

Ah ! whither turn, an outcast from my country ?

CADMUS.

I know not, O my Daughter: small relief  
 Can your poor Sire afford.

AGAVE.

Farewell, thou palace ;  
 Farewell, my native city, thee I leave  
 A hapless exile from my bridal chamber.

CADMUS.

To Aristæus' friendly hearth repair.

AGAVE.

Of thee am I depriv'd.

CADMUS.

I weep, my child,  
 For you and for your Sisters.

AGAVE.

Terribly,

Most terribly, bath Bacchus on thy house  
Pour'd down his vengeance.

BACCHUS.

Dreadful wrongs from you  
I suffer'd, no due honours to my name  
Were paid in Thebes.

AGAVE.

Farewell, my Sire.

CADMUS.

To you

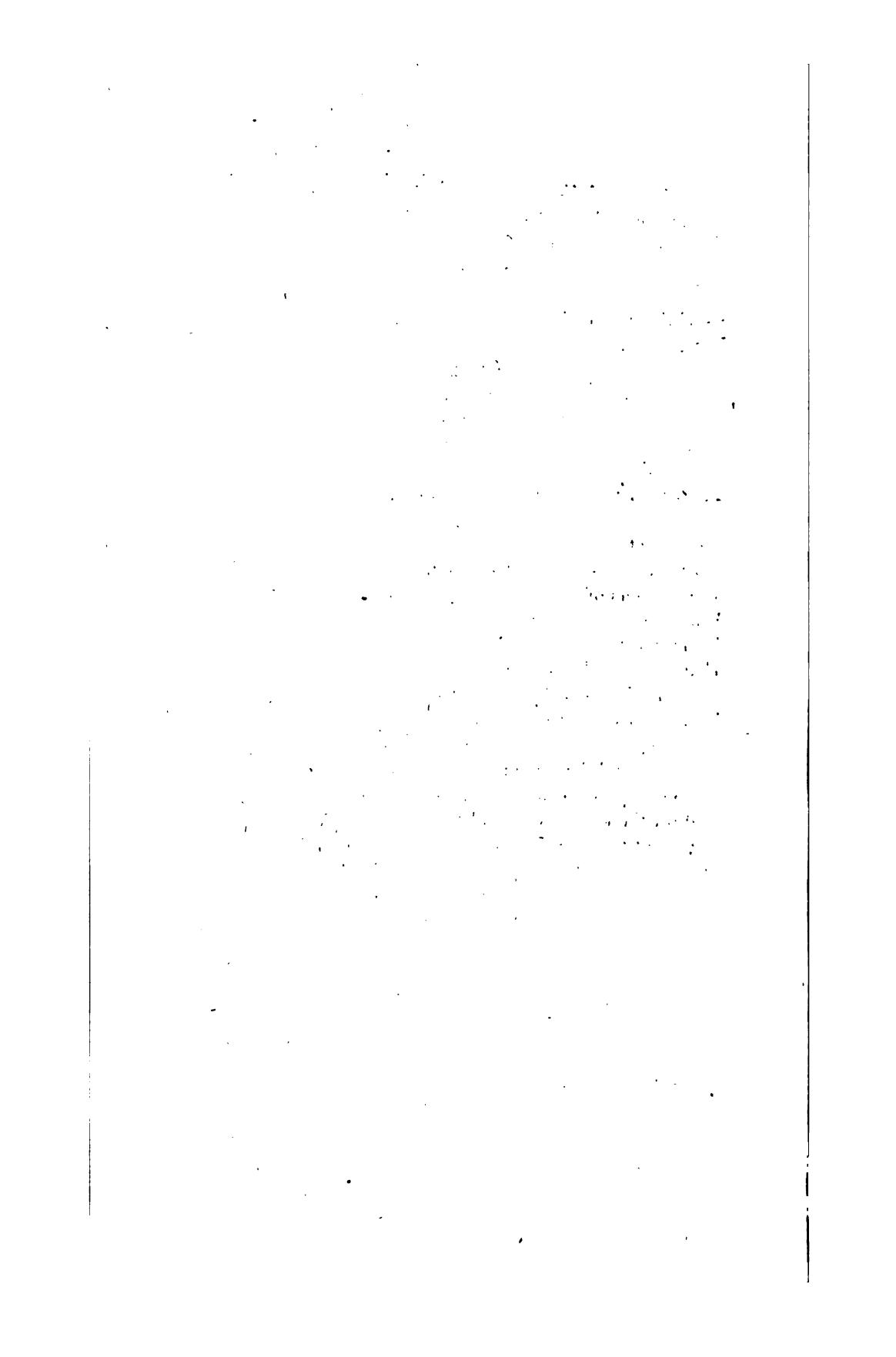
I also bid farewell, my wretched Daughter,  
But what I wish, you scarcely can attain.

AGAVE.

Conduct me to my Sisters, ye who guide  
My wretched steps, that I may take them with me  
The partners of my flight. For I will go  
Where the polluted mountain of Cithæron  
Rears not its summit, ne'er will I behold  
That scene of horrors, nor recall to mind  
How erst I bore a thyrsus : let the rest  
Of Bacchus' followers oe'r these rites preside.

CHORUS.

A thousand shapes our varying Fates assume,  
The Gods perform what least we could expect,  
And oft the things for which we fondly hop'd  
Come not to pass: Heaven finds a clue to guide  
Our steps thro' the perplexing maze of life,  
And thus doth this important business end.



## THE CYCLOPS.

Domus sanie dapibusque cruentis  
Intus opaca ingens : ipse arduus, altaque pulsat  
Sidera. Dii, talem terris avertite pestem !

VIRGIL.

Venustissimum et ab ipsis Gratiis compositum hoc Poema.

PIERSONI VERISIMILIA.

**PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.**

**SILENUS.**

**CHORUS OF SATYRS.**

**ULYSSES.**

**POLYPHEME THE CYCLOPS.**

**SCENE—THE MOUNTAIN OF ÆTNA IN SICILY.**

## THE CYCLOPS.

### SILENUS.

O BACCHUS, for thy sake have I endur'd  
Unnumber'd toils, both at the present hour,  
And when these nerves by vigorous youth were strung:  
By Juno first with wild distraction fir'd,  
Thou didst forsake the mountain Nymphs whose care  
Nurtur'd thy infancy. Next in that war  
With the gigantic progeny of Earth,  
Station'd beside thee to sustain thy shield,  
Piercing the buckler of Enceladus,  
I slew him with my lance. Is this a dream?  
By Jove it is not: for I shew'd his spoils  
To Bacchus, and the labours I endure  
At present, are so great that they exceed  
E'en those. For since 'gainst thee Saturnia rous'd,  
To bear thee far away, Etruria's race  
Of impious pirates, I soon caught th' alarm,  
And sail'd in quest of thee with all my children:  
Myself the stern ascended, to direct  
The rudder, and each Satyr plied an oar  
Till ocean's azure surface with white foam  
Was cover'd; thee, O mighty King, they sought.  
Near Malea's harbour as the vessel rode,  
An Eastern blast arose, and to this rock  
Of Ætna, drove us, where the Sons of Neptune,  
The one-ey'd Cyclops, drench'd with human gore,  
Inhabit desert caves; by one of these  
Were we made captives, and beneath his roof  
To slavery are reduc'd. Our Master's name  
Is Polypheme; instead of Bacchus' orgies  
We tend the flocks of an accursed Cyclops.  
My blooming Sons, on yonder distant cliffs,  
Feed the young lambs; while I at home am station'd

The goblet to replenish, and to scrape  
 The rugged floor; to this unholy l<sup>ord</sup>;  
 A minister of impious festivals:  
 And now must I perform the task assign'd  
 Of cleansing with this rake the filthy ground;  
 So shall the cave be fit for his reception,  
 When with his flocks my absent Lord returns.  
 But I already see my Sons approach,  
 Their fleecy charge conducting. Ha, what means  
 This uproar? would ye now renew the dance  
 Of the (1) Sicinnides, as when ye form'd  
 The train of amorous Bacchus, and assembled,  
 Charm'd by the lute, before Althaea's gate?

## CHORUS, SILENUS.

CHORUS.

O D E.

I.

Sprung from an untainted race,  
 Hardy Father of the fold;  
 Why, bounding o'er that craggy space,  
 Roam'st thou desperately bold,  
 Far from the refreshing gale,  
 The verdant herbage of the mead,  
 And sloping channel wont to feed  
 Thy trough with springs that never fail?

(1) "The dance peculiar to the Satyric fables was called *caun*; either as *καυνει*, "a motion," some letters being transposed and changed; as Athenaeus writes, or from Sicinnus, the inventor, according to the same author in his 14th book." Causabon de Pœa. Sat. L. i. c. 4. Sicinnus was, as Rambach observes in his note, an attendant on the children of Themistocles, a Persian by birth, who by his subtlety merited a place among the most illustrious champions of Greece. The passage alluded to, though not specified by Rambach, is to be met with in Herodotus, L. viii. c. 75. p. 654, e'. Wesselink, and gives an account of Sicinnus being dispatched by Themistocles to the fleet of the Medes to inform them that the Greeks were flying, which induced the Persians to make a very injudicious disposition of their forces previous to the naval engagement at Salamis.

Yon caves with **bleating** lambkins ring,  
 Come, depasture with the flock ;  
 Leave, O leave the dewy rock,  
 Ere this ponderous stone I fling.  
 Thee with speeding horns I call  
 To the Cyclops' lofty stall.

## II.

Thou too these swollen udders yield,  
 That thy young ones may be fed,  
 Who, while thou browsest o'er the field,  
 Lie neglected in the shed ;  
 Slumbering all the live-long day  
 At length with clamorous plaints they wake,  
 Thou t' appease them wilt forsake  
**Ætna's** vallies ever gay.  
 Young Bromius and his jocund rout  
 Here their orgies ne'er repeat,  
 No thyrus waves, no drums they beat ;  
 Where the gurgling currents spout,  
 Here no vineyards yield delight,  
 Nor sport the Nymphs on Nyssa's height.

## III.

Yet here I chaunt the strains which Bacchus taught,  
 To that Venus whom I sought  
 When with the Mænades I rang'd.  
 Where, gentle Eyan, dost thou tread  
 Alone, and from thy comrades far estrang'd,  
 Those auburn ringlets floating from thy head ?  
 Thy votary once, but now a slave  
 To yonder one-ey'd Cyclops, I abide  
 In this detested cave :  
 Cover'd with a goat's vile hide,  
 Thy Friend, alas, expos'd to scorn  
 Wanders helpless and forlorn.

## SILENUS.

My sons, be silent : bid your followers drive  
 Their flocks into the stony cave.

## CHORUS.

Proceed.

But wherefore, O my Father, in this haste?

## SILENUS.

A Grecian vessel, stranded on the coast,  
 I see, and to this cave the mariners!  
 Attend their leader, on their heads they bear  
 Those empty vessels which express they want  
 Provisions, with fresh water too their urns  
 Would they replenish. O unhappy strangers!  
 Who are they? unappris'd what Lord here rules,  
 Dread Polypheme, they in an evil hour  
 Are entering this inhospitable threshold,  
 And rushing headlong e'en into the jaws  
 Of this fierce Cyclops, gorg'd with human flesh.  
 But interrupt me not; I will enquire  
 Whence to Sicilian Ætna's mount they came.

ULYSSES, SILENUS, CHORUS.

## ULYSSES.

Can ye direct me, strangers, where to find  
 Fresh springs to slake our thirst; or who will sell  
 Food to the hungry sailor? But what means  
 That groupe of Satyrs, whom before yon cave  
 I see assembled? we at Bacchus' city  
 Seem to have landed. Thee, the elder-born,  
 Thee first I hail.

## SILENUS.

Hail! foreigner; acquaint us  
 Both who you are, and from what realm you came.

## ULYSSES.

Ulysses king of Ithaca, and th' isle  
 Of Cephalenè.

## SILENUS.

That loquacious man,  
 The crafty brood of Sisiphus, full well  
 I know.

## THE CYCLOPS.

417

ULYSSES.

Reproach me not, for I am he.

SILENUS.

Whence sail'd you to Sicilia?

ULYSSES.

From the shores  
Of blazing Ilion, from the war of Troy,

SILENUS.

What, knew you not the way to your own country?

ULYSSES.

The tempests violently drove me hither.

SILENUS.

By Heaven, your fortunes are the same with mine.

ULYSSES.

What, cam'st thou hither too against thy will?

SILENUS.

Yes, in pursuit of those accursed pirates  
Who seiz'd on Bromius.

ULYSSES.

But what land is this,  
And by what men inhabited?

SILENUS.

This mountain,  
Call'd Ætna, overlooks Sicilia's plains.

ULYSSES.

Where are the fortresses and lofty towers  
Which guard its peopled cities?

SILENUS.

They exist not.  
No men, O stranger, on these summits dwell.

ULYSSES.

But who possess the land, a savage race  
Of beasts?

SILENUS.

The Cyclops occupy these caves,  
They have no houses.

ULYSSES.

Govern'd by what chief?

Is this a mere democracy?

SILENUS.

They lead

The life of shepherds, and in no respect  
Yield to each other.

ULYSSES.

Do they sow the grain  
Of Ceres, or on what do they subsist?

SILENUS.

On milk, on cheese, and on their sheep, they feed.

ULYSSES.

Affords the vine, nectareous juice, the drink  
Bacchus invented?

SILENUS.

No such thing: they dwell  
In an ungrateful soil. (2)

ULYSSES.

But do they practise

(2) This dialogue affords by far the most satisfactory explanation I have met with of Πάνω μητέρας Εὐαλίας in the Phoenissæ, which has given rise to a great variety of comments. It is moreover very observable, that this very island, which for a long period was called the great granary of Europe, and supplied the Roman empire with such immense quantities of corn, (notwithstanding the natural fertility of its soil,) from the account given, in Mr. Brydone's Tour, of its present state, seems to be relapsing apace into that misery and indigence in which Ulysses found it while under the dominion of the Cyclops: what Homer says of its exuberant product while thus untilled, must be considered as the language of a Poet, not that of a Philosopher; a nation who totally neglect to cultivate their lands,

Od. L. 9. v. 107.

must soon reduce the country they inhabit to a barren wilderness. Not the smallest grounds can I meet with for those alterations which Dr. Musgrave proposes in his notes on the Troades, v. 225, which, if admitted, would make Euripides contradict himself by speaking of the fruitfulness of Sicily, which we by no means find to be the case in the usual reading of that passage; he has likewise I apprehend with as little success laboured to explain away the expression cited from the Phoenissæ in the beginning of this note.

The rites of hospitality, and hold  
The stranger sacred?

SILENUS.

They ever the flesh  
Of strangers is a most delicious food.

ULYSSES.

What said'st thou, banquet they on human flesh?

SILENUS.

Here no man lands who is not doom'd to bleed.

ULYSSES.

Where is this Cyclops, in the cave?

SILENUS.

He went

To Ætna's summit, with his hounds to trace  
The savage beasts.

ULYSSES.

But know'st thou by what means  
We from this this region may escape?

SILENUS.

I know not.

But, O Ulysses, I'll do every thing  
To serve you.

ULYSSES.

Sell us bread, supply our want.

SILENUS.

I told you we have nothing here but flesh.

ULYSSES.

By this, sharp hunger, which makes all things sweet,  
May be assuag'd.

SILENUS.

Cheese from the press, and milk  
Of heifers too.

ULYSSES.

Produce them: while the day  
Yet lasts, should we conclude our merchandise.

SILENUS.

With how much gold will you repay me? speak.

ULYSSES,

No gold I bring, but Bacchus' cheering juice.

SILENUS.

My dearest friend, you mention what we long  
Have stood in need of.

ULYSSES.

This enchanting liquor.

(3) Did Maron, offspring of the courteous God,  
On us bestow.

SILENUS.

Whom erst, while yet a boy  
I in these arms sustain'd.

ULYSSES.

The son of Bacchus,  
To inform thee more minutely who he is,

SILENUS.

Aboard the ship, or have you hither brought it?

ULYSSES.

Here is the cask, old man, which thou perceiv'st  
Contains the wine.

SILENUS.

It hardly is a sup.

ULYSSES.

But we have twice as much as this will yield.

SILENUS.

A most delicious spring is that you nam'd.

(3) Maron was, according to Homer, Son of Evantheus,

“ αἴρειν αὐγούς αὐτον τέχει μελανας αὐτος,  
“ Ηένα, οι μαρινοι Μαροι Εβανθεοι αυτοι. Odys. L. ix. v. 196.

“ Then took a goatskin fill'd with precious wine,

“ The gift of Maron, of Evantheus' line.

POPE.

“ but Evantheus was the Son of Bacchus by Ariadne; though some  
“ think Evantheus to be Bacchus himself; and Nonnus, in his Dio-  
“ nysiaca, calls Maron the Son of Silepus, Hesiod of Oenopion.  
“ From him the wine of Maron derives its name; and a city of the  
“ Cicones in Thrace, situated on the shore of the Aegean sea, is called  
“ Maromaea. Homer makes this Maron a Priest of Apollo, and an  
“ inhabitant of Itharus: Athenaeus thinks, he was one of the com-  
“ manders of the troops of Bacchus.” BARNES.

ULYSSES.

Shall I first treat thee with some wine unmix'd,  
That thou may'st taste?

SILENUS.

Well-judg'd: this specimen  
Soon will induce me to conclude the purchase.

ULYSSES.

A cup too I have brought as well as cask.

SILENUS.

Pour forth, that I may drink, and recollect  
The grateful taste of wine.

ULYSSES.

Look there.

SILENUS.

Ye Gods!

How beauteous is its odour!

ULYSSES.

Hast thou seen it?

SILENUS.

By Jove I have not, but I smell its charms.

ULYSSES.

Taste, nor to words alone confine thy praise.

SILENUS.

Ha! ha! now Bacchus to the choral dance  
Invites me.

ULYSSES.

Hath it moisten'd well thy palate?

SILENUS.

So well as e'en to reach my fingers' ends.

ULYSSES.

Beside all this, shall money too be thine.

SILENUS.

Empty the vessel, and reserve your gold.

ULYSSES.

Bring forth the cheese and lambs.

SILENUS.

That will I do,  
Regardless of my Lord, because I wish

To drain one goblet of this wine, and give  
The flocks of all the Cyclops in its stead.

(4) I'd from Leucadè, when completely drunk,  
Into the ocean take a lover's leap,  
Shutting my eyes. For he who, when he quaffs  
The mantling bowl, exults not, is a madman;  
Thro' wine new joys our wanton bosoms fire,  
With eager arms we clasp the yielding fair,  
And in the giddy dance forget each ill  
That heretofore assail'd us. So I kiss  
The rich potion; let the stupid Cyclops  
Weep with that central eye which in his front  
Glares horribly.

[Exit SILENUS.

CHORUS.

Attend: for we must hold  
A long confabulation, O Ulysses.

ULYSSES.

We meet each other like old friends.

CHORUS.

Was Troy

(4) The expression *Αναδειπτες μετες*, rendered by Barnes *ειπειν μετες*, is interpreted by Heath and Dr. Musgrave as referring to the famous Lover's leap from the rock of Leucadè, which appears, by the account given of it in the ancient Geographers, to have been formerly a part of Acarnania, united to the main continent of Greece by an isthmus, which the Corinthians afterwards dug through, and made it an island. The most authentic accounts of the antiquity of the Lover's leap are such as render this language by no means improper in the mouth of Silenus. Without insisting on the testimony of Ovid, who represents this practice as originating from Deucalion; upon referring to Strabo, we find him contradicting Menander, who calls Sappho the first who leaped from Leucadè, and remarking that they, who write more accurately on ancient history, say it was Κεφαλος ορθοπεπτη Πτωλεας τη Διονεας, the expression is so dubious, that critics debate whether Cephalus or Ptaola leaped from the rock; nor is it material to my purpose, which is merely to observe, that Cephalus the son of Dioneus, here spoken of by Strabo, appears, from the account given of him by Pausanias, to have been Amphytrion's comrade in arms, and consequently to have lived at least two ages before the chronological era of this Dramatic piece, it being subsequent to the siege of Troy, where Teleolemus, the Grandson of Amphytrion, fell by the spear of Sarpedon.

By you subdued? was Helen taken captive?

ULYSSES.

And the whole house of Priam we laid waste.

CHORUS.

When ye had seiz'd on that transcendent fair,

Did ye then all enjoy her in your turn,

Because she loves variety of Husbands?

False to her vows, when she the painted greaves

Around the legs of Paris, on his neck

The golden chain, beheld, with love deep smitten

From Menelaus, best of men, she fled.

Ah would to Heaven no women had been born

But such as were reserv'd for my embraces.

SILENUS RETURNING, ULYSSES, CHORUS.

SILENUS.

Here, King Ulysses, is the shepherd's food:

Banquet on bleating lambs, and bear away

As many curdled cheeses as you can;

But from these caverns with your utmost speed

Depart, when ye have given me in return

The clustering vine's rich juice which Bacchus loves;

ULYSSES.

The Cyclops comes. What shall we do? Old man,  
We are undone. Ah, whither can we fly?

SILENUS.

Ye may conceal yourselves beneath that rock,

ULYSSES.

Most dangerous is the scheme thou hast propos'd,  
To rush into the toils.

SILENUS.

No danger truly;

For in this rock is many a hiding place.

ULYSSES.

Not thus: indignant Troy might groan indeed,

If from a single arm we basely fled.

Oft with my shield against a countless hand

Of Phrygians have I fought. If we must die,

Let us die nobly? or with life maintain  
The fame we erst in dubious fields acquir'd.

POLYPHEME, SILENUS, CHORUS, ULYSSES.

POLYPHEME.

What mean these transports, this insensate uproar,  
These Bacchanalian orgies? Nyssa's God,  
The brazen timbrel; and the rattling drum,  
Are distant from these regions. In the cave  
How fare the new-yea'n'd lambkins? do they suck,  
Or follow they the ewes? have ye prepar'd  
In wicker vats the cheeses? No reply?  
This club shall make ye weep forthwith. Look up,  
Not on the ground.

CHORUS.

We lift our dazzled eyes  
To Jove himself; I view the twinkling stars  
And bright Orion.

POLYPHEME.

Is my dinner ready?

CHORUS.

It is. Prepare your jaws for mastication.

POLYPHEME.

Are the bowls fill'd with milk?

CHORUS.

They overflow,  
And you may drink whole hogsheads if you will.

POLYPHEME.

Of sheep, or cows, or mixt?

CHORUS.

Whate'er you please;  
But swallow not me too.

POLYPHEME.

No certainly;  
For ye would foot it in my tortur'd paunch,  
And kill me with those antics. But what crowd  
Behold I in the stalls? Some thieves or pirates  
Are landed: at the mouth of yonder cave

The lambs are bound with osiers, on the floor  
 The cheese-press scatter'd lies, and the bald head  
 Of this old man is swoll'n with many bruises.

SILENUS.

An me ! into a fever I am beaten.

POLYPHÈME.

By whom, old man, who smote thy hoary head ?

SILENUS.

O Cyclops, by these ruffians whom I hinder'd  
 From carrying off their plunder.

POLYPHÈME

Know they not  
 I am a God sprung from the blest Immortals ?

SILENUS.

All this I told them, yet they seiz'd your goods,  
 Eat up your cheese without my leave, dragg'd forth  
 The lambs, declar'd they would exhibit you  
 In a huge collar of three cubits long,  
 Closely imprison'd, and before that eye,  
 Which in the centre of your forehead glares,  
 Bore out your entrails, soundly scourge your hide,  
 Then throw you into their swift vessel's hold  
 Tied hand and foot, and sell you, with a lever  
 To heave up ponderous stones, or to the ground  
 (5) Level some door.

POLYPHÈME.

Indeed ! go whet the knives

(5) " The Poet, always mindful of keeping up the propriety of his characters, introduces Silenus alluding to the mischievous exploits which he had been accustomed to when conversant with the followers of Bacchus: so he here speaks of throwing down a door as a thing by no means new to him, which it is well known was formerly often practised by drunken and wanton youths, in order to enable them to force their way to the apartment of their mistress, or sometimes through mere sport." HEATH.

I was induced to translate part of the above note, as a sufficient support of the common reading, against the conjectural alteration suggested by Dr. Musgrave, and the obvious version, against the forced construction of the preceding editors.

Without delay, collect a mighty pile  
 Of wood, and light it up with flaming brands,  
 They shall be slain immediately, and broil'd  
 To satisfy my appetite with viands  
 Hot from the coals. The rest shall be well sodden;  
 For I am sated with unsavoury beasts,  
 Enough on lions have I banqueted  
 And stags that haunt this mountain: but 'tis long  
 Since human flesh I tasted.

SILENUS.

My dread lord,

Variety is sweet: no other strangers  
 Have reach'd of late these solitary caves.

ULYSSES.

O Cyclops, hear the strangers also speak;  
 In their defence. We, wanting to buy food,  
 Came to your caverns from our anchor'd bark,  
 These lambs to us he barter'd for our wine,  
 And of his own accord, when he had drank,  
 Yielded them up; no violence was us'd:  
 But the account he gives is utter falsehood,  
 Since he was caught without your privity  
 Vending your goods.

SILENUS.

I? curses on your head!

ULYSSES.

If I have utter'd an untruth.

SILENUS.

By Neptune

Your Sire, O Cyclops, by great Triton, Nereus,  
 Calypso, Nereus' Daughters, by the waves,  
 And all the race of fishes, I protest,  
 Most beauteous Cyclops, my dear little lord,  
 I sold not to the foreigners your goods;  
 May swift perdition, if I did, o'ertake  
 These sinners here, my children, whom I love  
 Beyond expression.

## CHORUS.

Curb thy tongue : I saw thee,  
 Vending thy lord's possessions to the strangers :  
 If I speak falsehood, may our Father perish !  
 But injure not these foreigners.

## POLYPHEMUS.

Ye lie ; For I in him much rather would confide  
 Than Rhadamanthus, and pronounce that he  
 Is a more upright judge. But I to them  
 Some questions would propose. Whence sail'd  
 strangers ? Where is your country and your native town ?

## ULYSSES.

We in the realms of Ithaca were born ;  
 But after we had laid Troy's bulwarks waste,  
 O Cyclops, by those howling winds which raise  
 The ocean's boisterous surges, to your coast  
 Our vessel was impell'd.

## POLYPHEMUS.

Are ye the men  
 Who worthless Helen's ravisher pursued  
 To Ilion's turrets on Scamander's bank ?

## ULYSSES.

The same : most dreadful toils have we endur'd.

## POLYPHEMUS.

Dishonourable warfare ; in the cause  
 Of one vile woman, ye to Phrygia sail'd.

## ULYSSES.

Such was the will of Jove ; on no man charge  
 The fault. But we to you, O generous Son  
 Of Ocean's God, our earnest prayers address,  
 Nor fear with honest freedom to remonstrate  
 That we your hapless friends, who to these caves  
 For refuge fly, deserve not to be slain  
 To satiate with accursed human food  
 Your appetite : for to your Sire, great King,  
 Full many a temple on the shores of Greece

Have we erected ; Tænarus' sacred haven  
 To him remains inviolate, the cliff  
 Of Malea, Sunium for its silver mines  
 Renown'd, on whose steep promontory stands  
 Minerva's fane, and the Gerastian bay.  
 But those intolerable wrongs which Greece  
 From Troy had suffer'd, could we not forgive.  
 Our triumph interests you, who in a land  
 With Greece (6) connected, dwell, beneath the rock  
 Of flaming Ætna. Let those public laws  
 Which all mankind obey, on you prevail  
 To change your ruthless purpose, and admit  
 Your suppliants to a conference, who have long  
 Endur'd the perils of the billowy deep ;  
 With hospitable gifts, and change of raiment  
 Assist us, nor affix our quivering limbs  
 On spits, to sate your gluttony. Enough  
 Hath Priam's land depopulated Greece,  
 Whole myriads have in fighting fields been slain ;  
 The widow'd bride, the aged childless matron,  
 And hoary sire, hath Troy made ever wretched.  
 But if you burn, and at your hateful feasts  
 Devour the scatter'd relics of our host,  
 Whither shall any Grecian turn ? but listen  
 To my persuasion, Cyclops, and control  
 Your gluttony. What piety enjoins,  
 Prefer to this defiance of the Gods:  
 For ruin oft attends unrighteous gain.

## SILENUS.

Leave not the smallest morsel of his flesh ;  
 Take my advice, and if you eat his tongue,  
 You certainly, O Cyclops, will become  
 A most accomplish'd orator.

(6) " The Greeks, as Thucydides informs us in the 6th book, introduced many colonies into Sicily ; though not till long after the time of its being governed by the Cyclops, and Lastrygones : but such anticipations are familiar to the Poets." BARNES.

## POLYPHEME,

Vile caitiff,  
Wealth is the deity the wise adore,  
But all things else are unsubstantial boasts,  
And specious words alone. I nought regard  
Those promontories sacred to my Sire.  
Why dost thou talk of them? I tremble not,  
O stranger, at the thunderbolts of Jove,  
Him I account not a more powerful God  
Than I am, nor henceforth will heed him: hear  
My reasons; when he from the skies sends down  
The rain, secure from its inclemency  
Beneath this rock I dwell, and make a feast  
On roasted calves, or on the savage prey,  
Stretcht at my length supine, then drain a pitcher  
Of milk, and emulate the thunder's sound.  
When Thracian Boreas pours his flaky showers,  
In hides of beasts my body I enwrap,  
Approach the fire, nor heed the pelting snows.  
Compell'd by strong necessity, the ground  
Produces grass, and nourishes my herds,  
Whom, to no other God except myself,  
And to this belly, greatest of the Gods,  
I sacrifice. Because each day to eat,  
To drink, and feel no grief, is bliss supreme,  
The Heaven, the object of the wise man's worship.  
I leave those gloomy law-givers to weep,  
Who by their harsh impertinent restrictions  
Have checker'd human life; but will indulge  
My genius, and devour thee. That my conduct  
May be exempt from blame, thou shalt receive  
As pledges of our hospitality  
The fire, and that hereditary cauldron  
Well heated, which shall boil thy flesh; walk in,  
Ye shall adorn my table, and produce  
Delicious meals to cheer my gloomy cave,  
Such as a God can relish.

## ULYSSES.

I have 'scap'd,  
 Alas, each danger at the siege of Troy,  
 'Scap'd the tempestuous ocean; but in vain  
 Attempt to soften the unpitiful heart  
 Of him who spurns all laws. Now, sacred Queen,  
 Daughter of Jove, now aid me, O Minerva.  
 For I such perils as far, far exceed  
 My Phrygian toils, encounter: and, O Jove,  
 Dread guardian of each hospitable rite,  
 Who sitt'st enthron'd above the radiant stars,  
 Look down: for if thou view: not this, tho' deem'd  
 Omnipotent, thou art a thing of nought.

[*Exeunt POLYPHEMUS, ULYSSES, and SILENUS.*

## SEMICHORUS I.

That insatiate throat expand,  
 Boil'd and roast are now at hand  
 For thee, O Cyclops, to devour:  
 From the coals in evil hour  
 Yet reeking, shall thy teeth divide  
 The limbs of each unhappy guest,  
 To thy table serv'd when drest  
 In dishes form'd of shaggy hide.  
 O betray me not, my friend,  
 For I on you alone depend:  
 Now approach the shades of night,  
 Launch the bark, and aid our flight.

## SEMICHORUS II.

Thou cave, and ye unholy rites,  
 Adieu, the Cyclops' curst delights,  
 Who on his prisoners wont to feed,  
 Hath banish'd pity from his breast.  
 Inhuman execrable deed!  
 On his own hearth, the suppliant guest,  
 Regardless of the Lares' guardian powers,  
 Now he slays, and now devours:  
 Hot from the coals, with odious jaws,  
 Human flesh the miscreant gnaws.

## ULYSSES, CHORUS.

## ULYSSES.

How, mighty Jove! shall I express myself?  
 (7) The dreadful scenes I in the cave have view'd  
 Are so astonishing, they more resemble  
 Some fable than the actions of a man.

## CHORUS.

What now, Ulysses, on your lov'd companions  
 Feasts this most impious Cyclops?

## ULYSSES.

Two, the fattest,  
 Having well view'd, and pôis'd them in his hands—

## CHORUS.

How did you bear, O miserable man,  
 These cruel outrages?

## ULYSSES.

Soon as we enter'd  
 The rocky cave, he lighted first the fire,  
 On the wide blaze heap'd trunks of lofty oaks,  
 A load sufficient for three wains to bear;  
 Then near the flaming hearth, upon the ground,  
 Arrang'd his couch of pine leaves, fill'd a bowl,  
 Holding about ten firkins, with the milk  
 Of heifers, and beside it plac'd a jug  
 Adorn'd with ivy, the circumférénce seem'd  
 Three spacious ells, the depth no less than four:

(7) " It seems not only inconsistent with historical faith, but also with reason, that Ulysses should now be able to wander forth from the cave of the Cyclops; but it was absolutely necessary that the spectators should be acquainted with the transactions going on within, and the projects formed by Ulysses. Wherefore, the Cyclops not being yet fallen asleep, it is to be supposed the cave was not shut up, but some passage left open for Ulysses, whom the Cyclops said he would devour last of all; but that his comrades being cooped up were unable to follow him: being at liberty, he would however by no means fly without them, but was determined either to die or escape together: see v. 478. Thus much was it proper to say for the sake of Euripides, who though he in this matter somewhat differ from Homer, may infer a necessity of accommodating his fable to the stage." BARNES.

Then made his cauldron bubble, and reach'd down  
 Spits burnt at the extremities, and polish'd  
 Not with a knife, but hatchets; *Ætna* furnish'd  
 Such instruments for sacrifice, the stems  
 Of (8) thorn. No sooner had the hellish cook  
 Finish'd his preparations, than he seiz'd  
 Two of my valiant comrades, whom he slew  
 With calm deliberation; one he cast  
 Into the hollow cauldron; from the ground  
 Then lifting up his fellow by the foot  
 Dash'd out his brains against the pointed rock;  
 Severing his flesh with an enormous knife,  
 Part at the fire he roasted, and to boil,  
 His other joints into the cauldron threw.  
 But I, tho' from these eyes full many a tear  
 Burst forth, approach'd the Cyclops, and on him  
 Attended, while my friends, like timorous birds  
 Lurk'd in the distant crannies of the rock,  
 And all the blood forsook their pallid frame.  
 When sated with his feast the monster lay  
 Supine, and snor'd, a thought by Heaven inspir'd  
 Enter'd this bosom; having fill'd a cup  
 With Maron's juice unmingle'd, I to him  
 Bore it, that he might drink; and cried, "Behold  
 " O Cyclops, Son of Neptune, how divine  
 " The beverage which our Grecian vineyards yield,  
 " The stream of Bacchus." But already glutted  
 With his abominable food, he seiz'd

(8) In my version of this passage I have principally availed myself of Heath's readings and interpretation; the word which I have rendered *thorn* is in the Greek *παλιύρος*, a tree whose branches appear to have been of a tough and flexible nature, from Strabo's speaking of the *Troglodytes* as binding the necks and feet of their dead *παλιύρων τελευταίας*. Virgil, in his *Georgics*, describes the *Paliurus* as of a prickly nature, and springing up upon uncultivated land. *Carduus et spinis surgit Paliurus acutis,*

" Knotty burrs and thorns disgrace the ground." DRYDEN.

In Martin's comment on this passage, and Miller's Gardener's Dictionary, we find it given as their opinion, that the *Paliurus* of the ancients was the shrub now called Christ-thorn.

And emptied the whole bumper at one draught,  
 Then lifting up, in token of applause,  
 His hand ; " O dearest stranger," he exclaim'd,  
 " To a delicious banquet thou hast added  
 " Delicious wine." Perceiving he grew merry  
 I plied him with a second cup, well knowing  
 That wine will stagger him : he soon shall feel  
 Such punishment as he deserves. He sung ;  
 I pour'd forth more and more, to warm his bowels  
 With strong potations : 'midst my weeping crew  
 He makes the cave with unharmonious strains  
 Re-echo. But I silently came forth,  
 And, if ye give consent, design to save  
 You, and myself. Say therefore, will ye fly  
 From this unsocial monster, and reside  
 With (9) Grecian maids beneath the roofs of Bacchus.

(9) Dr. Musgrave having in his edition removed the Aldus reading of Δαναΐδες, and substituted that of Ναϊάδες, for which he produces no other authority than the conjecture of Causabon ; it may not be improper to lay before the reader the following note of Barnes : " Thus have I left " the text unchanged as it formerly stood, not but that Isaac Causabon " with great acuteness reads Ναϊάδες, nor because the Naiades were not " the associates of Bacchus, nor that the Danaides (Daughters of Danaus) " have any thing to do here, but because Ulysses does not promise to " conduct the Satyrs to these Nymphs, the Naiades : (for how could he, " being unacquainted with the place of their residence ?) but because " he meant to remove them from Sicily to Greece, where the worship " of Bacchus was established, and Grecian maids (not the Daughters " of Danaus) celebrated his rites. I admire Causabon, I embrace " Scaliger ; but it behoves me not to place implicit trust in the great " names of any men, however learned." The versions I have referred to, from Camillus down to Carmelli, accord with Barnes in his interpretation of the words : nor does Dr. Musgrave in his note dissent from them in that respect, but attempts to prove the absolute necessity of an alteration, from the Satyrs who compose the Chorus being utter strangers to " the Grecian maids :" admitting this circumstance, the object seems to carry with it no force whatever, as the words are not put into their mouths, but into the mouth of Ulysses, who proceeds in a subsequent speech more directly to promise, what at the close of the piece he is supposed to effect, that he will convey the Satyrs with him in his ship from Sicily to Greece.

Your Sire within approves of these proposals :  
 But now grown feeble and o'ercharg'd with wine,  
 Attracted by the goblet, as if bird-lime  
 Had smear'd his wings, he wavers. But with me,  
 Dō thou preserve thyself, for thou art young :  
 And I to Bacchus, to thy antient friend  
 Far different from this Cyclops, will restore thee.

## CHORUS.

My dearest friend, O could we see that day,  
 And 'scape yon impious monster ! for we long  
 Have been depriv'd of the enlivening bowl,  
 Nor entertain a single hope of freedom.

## ULYSSES.

Now hear the means by which I can requite  
 This odious savage, and thou too may'st 'scape  
 From servitude.

## CHORUS.

Speak, for we should not hear  
 The sound of Asia's harp with more delight,  
 Than the glad tidings of the Cyclops' death.

## ULYSSES.

By wine enliven'd, he resolves to go  
 And revel with his brethren.

## CHORUS.

I perceive

You mean to seize and kill him when alone,  
 (10) By some enchantment, or to dash him headlong  
 From the steep rock.

(10) A variety of proposed alterations are enumerated by Barnes in his note on the word *μέλαντον*, which he and most editors have inserted in their text from the Aldus edition. *μέλαντον*, loria, was discovered by Henry Stephens in some antient manuscripts ; others, he says, but not with his concurrence, read *μέλαντον* *ον*, which they explain uno ictu : *μέλαντον*, in litteris, is the conjecture of Brodæus and Duport, *μέλαντον* *tractionibus*, of Scaliger and Causabon ; nor have later critics been backward in furnishing their quota : Carmelli proposes either to continue the reading of *μέλαντον*, and to render it *rationibus*, or to substitute in its place *λαθων*, *lapidibus* ; Reiskius prefers *μέλαντον*, in *præcipitiis* ; Mr. Tyrwhitt and

## THE CYCLOPS.

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ULYSSES.

I have no such design  
As these: on craft alone my plan depends.

CHORUS.

How then will you proceed: For we long since  
Have heard that you for wisdom are renown'd.

ULYSSES.

I will deter him from the feast, and say  
He must not portion out among the Cyclops  
This liquor, but reserve it for himself  
And lead a joyous life: when overcome  
By Bacchus' gifts he sleeps, this sword shall point  
An olive pole, which to my purpose suited  
Lies in the cave: I in the fire will heat,  
And, when it flames, direct the hissing brand  
Full on the Cyclops' forehead, to extinguish  
The orb of sight. As when some artificer frames  
A nautic structure, he by thongs directs  
The ponderous augre; thus will I whirl round  
Within the Cyclops' eye the kindled staff,  
And scorch his visual nerve.

CHORUS.

Ho! I rejoice;  
This blest invention almost makes me frantic.

ULYSSES.

Thee, and thy friends, and thy decrepid Sire,  
This done, aboard my vessel will I place,  
And from this region with a double tier  
Of oars convey.

CHORUS.

But is it possible

Dr. Musgrave δρυματι, in sylvis. Amidst all this diversity of opinions, my principal inducement for giving the preference to the antient reading and interpretation of μθματι, rhythmis vel carminibus, arises from its appearing to me greatly strengthened by the Chorus saying afterwards, v. 642, οδ' ενδειν Ορφεως, scio incantationem Orphei, and supposing that by this incantation the flaming brand might be caused to fall on the Cyclops' eye.

That I, as if dread Jove were my confederate,  
 Shall guide the well-pois'd brand, and of his eye-sight  
 Deprive the monster ? For I wish to share  
 In such assassination.

ULYSSES.

I expect

Your aid : the brand is weighty, and requires  
 Our social efforts.

CHORUS.

I'd sustain a load

Equal to what an hundred teams convey,  
 Could I dash out the cursed Cyclops' eye  
 E'en as a swarm of wasps.

ULYSSES.

Be silent now ;

(Ye know my stratagem) and at my bidding  
 To those who o'er th' adventurous scheme preside  
 Yield prompt obedience : for I scorn to leave  
 My friends within, and save this single life.  
 True, 'scape I might; already having pass'd  
 The cavern's deep recess : but it were mean  
 If I should extricate myself alone,  
 False to the faithful partners of my voyage.

[Exit ULYSSES.

CHORUS.

Who first, who next, with steadfast hand  
 Ordain'd to guide the flaming brand,  
 The Cyclops' radiant eye shall pierce ?

SEMICHORUS L.

Silence ! for from within a song  
 Bursts on my ear, in tuneless verse,  
 Insensate minstrel, doom'd ere long  
 This luxurious meal to rue,  
 He staggers from yon rocky cave.  
 Him let us teach who never knew  
 How at the banquet to behave,  
 Outrageous and unmanner'd hind,  
 Soon shall he totally be blind.

## SEMICHORUS II.

Thrice blest is he, in careless play  
 'Midst Bacchus' orgies ever gay,  
 Stretcht near the social board whence glides  
 The vine's rich juice in purple tides,  
 Who fondly clasps with eager arms  
 The consenting virgin's charms;  
 Rich perfumes conspire to shed  
 Sweetest odours on his head,  
 While enamour'd of the fair  
 He wantons with her auburn hair.  
 But hark! for surely 'tis our mate  
 Exclaiming, "Who will ope the gate?"

POLYPHEME, ULYSSES, SILENUS, CHORUS.

## POLYPHEME.

Ha! ha! I am replete with wine, the banquet  
 Hath cheer'd my soul: like a well-freighted ship  
 My stomach's with abundant viands stow'd  
 Up to my very chin. This smiling turf  
 Invites me to partake a vernal feast  
 With my Cyclopean ~~Mothers~~. Stranger, bring  
 That vessel from the cave. [Exit ULYSSES,

## CHORUS.

With bright-ey'd grace  
 Our master issues from his spacious hall;  
 (Some God approves—the kindled torch—) that form  
 Equals the lustre of a blooming nymph  
 Fresh from the dripping caverns of the main.  
 Soon shall the variegated wreath adorne  
 Your temples.

ULYSSES *returning*.

Hear me, Cyclops; well I know  
 Th' effect of this potion, Bacchus' gift,  
 Which I to you dispens'd.

## POLYPHEME.

Yet say what sort

## THE CYCLOPS.

Of God is Bacchus by his votaries deem'd ?

ULYSSES.

The greatest source of pleasure to mankind.

POLYPHEMUS.

I therefore to my palate find it sweet.

ULYSSES.

A God like this to no man will do wrong.

POLYPHEMUS.

But in a bottle how can any God  
Delight to dwell ?

ULYSSES.

In whatsoever place

We lodge him, the benignant Power resides.

POLYPHEMUS.

The skins of goats are an unseemly lodging  
For Deities.

ULYSSES.

If you admire the wine,  
Why quarrel with its case ?

POLYPHEMUS.

Those filthy hides  
I utterly detest, but love the liquor.

ULYSSES.

Stay here; drink, drink, O Cyclops, and be gay.

POLYPHEMUS.

This luscious beverage, must I not impart  
To cheer my brothers ?

ULYSSES.

Keep it to yourself.

And you shall seem more honourable.

POLYPHEMUS.

If I distribute largely to my friends.  
More useful,

ULYSSES.

Broils, taunts, and discord from the banquet rise.

POLYPHEMUS.

Tho' I am fuddled, no man dares to touch me.

## ULYSSES.

He who hath drunk too freely, O my friend,  
Ought to remain at home.

## POLYPHEME.

Devoid of reason  
Is he who when he drinks pays no regard  
To mirth and to good fellowship.

## ULYSSES.

More wise,  
O'ercharg'd with wine, who ventures not abroad.

## POLYPHEME.

Shall we stay here? What think'st thou, O Silenus?

## SILENUS.

With all my heart. What need, for our carousals,  
Of a more numerous company?

## POLYPHEME.

The ground  
Beneath our feet, a flowery turf adorns.

## SILENUS.

O how delightful 'tis to drink, and bask  
Here in the sun-shine: on this grassy couch  
Beside me take your seat.

## POLYPHEME.

Why dost thou place  
The cup behind my elbow?

## SILENUS.

Lest some stranger  
Should come and snatch the precious boon away.

## POLYPHEME.

Thou mean'st to tope clandestinely: between us  
Here let it stand.—O stranger, by what name  
Say shall I call thee?

## ULYSSES,

(11) Noman is my name.

(11) The quibbles on the word *οὐνός*, "no man," both here and again from v. 668 to 671, are very closely copied from Homer, *Odys.* L. 9, v. 366—410.

But for what favour shall I praise your kindness.

POLYPHEME.

Thee last of all the crew will I devour.

ULYSSES.

A wondrous privilege is this, O Cyclops,  
Which on the stranger, you bestow.

POLYPHEME.

What mean'st thou?

Ha! art thou drinking up the wine by stealth?

SILENUS.

Only the gentle Bacchus gave that kiss,  
Because I look so blooming.

POLYPHEME.

Thou shalt weep,

Because thy lips were to the wine applied,  
Nor did it seek thy mouth.

SILENUS.

Not thus, by Jove;  
I drank because the generous God of wine  
Declar'd that he admir'd me for my beauty.

POLYPHEME.

Pour forth; give me a bumper.

SILENUS.

I must taste  
To see what mixture it requires.

POLYPHEME.

Damnation!

Give it me pure.

SILENUS.

Not so, the Heavens forbid!  
Till you the wreath bind on your ample front,  
And I again have tasted.

POLYPHEME.

What a knave

Is this my cup-bearer!

SILENUS.

Accuse me not;

The wine is sweet: you ought to wipe your mouth  
Before you drink.

**POLYPHEME.**

My lips and beard are clean.

**SILENUS.**

Loll thus upon your elbow with a grace,  
Drink as you see me drink, and imitate  
My every gesture.

**POLYPHEME.**

What art thou about?

**SILENUS.**

I swallow'd then a most delicious bumper.

**POLYPHEME.**

Take thou the cask, O stranger, and perform  
The office of my cup-bearer.

**ULYSSES.**

These hands  
Have been accustom'd to the pleasing office.

**POLYPHEME.**

Now pour it forth.

**ULYSSES.**

Be silent: I obey.

**POLYPHEME.**

Thou hast propos'd a difficult restraint  
To him who largely drinks.

**ULYSSES.**

Now drain the bowl;  
Leave nought behind: the toper must not prate  
Before his liquor's ended.

**POLYPHEME.**

In the vine

There's wisdom.

**ULYSSES.**

When to plenteous food you add  
An equal share of liquor, and well drench  
The throat beyond what thirst demands, you sink  
Into sweet sleep: but if you leave behind

Aught of th' unfinish'd beverage in your cup,  
Bacchus will scorch your entrails.

POLYPHÈME.

'Tis a mercy

(12) How I swam out; the very Heavens whirl round  
Mingled with earth. I view Jove's throne sublime,  
And the whole synod of encircling Gods.  
Were all the Graces to solicit me,  
I would not kiss them: Ganymede himself  
Appears in matchless beauty.

SILENUS.

I, O Cyclops,  
Am Jove's own Ganymede.

POLYPHÈME.

By Heaven thou art!  
Whom from the realms of Dardanus I bore.

[Exit POLYPHÈME.

SILENUS.

Ruin awaits me.

CHORUS.

Dost thou loath him now?

SILENUS.

Ah me! I from this sleep shall soon behold  
The most accurs'd effects. [Exit SILENUS.

ULYSSES.

Come on, ye Sons  
Of Bacchus, generous youths; for soon dissolv'd  
In slumber shall the monster from those jaws  
Vomit forth flesh, within the hall now smokes,  
The brand, and nought remains but to burn out  
The Cyclops' eye: act only like a man.

(12) This language, as Barnes and Carmelli both observe, is extremely natural in the mouth of a drunken man, who from the giddiness of his head, and the effects of the fumes of the wine on his senses, imagines he has been plunged into the sea, and is with great difficulty just escaped from thence. It appeared expedient to me to omit a line and half at the close of this speech.

## CHORUS.

The firmness of my soul shall equal rocks  
And adamant. But go into the cave  
With speed, before tumultuous sounds assail  
Our aged Father's ears ; for, to effect  
Your purpose, all is ready.

## ULYSSES.

Vulcan, King

Of *Ætna*, from this impious pest, who haunts  
Thy sacred mountain, free thyself at once,  
By burning out his glaring eye ; and thou  
Nurtur'd by sable Night, O Sleep, invade  
With thy resistless force this beast abhor'd  
By Heaven ; nor after all the glorious deeds  
Atchiev'd at Ilion, with his faithful sailors,  
Destroy Ulysses' self, by him who heeds  
Nor God nor mortal. Else must we hold Fortune  
A Goddess, and all other Deities  
Inferior to resistless Fortune's power. [Exit ULYSSES.

## CHORUS.

The neck of him who slays his guest,  
With burning pincers shall be prest,  
And fire bereaving him of sight  
Soon shall destroy that orb of light.  
Within the embers near at hand  
Lies conceal'd a smoaking brand,  
Torn from its parental tree.  
Maron, we depend on thee ;  
May th' exasperated foe  
With success direct the blow !  
May the Cyclops lose his eye,  
And curse his ill-tim'd jollity !  
Thee, Bromius, how I long to meet  
Thy front adorn'd with ivy twine ;  
Leaving this abhor'd retreat.  
Ah, when shall such delight be mine ?

## THE CYCLOPS.

## ULYSSES, CHORUS.

## ULYSSES.

Be silent, O ye savages, restrain  
 Those clamorous tongues: by Heaven ye shall not  
 breathe,  
 Nor wink your eyes, nor congb, lest ye awaken  
 This pest, the Cyclops, ere he of his eye-sight  
 Is by the fire bereft.

## CHORUS.

We will be silent,  
 And in our jaws confine the very air.

## ULYSSES.

The pond'rous weapon seize with dauntless hands,  
 Entering the caven; for 'tis fully heated.

## CHORUS.

Will you not give directions who shall first  
 Manage the glowing lever, and burn out  
 The Cyclops' eye, that in one common fortune  
 We all may share.

## SEMICHORUS I.

We who before the portals  
 Are station'd, are not tall enough to drive  
 Full on its destin'd mark the hissing brand.

## SEMICHORUS II.

But I am with a sudden lameness seiz'd.

## SEMICHORUS I.

The same calamity which you experience  
 To me hath also happen'd; for my feet  
 Are by convulsions tortur'd, tho' the cause  
 I know not.

## ULYSSES.

If ye feel such dreadful spasms,  
 How can ye stand?

## CHORUS.

Our eyes are also fill'd  
 With dust or ashes.

ULYSSES.

These allies of mine  
Are worthless cowards.

CHORUS.

We forsooth want courage

Because we feel compassion for our' shoulders,  
Nor would be beaten till our teeth drop out.  
But I a magic incantation know,  
Devis'd by Orpheus, which hath such effect,  
That of its own accord the brand shall pierce  
The skull of him, the one-ey'd Son of Earth. (13)

ULYSSES.

Long have I known ye are by nature such;  
But more than ever do I know you now.  
On my own friends I therefore must rely.  
Yet if thou hast no vigour in that arm,  
Exhort my drooping friends to act with valour  
And let thy counsels aid the bold emprise.

[Exit ULYSSES.

CHORUS.

Such be my province: we this Carian's life (14)

(13) " Apollonius Rhodius, in the first book of his Argonautics, calls Polypheme the Cyclops, son of Neptune and Europa, daughter of Tityus; but Andron of Teium, Posidoni, and Apollodorus relate, that Polypheme was son to Elatus one of the Lapithae and the Nymph Stilbè; Conon, in his Heraclea, calls him the son of Elatus and Amymone. But we must either say that these authors confounded Polypheme the Argonaut with the Cyclops, or give the entire preference to the authority of Homer, who assigns to him Neptune for father, and Thoosa daughter of Phorcys for mother. Euripides also calls Neptune, the father of Polypheme, nor doth he deny that Thoosa was his mother; but calls the Earth his mother, because the Earth produced Giants like him; the enemies of the Gods." BARNES.

(14) " The Carians, according to Ælian, in his history of Animals, L. 12, c. 30, and Lycophron, v. 1384, were the first nation that ever fought for hire; whence a Carian among the antients has much the same signification with a mercenary soldier. Hence arises the proverb *πειρά των Καρίων*, when any person in making an experiment hazards the life of another. Hesychius informs us that this expression is principally made use of in speaking of those who expose meaner

Will hazard. But my counsels shall induce them  
To burn the Cyclops. Ho ! with courage whirl.  
The brand, delay not to scorch ~~out~~ the eye  
Of him who banquets on the stranger's flesh.  
With fire assail the savage, pierce the front  
Of Ætna's shepherd, lest, with anguish stung,  
On you he perpetrate some deed of horror.

POLYPHEME *within.*

Ah me ! by burning coals I am depriv'd  
Of eye-sight.

CHORUS.

That was a melodious Pæan :  
To me, O Cyclops, sing th' enchanting strain.

POLYPHEME, CHORUS.

POLYPHEME.

Ah, how am I insulted and destroy'd !  
Yet shall ye never from this hollow rock  
Escape triumphant, O ye things of nought :  
For in my station rooted, where this cleft  
Opens a door, will I spread forth my hands  
And stop your passage ?

" souls to danger in their stead ; which Polybius calls the part of a  
" prudent man. The Chorus therefore facetiously says, We whose life  
" is of great value will stand aloof from danger, and expose you, a vile  
" and ignoble man, to die for us." Dr. MUSGRAVE.

I have only abridged this valuable note, which amply obviates the supposed necessity of an alteration in the text. The term of Caryatides is to this day given to entablatures supported by female figures in the stead of columns, in regard to the origin of which denomination, Vitruvius gives the following account: Caria a city of Peloponnesus conspired with the Persians against Greece ; no sooner had the Greeks ended that war by a glorious victory, than they with one consent declared war against the inhabitants of Caria : having taken and destroyed the city, and slain the men, they led away their matrons for slaves, and the architects of those times placed images of these captive dames to support the weight of public edifices, that the memorable punishment of the inhabitants of Caria might be transmitted to posterity.

## THE CYCLOPS.

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CHORUS.

Ha! what means these outcries,

O Cyclops?

POLYPHEME.

I am ruin'd.

CHORUS.

You appear  
To have much been abus'd.

POLYPHEME.

Deplorably.

CHORUS.

When fuddled, did you fall 'mid burning coals?

POLYPHEME.

Noman hath ruin'd me.

CHORUS.

To you then no one  
Hath offer'd any wrong.

POLYPHEME.

'These lids hath Noman  
Depriv'd of sight.

CHORUS.

You therefore are not blind.

POLYPHEME.

Would thou could'st see as little.

CHORUS.

How can no man

Put out your eye.

POLYPHEME.

Thou art dispos'd to jest.

But where is Noman?

CHORUS.

He is no where, Cyclops.

POLYPHEME.

That execrable stranger, mark me well,  
Is author of my ruin, who produc'd  
The fraudulent draught, and burn'd my visual nerves.

## CHORUS.

Wine is invincible.

## POLYPHEME.

By all the Gods,

Answer me I conjure you ; did they fly,  
Or are they here within ?

## CHORUS.

They on the top

Of yonder rock which skreen'd them from your reach,  
In silence take their stand.

## POLYPHEME.

But on which side ?

## CHORUS.

Your right.

## POLYPHEME.

Where, where ?

## CHORUS.

Upon that very rock.

Have you yet caught them ?

## POLYPHEME.

To mischance succeeds

Mischance ; I have fallen down and crack'd my skull.

## CHORUS.

They 'scape you now.

## POLYPHEME.

Ye misinform'd me sure ;

They are not here.

## CHORUS.

I say not that they are.

## POLYPHEME.

Where then ?

## CHORUS.

They wheel around your on your left.

## POLYPHEME.

Ah me ! I am derided, ye but mock  
At my affliction.

## CHORUS.

They are there no longer :  
But Noman stands before you.

## POLYPHEME.

O thou villain,  
Where art thou ?

ULYSSES, POLYPHEME, CHORUS.

## ULYSSES.

Keeping cautiously aloof,  
Thus I, Ulysses, guard my threaten'd life.

## POLYPHEME.

What said'st thou ? Wherefore hast thou chang'd thy  
name  
To assume a new one ?

## ULYSSES.

Me my father nam'd  
Ulysses. It was destin'd you should suffer  
A just requital for your impious feast ;  
For I in vain had with consuming flames  
Laid Ilion waste, had I forborn t' avenge  
On you the murder of my valiant friends.

## POLYPHEME.

Now is that antient oracle, alas,  
Accomplish'd, which foretold, that I by thee,  
On thy return from Troy, should be depriv'd  
Of sight : but that thou also for a deed  
So cruel, shalt be punish'd, and full long  
Endure the beating of tempestuous waves.

## ULYSSES.

Go weep, my (15) actions justify these words.  
But to the shore I haste ; and to my country  
Will steer the vessel o'er Sicilia's waves.

(15) Dr. Musgrave cites the authority of two manuscripts for altering  
διδοχ', video, into διδοχ', effici.

## POLYPHEME.

Thou shalt not ; with this fragment of the rock  
Hurl'd at thy head, thee and thy perjur'd crew  
Will I demolish : for I yet, tho' blind,  
Can mount the cliff which overhangs the port,  
And in its wonted crannies fix my steps.

## CHORUS.

But we, blest partners in Ulysses' voyage,  
Henceforth the laws of Bacchus will obey.

THE  
CHILDREN OF HERCULES.

Ultor adest, primisque ducem profitetur in annis,  
Bellaque non puero tractat agenda puer.  
Auspiciis, animisque patris puer arma movebis,  
Et vinces animis, auspiciisque patris :  
Tale rudimentum tanto sub nomine debes.

OVID.

## **PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.**

**IOLAUS.**

**COPREUS.**

**CHORUS OF ATHENIAN OLD MEN.**

**DEMOPHOON.**

**MACARIA.**

**ALCMENA.**

**MESSENGER.**

**EURYSTHEUS.**

**SCENE — BEFORE THE ALTAR OF JUPITER, IN THE  
FORUM AT MARATHON, A CITY IN THE ATHENIAN  
DOMINIONS.**

THE  
CHILDREN OF HERCULES.

IOLAUS.

LONG have I held this sentiment ; the just  
Are born the streams of bounty to diffuse  
On all around them : while the man whose soul  
Is warp'd by interest, useless in the state,  
Untractable and harsh to every friend,  
Lives only for himself: in words alone  
This doctrine I imbib'd not. Thro' a sense  
Of virtuous shame and reverence for my kindred (1)  
When I in peace at Argos might have dwelt,  
I singly shar'd the toils of Hercules,  
While he on earth remain'd : but now he dwells  
In Heaven, I guard his children, tho' protection  
Be what I need myself. For when their Sire  
Forsook this nether world, Eurystheus strove  
Immediately to slay us ; but I 'scap'd  
From that oppressor's fangs, and tho' to me  
Lost is my country, I have sav'd my life.  
But we poor vagabonds, from city fly  
To some fresh city, ever forc'd to change  
Our dwelling : for Eurystheus deems it meet  
To add this wrong to former wrongs, he sends  
His Heralds wheresoe'er he hears we settle,  
And claims and drives us forth from every land ;  
No slight resentment from the Argive realm.

(1) Iolaus, whom Pausanias and Apollodorus call the charioteer of Hercules, was son of Iphicles, Brother of that Hero by Automedusa daughter of Alcathous, and accompanied his Uncle in most of his labours.

## 454 THE CHILDREN OF HERCULES.

Against our friends denouncing, he reminds them  
Of his own prosperous fortunes: when they see  
My weakness, and these little ones bereft  
Of their great Father, to superior might  
They crouch, and force the suppliant to depart.  
But with the exil'd race of Hercules  
A voluntary exile, I partake  
Their evil fortunes, stedfastly resolv'd  
Not to betray them; by malignant tongues  
It never shall be said; "O mark these Orphans!  
" Since their Sire's death, their kinsman Iolaus  
" Protects them not." But, exil'd from all Greece,  
On reaching Marathon and the domain  
Subject to the same rulers, here we sit  
Before the altars of the Gods, and sue  
For their assistance. In this region dwell  
Two Sons of Theseus, I am told, by lot  
Who portion out this realm, they from Pandion  
Descend, and to these Children are allied.  
We therefore undertook our present journey  
To the Athenian realm; two aged guides  
Conduct the hapless wanderers; my attention  
Is to the boys devoted: but Alcmena,  
Entering the adjacent temple, in her arms  
Tenderly clasps the female progeny.  
Of her departed Son. Amid the crowd  
We fear to introduce these tender Virgins,  
Or place them at the altars of the Gods.  
But Hyllus and his Brothers, more mature  
In years, enquire in what far distant land  
A fortress for our future residence  
We yet can find, if we from these domains  
By force should be expell'd. My Sons, come hither,  
Cling to this garment; for to us I see  
Eurystheus' Herald coming, by whose hate,  
We wanderers, banish'd from each friendly realm,  
Are still pursued. Thou, execrable miscreant,

## THE CHILDREN OF HERCULES. 455

Perish thyself, and perish he who sent thee:  
For to the noble Father of these Children  
Oft hath that (2) tongue enjoin'd severest toils.

### COPREUS, IOLAUS.

#### COPREUS.

What, think'st thou unmolested to enjoy  
This pleasant seat, and have thy vagrant steps  
Enter'd at length a city prompt to fight  
Thy battles? for the man who will prefer  
Thy feeble arm to that of great Eurystheus,  
Exists not. Hence! why in these useless toils  
Dost thou persist? thou must return to Argos  
Where they have doom'd thee to be ston'd.

#### IOLAUS.

Not thus:

For in this altar shall I find protection,  
And this free country on whose soil we tread.

#### COPREUS.

Wilt thou constrain me then to have recourse  
To violence?

#### IOLAUS.

With forceful hand, nor me  
Nor these poor children shalt thou hence expel.

#### COPREUS.

Ere long shalt thou perceive that thou hast utter'd  
Erroneous prophesies.

(2) " The Scholiast on the following passage in the fifteenth book of  
" Homer's Iliad, v. 639,

" Κορψές φέντε γης Ευρυσθέας αναντάς  
" Αγελάς αγχερώς βασι Ηρακλεων.

" The minister of stern Eurystheus' ire  
" Against Alcides, Copreus was his Sire. POPE.

" says; this Copreus was the herald of Eurystheus King of Argos, and  
" announced his commands to Hercules, who remained without the walls  
" of the city to perform the labours enjoined, for Eurystheus did not  
" suffer him to enter the gates." BARNES.

## 456 THE CHILDREN OF HERCULES.

IOLAUS.

This ne'er shall be  
Long as I live.

COPREUS.

Depart, for I will seize them  
'Gainst thy consent, and to Eurystheus' power  
Surrender up, for they to him belong.

IOLAUS.

Aid me, ye antient citizens of Athens,  
For we, tho' suppliants, forcibly are torn  
E'en from Jove's public altar, and the wreaths  
Twin'd round our sacred branches are polluted;  
Shame to your city, insult to the Gods.

CHORUS, IOLAUS, COPREUS.

CHORUS.

What clamorous voices from yon altars rise?  
What mischiefs are impending?

IOLAUS.

See a man  
Burden'd with age, wretch that I am! lie prostrate.

CHORUS.

Who threw thee down? what execrable hand—?

IOLAUS.

'Tis he, O stranger, he who to your Gods  
Yielding no reverence, strives with impious force  
E'en now, to drag me from this hallow'd seat  
Before Joves altar.

CHORUS.

He! — But from what land  
Cam'st thou, old man, to this confederate state  
Form'd of four (3) cities? From the distant coast

(3) The passage of Strabo quoted by Barnes in his note on this passage, informs us, that Xuthus, on his marriage to the daughter of Erechtheus, founded the state of Attica, consisting of four cities; Oenoe, Marathon, Probalinthus, and Tricorythus. By referring to the word *Tetrapolis*, in either Strabo, Stephanus Byzantinus, or Cellarius's Geography, the reader will meet with further particulars.

Of steep Eubœa did ye ply your oars ?

IOLAUS.

The life I lead, O stranger, is not that  
Of vagrant Islanders ; but in your realm  
From fam'd Mycene's bulwarks I arrive.

CHORUS.

Among thy countrymen, old Man, what name  
Thou bear'st, inform me.

IOLAUS.

Ye perchance knew somewhat  
Of Iolaus, great Alcides' comrade,  
A name not quite unuotic'd by renown.

CHORUS.

I formerly have heard of him : but say  
Who is the Father of that infant race,  
Whom with thy arm thou guid'st ?

IOLAUS.

These are the Sons  
Of Hercules, O strangers, they, to you,  
And to your city, humble suppliants come.

CHORUS.

On what account, inform me ; to demand  
An audience of the state ?

IOLAUS.

That to their foes  
They may not be surrender'd up, nor torn  
Forcibly from the altars of your Gods,  
And carried back to Argos.

COPREUS.

But thy Lords  
Who bear rule over thee, and hither trace  
Thy steps, will ne'er be satisfied with this.

CHORUS.

O stranger, 'tis our duty to revere  
The suppliants of the Gods : with forceful hand  
Shall no man drag thee from this holy spot,  
This seat of the immortal Powers : dread Justice

458 THE CHILDREN OF HERCULES.

Shall guard thee from the wrong.

COPREUS.

Out of your land  
The vagrant subjects of Eurystheus drive,  
As I admonish ; and this hand shall use  
No violence.

CHORUS.

How impious is that city  
Which disregards the helpless stranger's prayer !

COPREUS.

'Twere best to interfere not in these broils,  
And to adopt some more expedient counsels.

CHORUS.

You therefore, to the Monarch of this realm  
Should have declar'd your errand, ere thus far  
You had proceeded : but with brutal force  
These strangers from the altars of the Gods  
Presume not to convey, and to this land  
Of freedom yield due reverence.

COPREUS.

But what King  
Rules this domain and city ?

CHORUS.

Theseus' son,  
Renown'd Demophoon.

COPREUS.

Better I with him  
This contest could decide : for all I yet  
Have spoken, is but a mere waste of words.

CHORUS.

Behold, he hither comes in haste, and with him,  
To hear this cause, his brother Acamas.

DEMOPHOON, IOLAUS, COPREUS, CHORUS.

DEMOPHOON.

Since by thy speed, old man, thou hast outstripp'd  
Thy juniors, and already reach'd the shrine

Of Jove, inform me what event hath caus'd  
This multitude t' assemble.

## CHORUS.

There the Sons

Of Hercules in suppliant posture sit,  
And with their wreaths, as you behold, O King,  
Adorn the altar; that is Iolaus,  
The faithful comrade of their valiant Sire.

## DEMOPHOON.

How needed their distress these clamorous shrieks?

CHORUS, *turning towards COPREUS.*

He rais'd the uproar, when by force he strove  
To bear them hence, and on his knees, to earth  
Threw the old Man, till I for pity wept.

## DEMOPHOON.

Altho' he in the habit which he wears  
Adopts the mode of Greece, such deeds as these  
Speak the Barbarian.— But without delay  
On thee it is incumbent now to tell me  
The country whence thou cam'st.

## COPREUS.

I am an Argive;

Thus far to solve your question: but from whence  
I come, and on what errand, will I add;  
Mycene's King, Eurystheus, sends me hither  
To fetch these vagrants home: yet I, O stranger,  
Will with abundant justice, in my actions,  
As well as words, proceed; myself an Argive,  
I bear away these Argives, I but seize  
The fugitives who from my native land  
Escap'd, when by the laws which there prevail  
They were ordain'd to bleed. We have a right,  
Because we are the rulers of the city,  
To execute the sentence we enact  
'Gainst our own subjects. To the sacred hearths  
Of many other states when they repair'd,  
We urg'd the self-same reasons, and none ventur'd

## 460 THE CHILDREN OF HERCULES.

To be the authors of their own destruction.  
But haply they in you may have perceiv'd  
A foolish tenderness, and hither come,  
Desperate themselves, you also to involve  
In the same perils, whether they succeed  
Or fail in the emprise: for they no hope  
Can cherish, while you yet retain your reason,  
That you alone, in all the wide extent  
Of Greece, whose various regions they have travers'd,  
Should pity those calamities which rise  
But from their own imprudence. Now compare  
Th' alternative propos'd; by sheltering them  
In these dominions, or allowing us  
To bear them hence, what gain may you expect?  
Side but with us, these benefits are yours;  
Eurystheus' self, and Argos' numerous troops,  
Will aid this city with their utmost might:  
But if, by their seducing language mov'd,  
Ye harbour groundless pity for their woes,  
Arms must decide the strife. Nor vainly think  
We will desist till we have fully tried  
The temper of our swords. But what excuse  
Have ye to plead? Of what domains bereft  
Are ye provok'd to wage a desperate war  
With the Tirynthian Argives? What allies  
Will aid you? What pretext can ye allege  
To claim funereal honours for the slain?  
The curses of your city will await  
Such conduct; for the sake of that old Man,  
Whom I may justly call a tomb, a shadow,  
And those unfriended Children, should you step  
Into the yawning gulph. Suppose the best  
Which possibly can happen, that a prospect  
Of future good hence rises; distant hopes  
Fall short of present gain. In riper years  
Ill can these youths be qualified to fight  
Against the Argive host, (if this elate

Your soul with hope) and ere that wish'd event  
 There is a length of intermediate time  
 In which ye may be ruin'd : but comply  
 With my advice ; on me no gift bestow,  
 Let me but take what to ourselves belongs,  
 Mycené shall be yours. But O forbear  
 To act as ye are wont, nor form a league  
 With those of no account, when mightier friends  
 May be procur'd.

## DEMOPHOON.

Who can decide a cause,  
 Or ascertain its merits, till he hear  
 Both sides distinctly ?

## IOLAUS.

In your land, O King,  
 This great advantage, freedom of reply  
 To the malignant charge against me urg'd,  
 I find, and no man, as from other cities,  
 Shall drive me hence. But we have nothing left  
 For which it now behoves us to contend  
 With him, nor aught, since that decree hath pass'd,  
 To do with Argos : from our native land  
 We are cast forth. In this distressful state,  
 How can he drag us back again with justice  
 As subjects of Mycené, to that realm  
 Which hath already banish'd us ? We there  
 Are only foreigners. But why should he  
 Whom Argos dooms to exile, by all Greece  
 Be also exil'd ? Not by Athens sure :  
 For ne'er will Athens from its blest domains  
 Expel the race of Hercules, appall'd  
 By Argos' menac'd wrath. For neither (4) Trachis,

(4) According to Paasanius, Ceyx the King of Trachis, a city in Thessaly, finding himself unable to protect the Children of Hercules against the tyrant Eurystheus, sent them to Athens, hoping they might find a more powerful defender in Theseus. In a fragment of Hecataeus, an antient Greek historian, cited by Longinus, whose writings are not

Nor is that city of Achaia here,  
 Whence thou by boasting of the might of Argos  
 In words like those which thou hast utter'd now,  
 These suppliants didst unjustly drive away  
 Tho' seated at the altars. If thy threats  
 Here too prevail, no longer shall we find  
 Freedom, not e'en in Athens: but I know  
 Full well the generous temper of its Sons,  
 And rather would they die. For to the brave  
 Shame is a load which renders life most hateful.  
 Enough of Athens—for immoderate praise  
 Becomes invidious: I remember too  
 How oft I have been heretofore distress'd  
 By overstrain'd encomiums. But on you  
 How greatly 'tis incumbent to protect  
 These Children, will I shew, since o'er this land  
 You rule: For Pittheus was the Son of Pelops,  
 From Pittheus Æthra sprang, From Æthra Theseus  
 Your Father: from your ancestors to those  
 Of your unhappy suppliants I proceed;  
 Alcides was the Son of thundering Jove  
 And of Alcmena; from Lysidice  
 Daughter of Pelops, did Alcmena spring,

now extant; it is said that Ceyx commanded τον Ἡρακλεανούς, "The descendants of Hercules' Children" to quit his kingdom, lest they themselves should perish, and involve him in their ruin. Euripides, by making Iolans bring the infant Sons of Hercules to Demophoon and Acamas, the two Sons of Theseus, and joint sovereigns of Athens, appears guilty of a chronological inaccuracy, as Theseus, according to Dr. Blair's tables, survived his friend Hercules 17 years, and Menestheus occupied the throne of Athens after his death for 23 years, so that a space of 40 years intervened between the death of Hercules, and Acamas and Demophoon's becoming Kings of Athens: but Euripides, as I have had occasion elsewhere to observe, evidently considers the two Sons of Theseus as their Father's immediate successors. The classical reader will meet with further particulars relative to Ceyx, who was the Husband of Alcyone, and had been a friend to the deceased Hercules, in Baines's note upon this passage.

One common (5) Grandsire gave your Grandame birth,  
 And theirs: so near in blood are you to them:  
 But, O Demophoon, what beyond the ties  
 Of family you to these Children owe  
 Will I inform you, and relate how erst  
 With Theseus in one bark I sail'd, and bore  
 Their Father's shield, when we that belt (6), the cause  
 Of dreadful slaughter, sought; and from the caves  
 Of Pluto, Hercules led back your Sire.  
 This truth all Greece attests. They in return  
 From you implore this boon, that to their foes  
 They may not be surrender'd up, nor torn  
 By force from these your tutelary Gods,  
 And banish'd from this realm. For to yourself  
 'Twere infamous, and baneful to your city,  
 Should suppliants, exiles, sprung from ancestors  
 The same with yours (ah miserable me!).  
 Behold, behold them! with a forceful arm  
 Be dragg'd away. But to your hands, and beard,  
 Lifting these hallow'd branches, I entreat you  
 Slight not Alcides' Children, undertake  
 Their cause; and, O, to them become a Kinsman,  
 Become a Friend, a Father, Brother, Lord,  
 For better were it to admit these claims,

(5) The term made use of in the original is, *thy Father and theirs* were *αὐλαῖοι*, an expression which Henry Stephens in his Greek Thesaurus will not allow to be equally vague with *αὐλαῖος*; which is rendered "Cousin," but by saying, *restricgi significationem puto*, means apparently to confine it to Cousin-Germans, or the Children of Brothers, or Sisters; but it being evident from the foregoing pedigrees of Theseus and Hercules, that they were related to each other in the degree of Third Cousins only; I knew not how to express this in the English language in the accurate manner which *εὐαγγελίων* in the next line seems to render necessary, otherwise than by a circumlocution; which I fear will be thought very ungraceful. Where Eurystheus, near the close of this Tragedy, calls himself *αὐλαῖος* to Alcmena, he evidently mean First Cousin, as their Fathers Sthenelus and Electryon were Brothers, being both of them Sons of Perseus.

(6) Of Hippolyta the Amazon: see Hercules Distracted, v. 415, ed. Barnes.

464 THE CHILDREN OF HERCULES.

Than suffer them to fall beneath the rage  
Of Argive tyrants.

CHORUS.

I with pity heard  
Their woes, O King, but now I clearly see  
How noble Birth to adverse Fortune yields :  
For tho' they spring from an illustrious Sire,  
Yet meet they with afflictions they deserve not,

DEMOPHOON.

Three powerful motives urge me, while I view  
The misery which attends you, not to spurn  
These strangers ; first dread Jove, before whose altars  
You with these children sit ; next kindred ties,  
And services perform'd in antient days,  
Give them a claim to such relief from me  
As from their godlike Father mine obtain'd ;  
And last of all that infamy which most  
I ought to loathe : for if I should permit  
A foreigner this altar to despoil,  
I in a land of freedom shall no longer  
Appear to dwell, but to surrender up,  
Thro' fear, the suppliants to their Argive lords,  
In this extreme of danger. Would to Heaven  
You had arriv'd with happier auspices :  
But tremble not lest any brutal hand  
Should from this hallow'd altar force away,  
You and the children. Therefore go thou back  
To Argos, and this message to Eurystheus  
Deliver ; tell him too if there be aught  
Which 'gainst our guests he can allege, the laws  
Are open : but thou shalt not drag them hence.

COPREUS.

Not if I prove that it is just, and bring  
Prevailing reasons ?

DEMOPHOON.

How can it be just  
To drive away the suppliant ?

COPREUS.

Hence no shame

Shall light on me, but ruin on your head.

DEMOPHOON.

Should I permit thee to convey them hence  
In me 'twere base indeed.

COPREUS.

Let them be banish'd

From your domains, and I elsewhere will seize them.

DEMOPHOON.

Thou fool, who deem'st thyself more wise than Jove!

COPREUS.

All villains may, it seems, take refuge here.

DEMOPHOON.

This altar of the Gods, to all affords  
A sure asylum.

COPREUS.

In a different light,

This to Mycene's rulers will appear.

DEMOPHOON.

Am not I then the Monarch of this realm?

COPREUS.

Offer no wrong to them, if you are wise.

DEMOPHOON.

Do ye then suffer wrong when I refuse  
To violate the temples of the Gods?

COPREUS.

I would not have you enter on a war  
Against the Argives.

DEMOPHOON.

Equally inclin'd

Am I to peace, yet will not I yield up  
These suppliants.

COPREUS.

Hence am I resolv'd to drag

Those who belong to me.

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DEMOPHOON.

Thou then to Argos

Shalt not with ease return (7).

COPREUS.

Soon will I make

Th' experiment and know.

DEMOPHOON.

If thou presume

To touch them, thou immediately shalt rue it.

COPREUS.

I by the Gods conjure you not to strike  
A Herald.

DEMOPHOON.

Strike I will, unless that Herald  
Learn to behave discreetly.

CHORUS.

Go.— And you,  
O King, forbear to touch him.

COPREUS.

I retire :

For weak in combat is a single arm.  
But I again shall hither come, and bring  
An host of Argives arm'd with brazen spears :  
Unnumber'd warriors wait for my return.  
The King himself, Eurystheus, is their Chief ;  
He on the borders of (8) Alcathous' realm

(7) The Athenians are said by Philostratus to have instituted a public and solemn mourning in commemoration of the crime they had committed in killing the herald Copreus, as he was forcibly dragging away the Children of Hercules from their altars; but Euripides was too well acquainted both with the laws of the Drama, and poetic justice, to throw out any thing beyond a distant hint relative to this flagrant breach of the laws of nations. To have exhibited on the stage the murder of an Ambassador, (whose person was held sacred even among nations the most uncivilised) committed by the people, whom he on all occasions describes as models of honour and justice, would have been in him the most glaring inconsistency, and must have rendered him odious to his countrymen.

(8) This province, of which Megara was the capital, situated between Athens and Corinth, usually known by the name of Megaris,

Waits for an answer. He in glittering mail,  
 Soon as he hears your arrogant reply,  
 To you, your subjects, this devoted realm,  
 And all its wasted forests will appear,  
 For we in vain at Argos should possess  
 A band so numerous of heroic youths,  
 If we chas'tis'd not your assuming pride.

*[Exit COPREUS.]*

DEMOPHOON.

Away, detested Miscreant; for I fear not  
 Thy Argos: and thou ne'er, by dragging hence  
 These suppliants, shalt disgrace me: for this city  
 As an appendage to the Argive realm  
 I hold not, but its freedom will maintain.

CHORUS.

'Tis time each sage precaution to exert,  
 Ere to the ~~confines~~ of this land advance  
 The troops of Argos: For Mycene's wrath  
 Is terrible in combat, and more fierce  
 Than heretofore will they invade us now.  
 For to exaggerate facts beyond the truth  
 Is every Herald's custom. To his King,  
 How many specious tales do you suppose  
 Of the atrocious insults he endur'd,  
 He will relate, and add how he the loss  
 Of life endanger'd?

was also called Alcathoë, from Alcathous the son of Pelops, who, being suspected of having slain his brother Chrysippus, came to that country, for an asylum; the king Megareus having lost both his sons, the elder of whom, Timaleus, came with Castor and Pollux to besiege Aphidna, and was there killed by Theseus, and Euppus the younger, had recently been torn to pieces by a terrible lion, who haunted the mountains of Cithaeron: Megareus herupon promised his Daughter and his kingdom to whoever would dispatch the lion; Alcathous undertook to encounter this formidable beast, and proved victorious: after he had thus obtained the crown, Alcathous erected a citadel in Megara, which was called by his name, and Apollo is said to have endowed its walls with the quality of emitting harmonious sounds. See Pausanias and Barnes.

IOLAUS.

To the sons devolve

No honours which exceed the being born  
 Of an illustrious and heroic Sire,  
 And weding into virtuous families.  
 But on that man no praise will I bestow,  
 Who by his lusts impell'd, among the wicked  
 A nuptial union forms; hence to his sons  
 Disgrace, instead of pleasure, he bequeaths.  
 For noble birth repels adversity  
 Better than abject parentage. When sinking  
 Under the utmost pressure of our woes,  
 We find these friends and kinsmen, who alone  
 Amid the populous extent of Greece  
 Stand forth in our behalf. Ye generous youths,  
 Now give them your right hands, and in return  
 Take those of your protectors: O my sons,  
 Draw near: we have made trial of our friends.  
 If ye again behold your native walls,  
 Possess the self-same mansions, and the honours  
 Which your illustrious Father erst enjoy'd;  
 These deem your saviours and your friends, nor wield  
 Against their fostering land the hostile spear.  
 On your remembrance let these benefits  
 Be ever stamp'd, and hold this city dear;  
 For they deserve your reverence, who from us  
 Repel so great a nation, such a swarm  
 Of fierce Pelasgian troops: and, tho' they see  
 Our poverty and exile, have refus'd  
 To yield us up, or banish from their realm.  
 Both while I live, and after the cold grave  
 Receives me at the destin'd hour; my friend,  
 I with loud voice your merits will applaud,  
 Approaching mighty Theseus, and my words  
 Shall soothe your Father's ear when I recount  
 With what humanity you have receiv'd us,  
 And how protected the defenceless Sons.

Of Hercules: by your illustrious birth  
Distinguish'd, you the glories of your Sire  
Thro' Greece maintain: sprung from a noble lineage,  
Yet are you one among that chosen few  
Who in no instance deviate from the virtues  
Of your great ancestry: altho' mid thousands  
Scarce is a single instance to be found  
Of those who emulate their Father's worth.

CHORUS.

This country, in a just and honest cause.  
Is ever prompt to succour the distrest.  
Hence in it's friends' behalf hath it sustain'd  
Unnumber'd toils, and now another conflict  
I see impending.

DEMOPHOON.

Rightly hast thou spoken,  
And in such toils I feel a conscious pride.  
These benefits shall never be forgotten.  
But an assembly of the citizens  
I instantly will summon, and arrange  
A numerous squadron, to receive the onset  
Of fierce Mycene's host, first sending spies  
To meet them, lest they unawares assail us.  
For the bold warrior, who without delay  
Goes forth to battle, keeps the foe aloof.  
I also will collect the Seers, and slay  
The victims: but do you, old Man, meanwhile  
Enter the palace with these Children, leaving  
Jove's altar: for my menial train are there,  
Who will with fond solicitude attend you,  
Altho' I am not present: but go in.

IOLAUS.

I will not leave the altar; on this seat  
We suppliants will remain, and pray to Jove,  
That prosperous fortunes may attend your city.  
But when you from this conflict are with glory  
Releas'd, we to your palace will repair;

Nor are the Gods, who war on our behalf,  
 O King, inferior to the Gods of Argos,  
 For o'er that city, Jove's majestic Consort,  
 Juno, but here Minerva doth preside.  
 This I maintain, that nought ensures success  
 Beyond the aid of mightier Deities,  
 Nor will imperial Pallas be subdued.

[*Exit PEMOPHOON.*

### CHORUS.

O D E.

I.

Boast as thou wilt, and urge thy proud demand,  
 This nation disregards thy ire,  
 Thou stranger from the Argive land.  
 Nor can thy sounding words control  
 The stedfast purpose of my soul :  
 Great Athens, by her lovely choir  
 Distinguish'd, shall unstain'd preserve  
 Her antient glory, nor from virtue swerve ;  
 But thou, devoid of wisdom, dost obey  
 (9) The Son of Sthenelus, the tyrant's impious sway,

(9) "Eurystheus, whose father Sthenelus was the son of Perseus and  
 "Andromeda : hence Ovid calls him Sthenelius :

" Quem non mille feræ, quem non Sthenelius hostis,  
 " Non potuit Juno vincere, vicit Amor."

He whom a thousand monsters, whom his foe  
 The son of Sthenelus in vain pursued,  
 Nor e'en the wrath of Juno could o'erthrow,  
 Was by the shafts of love at length subdued.

" When Hercules was on the point of being born, Jupiter, in an assembly of the Gods, swore that there should that very day be born a child of his race, who should rule over the neighbouring nations : Juno hereupon descending to the earth, came to Argos, delayed the delivery of Alcæna, and forced Archippe, wife of Sthenelus, then only seven months gone with child, to bear a son afterwards called Eurystheus ; who on this account obtained the Argive throne, and ruled over Hercules."

BARNES.

Perseus being the son of Jupiter and Danaë, and one of Perseus'

## II.

Who com'st amidst an independent state,  
 In nought inferior to the strength  
 Of Argos, and with brutal hate  
 Dar'st, tho' a foreigner, to seize  
 The exiles, who our Deities  
 Implore, and in these realms at length  
 From their distress obtain a shield :  
 Thou e'en to scepter'd monarchs will not yield,  
 Yet no just plea thy subtle tongue hath found.  
 How can such conduct warp the man whose judgment's  
 sound?

## III.

Peace is the object of my dear delight :  
 But thou, O Tyrant, thou whose breast  
 Well may I deem by frenzy is possest,  
 If 'gainst this city thou exert thy might,  
 Pant'st after trophies which thou ne'er shalt gain.  
 Bearing targe and brazen lance  
 Others with equal arms advance.  
 O thou, who fondly seek'st th' embattled plain,  
 Shake not these turrets, spare the haunt  
 Of every gentle Grace. — Thou wretch, avaunt.

## DEMOPHOON, IOLAUS, CHORUS.

## IOLAUS.

Why com'st thou hither, O my son, with eyes  
 Expressive of affliction ? from the foe  
 What recent information canst thou give ?  
 Do they delay their march, are they at hand,  
 Or bring'st thou any tidings ? for the threats  
 That Herald utter'd sure will be accomplish'd.  
 Blest in the favour of the Gods, the Tyrant  
 Exults, I know, and arrogantly deems

sons, Electryon, father to Alcmena the mother of Hercules, that hero was  
 doubly descended from Jupiter, both by his maternal ancestors, and by  
 the God's amour with Alcmena.

## 472 THE CHILDREN OF HERCLES.

That he o'er Athens shall prevail : but Jove  
Chastises the presumptuous.

### DEMOPHOON.

Argos comes

With numerous squadrons, and its king Eurystheus,  
Myself beheld him. It behoves the man  
Who claims the merit of an able Chief,  
Not to depend upon his spies alone  
To mark the foe's approach. But with his host  
He hath not yet invaded these domains,  
But halting on yon mountain's topmost ridge  
Observes, (I from conjecture speak) the road  
By which he may lead forth his troops to battle,  
And where he in this realm with greatest safety  
May station them. Already have I made  
Each preparation to repel their onset.  
The city is in arms, the victims stand.  
Before the altars, with their blood t' appease  
The wrath of every God, and due lustrations  
Are sprinkled by the Seers, that o'er our foes  
We may obtain a triumph, and preserve  
This country. Every Prophet who expounds  
The oracles, convening, have I search'd  
Into each sage response of antient times,  
Or public or conceal'd, on which depends  
The welfare of the realm. In all beside  
Differ Heaven's mandates : but one dread behest  
Runs thro' the several auspices, to Ceres  
They bid me sacrifice some blooming Maid  
Who from a nobler Sie derives her birth.  
Zeal have I shewn abundant in your cause,  
But will not slay my Daughter, nor constrain  
Any Athenian citizen to make  
Such an abhorr'd oblation : for the man  
Exists not, who is so devoid of reason,  
As willingly to yield his children up  
With his own hands. But what afflicts me most

Is this ; tumultuous crowds appear ; some cry,  
 'Tis just that we the foreign suppliants aid,  
 But others blame my folly. If no means  
 Can be devis'd to satisfy them all,  
 Soon will a storm of civil war arise.

See thou to this, and think of some expedient,  
 How ye, and how this country, may be sav'd,  
 Without the citizens' calumnious tongues  
 My fame assailing. For I rule not here  
 With boundless power, like a Barbarian King :  
 Let but my deeds be just, and in return  
 Shall I experience justice.

## CHORUS.

Will not Jove

Suffer this city to exert its courage,  
 And aid these hapless strangers as we wish ?

## IOLAUS.

Our situation, O my sons, resembles  
 That of the Mariners, who having 'scap'd  
 The storm's relentless fury, when in sight  
 Of land, are from the coast by adverse winds  
 Driven back into the deep. Thus from this realm  
 Just as we reach the shore, like shipwreck'd men,  
 Are we expell'd. O inauspicious Hope,  
 Why didst thou soothe me with ideal joy,  
 Altho' it was ordain'd that thou shouldst leave  
 Thy favours incomplete ? The King deserves  
 At least to be excus'd, if he consent not  
 To slay his subjects' Daughters ; to this city  
 My praise is due, and if the Gods would place me  
 In the same prosperous fortunes, from my soul  
 Your benefits should never be effac'd.  
 But now, alas ! no counsel can I give  
 To you, my children. Whither shall we turn ?  
 What God have we neglected ? To what land  
 Have we not fled for shelter ? We must perish,  
 We shall be yielded up. My being doom'd

To die, I heed but for this cause alone,  
 That by my death, I shall afford delight  
 To our perfidious foes. But, O my sons,  
 For you I weep, I pity you, I pity  
 Alcmena, aged Mother of your Sire,  
 O most unhappy in a life too long!  
 I too am wretched, who unnumber'd toils  
 Have fruitlessly dur'd: it was ordain'd,  
 It was ordain'd, alas! that we should fall  
 Into the hands of our relentless foes,  
 And meet a shameful, miserable death.  
 Know you, what still remains for you to do,  
 On my behalf? For all my hopes of saving  
 The children, are not vanish'd. In their stead  
 Me to the Argive host surrender up,  
 O King, and rush not into needless danger,  
 Yet save these children. To retain a love  
 Of life, becomes me not; I yield it up  
 Without regret. It is Eurystheus' wish  
 The rather to seize me, and to expose  
 To infamy, because I was the comrade  
 Of Hercules: For frenzy hath possest  
 His soul. The wise man, e'en in those he hates,  
 Had rather find discretion than a want  
 Of understanding: for a foe endea'd  
 (10) With sense, will pay due reverence to the vanquish'd.

## CHORUS.

Forbear, old Man, thus hastily to blame  
 This city: For to us tho' it might prove  
 More advantageous, yet to our disgrace  
 Would it redound, should we betray our guests.

## DEMOPHOON.

A generous, but impracticable scheme

(10) Instead of reading  $\kappa\mu\tau\chi\nu$ , I have availed myself of the alteration of substituting  $\kappa\mu\tau\chi\nu$ , i. e.  $\kappa\mu\alpha\tau\chi\nu$ , as proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt, and approved by Dr. Musgrave, who in his Latin version renders this line, *multam enim clementiam etiam infelix quis consequatur.*

Is that thou hast propos'd : for Argos' King  
 In quest of thee no squadrons hit her leads.  
 What profit to Eurystheus from the death  
 Of one so old as thou art could arise ?  
 He wants to murder *these* : For to their foes  
 The rising blossoms of a noble race,  
 To whom the memory of their Father's wrongs  
 Is present, must be dreadful : for all this  
 He cannot but foresee. But if thou know  
 Of any other counsel more expedient,  
 Adopt it; for my soul hath been perplex'd,  
 Since that oracular response I heard  
 Which fills me with unwelcome apprehensions.

{ *Exit DEMOPHOON.*

MACARIA, IOLAUS, CHORUS.

MACARIA.

Deem not that I, O strangers, am too bold  
 Because I from my chamber yenture forth ;  
 This is my first request : for silence, join'd  
 With modesty and a domestic life,  
 Is woman's best accomplishment. I heard  
 Your groans, O Iolaus, and advanc'd  
 Tho' not appointed by our house to act  
 As their embassador ; in some degree  
 Yet am I qualified for such an office,  
 I have so great an interest in the weal  
 Of these my Brothers ; on my own account  
 I also wish to hear if any ill,  
 Added to those you have already suffer'd,  
 Torture your soul.

IOLAUS.

Not now for the first time,  
 On thee, O Daughter, most of all the children  
 Of Hercules, my praise can I bestow :  
 But our ill-fated house, just as it seem'd  
 Emerging from its past disgraces, sinks

## 476 THE CHILDREN OF HERCULES.

Afresh into inextricable ruin.  
The King informs us, that the Seers, whose voice  
Expounds the will of Heaven, have signified  
No Bull nor Heifer, but some blooming Maid  
Who from a noble Sire derives her birth,  
Must be the victim, if we would redeem  
The city and ourselves from utter ruin ;  
Here then are we perplex'd : for his own children  
He says he will not sacrifice, nor those  
Of any of his subjects. Tho' to me  
Indeed he speaks not plainly, in some sort  
He intimates, that if we by no means  
Can extricate ourselves from these distresses,  
We must find out some other land to flee to,  
For he this realm would from destruction save.

MACARIA.

May we indulge the hope of our escape  
Upon these terms ?

IOLAUS.

These only : in all else  
With prosperous fortunes crown'd.

MACARIA.

No longer dread  
The spear of Argos, for myself, old Man,  
Am ready, ere they doom me to be slain,  
And here stand forth a voluntary victim.  
For what could we allege on our behalf,  
If Athens condescend to undergo  
Dangers so great, while we who have impos'd  
These toils on others, tho' within our reach  
Lie all the means of being sav'd, yet shrink  
From death ? Not thus : we should provoke the laugh  
Of universal scorn, if, with loud groans,  
We suppliants, at the altars of the Gods  
Should take our seats, and prove devoid of courage,  
From that illustrious Father tho' we spring.  
How can the virtuous reconcile such conduct ?

This to our glory would forsooth redound,  
 (O may it never happen!) when this city  
 Is taken, should we fall into the hands  
 Of our triumphant foes, when after all  
 Some noble Maid reluctant must be dragg'd  
 To Pluto's loath'd embrace. But from these realms  
 Cast forth, should I become an abject vagrant,  
 Must I not blush when any one enquires,  
 " Why came ye hither with your suppliant branches  
 " Too fond of life? Retreat from these domains,  
 " For we no aid to cowards will afford."  
 But if when these are dead, my single life  
 Be sav'd; I cannot entertain a hope  
 That I shall e'er be happy: tho' this motive  
 Have caus'd full many to betray their friends.  
 For who with a deserted Maid will join,  
 Or in the bonds of wedlock, or desire  
 That I to him a race of sons should bear?  
 I therefore hold it better far to die,  
 Than to endure, without deserving them,  
 Such foul indignities, as can seem light  
 To her alone, who, from a noble race  
 Like mine, descends not: to the scene of death  
 Conduct, with garlands crown me, and prepare  
 If ye think fit, th' initiatory rites;  
 Ye heucc the foe shall conquer: for this soul  
 Shrinks not with mean reluctance. I engage  
 For these my Brothers, and myself, to bleed  
 A willing victim; for with ease detach'd  
 From life, I have imbib'd this best of lessons,  
 To die with firmness in a glorious cause.

## CHORUS.

Alas! what language shall I find, t' express  
 My admiration of the lofty speech  
 I from this Virgin hear, who for her Brothers  
 Resolves to die? What tongue can utter words

## 478 THE CHILDREN OF HERCULES.

More truly generous; or what man surpass  
Such deeds as these?

IOLAUS.

Thou art no spurious child,  
But from the godlike seed of Hercules,  
O Daughter, dost indeed derive thy birth.  
Altho' thy words are such as cannot shame,  
Thy fate afflicts me. Yet will I propose  
What may with greater justice be perform'd.  
Together call the Sisters of this Maid,  
And to atone for the whole race, let her  
On whom th' impartial lot shall fall, be slain;  
But without such decision 'tis not just  
That thou should'st die.

MACARIA.

I will not die as chance  
The lot dispenses; for I hence should forfeit  
All merit: name not such a scheme, old Man.  
If me ye will accept, and of my zeal  
Avail yourselves, I gladly yield up life  
Upon these terms, but stoop not to constraint.

IOLAUS.

The speech thou now has utter'd soars beyond  
What thou at first didst say, tho' that was noble:  
But thou thy former courage dost surpass  
By this fresh instance of exalted courage,  
The merit of thy former words, by words  
More meritorious. Daughter, I command not,  
Nor yet oppose thy death: for thou by dying  
Wilt serve thy Brothers.

MACARIA.

You in cautious terms  
Command me: fear not, lest on my account  
You should contract pollution: for to die  
Is my free choice. But follow me, old Man,  
For in your arms would I expire: attend,

And o'er my body cast the decent veil :  
To dreadful slaughter dauntless I go forth,  
Because I from that Father spring, whose name  
With pride I utter.

IOLAUS.

At the hour of death  
I cannot stand beside thee.

MACARIA.

Grant but this,  
That when I breathe my last, I may be tended  
By women, not by men.

IOLAUS. (11)

It shall be thus,

O miserable Virgin : for in me  
'Twere base, if I neglected any rite  
That decency enjoins, for many reasons ;  
Because thy soul is great, because 'tis just,  
And of all women I have ever seen,  
Because thou art most wretched. But from these  
And from thy aged kinsman, if thou wish  
For aught, to me thy last behests address.

MACARIA.

Adieu, my venerable friend, adieu !  
Instruct these boys in every branch of wisdom,  
And make them like yourself, they can attain

(11) Mr. Heath, Mr. Tyrwhitt, and Dr. Musgrave in his Latin version, put this speech into the mouth of Demophoon, and with great appearance of probability : but from his having no concern either in the preceding part of the dialogue, or throughout the remainder of the Tragedy, I am, upon the whole, induced to mark his final exit at v. 474 of Barnes's edition, immediately before the entrance of Macaria, not seeing where it can with propriety be placed in any subsequent part of this piece, and aware of the absurdity of supposing the King to remain on the stage as a mute character for the space of more than three acts ; as to the close of the speech before us, instead of supposing the person by whom it is uttered leaving the stage, it evidently invites that reply which Macaria immediately commences with addressing herself to Iolaus, whom I therefore apprehend to be now speaking.

480 THE CHILDREN OF HERCLES.

No higher pitch ; strive to protect them still,  
And for their sake that valued life prolong ;  
Your children we, to you our nurture owe.  
Me you behold, mature for bridal joys,  
Dying to save them. But may ye, my band  
Of Brothers who are here, be blest, and gain  
All those advantages, which to procure.  
For you, the falchion shall transpierce my breast.  
Revere this good Old Man, revere Alcmena  
Your Father's aged Mother, and these Strangers.  
Should ye be ever rescued from your woes,  
Should gracious Heaven permit you to revisit  
Your native land, forget not to inter,  
With such magnificence as I deserve,  
Your benefactress, for I have not prov'd  
Deficient in attention to your welfare,  
But die to save our family. To me  
These monumental honours shall suffice  
Instead of children, or the virgin state,  
If there be aught amid the realms beneath,  
But 'tis my wish there may not : for if grief  
On us frail mortals also there attend,  
I know not whither any one can turn :  
For by the wise hath death been ever deem'd  
The most effectual cure for every ill.

IOLAUS.

O thou, distinguish'd by thy lofty soul,  
Be well assur'd thy glory shall outshine  
That of all other women ; both in life  
And death, shalt thou be honour'd by thy friends.  
But ah, farewell ! for with ill-omen'd words  
I tremble lest we should provoke the Goddess,  
Dread Proserpine, to whom thou now art sacred.

[Exit MACARIA.

My sons I perish : grief unnerves my frame ;  
Support and place me in the hallow'd seat :  
And, O my dearest children, o'er my face

Extend this garment : for I am not pleas'd  
 With what is done : yet, had not Heaven's response  
 Found this completion, we must all have died ;  
 For we must then have suffer'd greater ills  
 Than these, which are already most severe.

## CHORUS.

## O D E.

In just proportion, as the Gods ordain,  
 Is bliss diffus'd thro' life's short span,  
 Or sorrow portion'd out to man :  
 No favour'd house can still maintain  
 From age to age its prosperous state,  
 For swift are the vicissitudes of Fate,  
 Who now assails Pride's towering crest.  
 Now makes the drooping exile blest.  
 From Destiny we cannot fly ;  
 No wisdom can her shafts repel ;  
 But he who vainly dares her power defy  
 Compass'd with endless toils shall dwell.  
 Ask not from Heaven with impious prayer,  
 Blessings it cannot grant to man,  
 Nor waste in misery life's short span  
 O'erwhelm'd by querulous despair.  
 The Nymph goes forth to meet a noble death,  
 Her Brothers and this land to save,  
 And Fame, with tributary breath,  
 Shall sound her praises in the grave.  
 For dauntless Virtue finds a way  
 Thro' labours which her progress would delay.  
 Such deeds as these, her Father grace,  
 And add fresh splendour to her race,  
 But if with reverential awe thou shed  
 Over the virtuous dead  
 A tear of pity, in that tear I'll join,  
 Inspir'd with sentiments like thine.

## SERVANT, IOLAUS, CHORUS.

SERVANT.

Ye children, hail! but where is Iolaus,  
 That aged man; and hath your Grandame left  
 Her seat before the altar?

IOLAUS.

Here am I,  
 If aught my presence can avail.

SERVANT.

On earth  
 Why art thou stretcht, what means that downcast look?

IOLAUS.

Domestic cares have harrow'd up my soul.

SERVANT.

Lift up thy head, arise.

IOLAUS.

I am grown old,  
 And all my strength is vanish'd.

SERVANT.

But to thee  
 I bring most joyful tidings.

IOLAUS.

Who art thou?  
 Where have I seen thee? I remember not.

SERVANT.

Hyllus' attendant, canst thou not distinguish  
 These features?

IOLAUS.

O my friend, art thou arriv'd  
 To snatch me from despair?

SERVANT.

Most certainly:  
 Moreover the intelligence I bring  
 Will make thee happy.

IOLAUS.

Thee I call, come forth,

THE CHILDREN OF HERCULES. 485

Alcmena, Mother of a noble Son,  
And listen to these acceptable tidings:  
Full long thy soul, for those who now approach,  
Was torn with grief, lest they should ne'er return.

ALCMENA, SERVANT, IOLAUS, CHORUS.

ALCMENA.

Whence with your voice resounds this echoing dome?  
O Iolaus, is another Herald  
From Argos come, who forcibly assails you?  
My strength indeed is small, yet be assur'd  
Of this, presumptuous stranger, while I live,  
Thou shalt not bear them hence. May I no more  
Be deem'd the Mother of that godlike Son,  
When I submit to this. But if thou dare  
To touch the children, with two aged foes  
Ignobly wilt thou strive.

IOLAUS.

Be of good cheer,  
Thou hoary Matron, banish these alarms;  
No Herald with an hostile message comes  
From Argos.

ALCMENA.

Why then rais'd you that loud voice,  
The harbinger of fear?

IOLAUS.

That from the temple  
Thou might'st come forth, and join us.

ALCMENA.

What you mean  
I comprehend not. Who is this?

IOLAUS.

He tells us  
Thy Grandson marches hither.

ALCMENA.

Hail, O thou  
Who bear'st these welcome tidings! but what brings him

484 THE CHILDREN OF HERCLES.

To these domains? Where is he? What affairs  
Prevented him from coming hither with thee,  
To fill my soul with transport?

SERVANT.

He now marshals  
The forces which attend him.

ALCMENA.

In this conference  
Am I no longer then allow'd to join?

IOLAUS.

Thou art: but 'tis my business to enquire  
Into these matters.

SERVANT.

Which of his transactions  
Say art thou most solicitous to know?

IOLAUS.

The number of the troops he leads?

SERVANT.

Is great,  
I cannot count them.

IOLAUS.

The Athenian chiefs  
Are sure appriz'd of this.

SERVANT.

They are appriz'd,  
And the left wing is form'd.

IOLAUS.

Then the whole host  
Array'd in arms is ready for the battle.

SERVANT.

The victims to a distance from the ranks  
Already are remov'd.

IOLAUS.

But at what distance  
Is the encampment of the Argive warriors?

SERVANT.

So near that we their leader can distinguish.

IOLAUS.

What is he doing; marshaling our foes?

SERVANT.

This we conjecture: for I could not hear  
His voice: but I must go; for I my Lord  
Will not abandon when he nobly braves  
The dangers of the field.

IOLAUS.

I too with thee  
Will join him; for the same are our intentions,  
As honour bids us, to assist our friends.

SERVANT.

Unwisely hast thou spoken.

IOLAUS.

With my friends  
Shall not I then the stubborn conflict share?

SERVANT.

(12) That strength which erst was thine is now no more.

IOLAUS.

Can I not pierce their shields?

SERVANT.

Thou may'st: but first,  
More likely, fall thyself.

IOLAUS.

No foe will dare  
To meet me face to face.

SERVANT.

By thy mere looks,  
With that debilitated arm, no wound  
Canst thou inflict.

IOLAUS.

My presence in the field

(12) This and the four next lines are arranged in the translation, according to the method of transposing them, recommended in Dr. Musgrave's note, as the connection seems thereby better preserved: they stand in this order, 5, 2, 3, 4, 1, in Barnes, and the other editors.

486 THE CHILDREN OF HERCLES.

Will to our troops give courage, and augment  
Their number.

SERVANT.

Of small service to thy friends

Will thy appearance prove.

IOLAUS.

Detain me not:

I for some glorious action am prepar'd.

SERVANT.

Thou hast the will to act, but not the power.

IOLAUS.

I will not be reproach'd for loitering here,  
Say what thou wilt beside.

SERVANT.

But without arms

How wilt thou face yon warriors sheath'd in mail?

IOLAUS.

The various implements of war are lodg'd  
Beneath these roofs; with freedom will I use,  
And if I live, return them: if I die,  
The God will not demand them back again.  
Go then into the temple, and reach down  
Those martial trappings from the golden nails  
On which they hang, and bring them to me swiftly.  
For this were infamous, while some are fighting,  
If others loiter slothfully behind. [Exit SERVANT.

CHORUS.

Time hath not yet debas'd that lofty soul,  
'Tis vigorous, tho' thy body be decay'd.  
Why should'st thou enter on these fruitless toils,  
Which only injure thee, and to our city  
Can be of little service? on thy age  
Should'st thou reflect, and lay aside attempts  
That are impossible, for by no arts  
The long-lost force of youth canst thou regain.

ALCMENA.

What schemes are these? distemper'd in your mind,

THE CHILDREN OF HERCULES. 487

Me and my Children mean you to abandon?

IOLAUS.

The battle is man's province : to thy care  
Them I consign.

ALCMENA.

But if you die, what means  
Have I of being sav'd?

IOLAUS.

The tender care  
Of the surviving children of thy Son.

ALCMENA.

Should they too meet with some severe mishap,  
Which may the Gods forbid.

IOLAUS.

These generous strangers  
Will not betray thee ; banish every fear.

ALCMENA.

In them I trust: I have no other friend.

IOLAUS.

Jove too, I know, is mindful of thy toils.

ALCMENA.

I will not speak in disrespectful terms  
Of Jove: but whether he his plighted troth  
Have kept, full well he knows.

SERVANT (*returning*).

Thou here behold'st  
The brazen panoply, now haste to sheathe  
Thy limbs in mail ; the battle is at hand,  
And Mars detests a loiterer : if thou fear  
Accoutrements so ponderous, to the field  
Advance disarm'd, nor till thou join the ranks  
Wear these unwieldy trappings ; for meantime  
I in my hands their burden will sustain.

IOLAUS.

Well hast thou spoken ; with those arms attend me  
Ready for the encounter, place a spear

488 THE CHILDREN OF HERCULES.

In my right hand, and under my left arm  
Hold me, and guide my steps,

SERVANT.

Shall I conduct  
A warrior like a child?

IOLAUS.

I must tread sure,  
Else 'twere an evil omen.

SERVANT.

Would thy power  
Equal'd thy zeal.

IOLAUS.

Haste: greatly 'twill afflict me  
If, left behind, I cannot join the fray.

SERVANT.

Slow are thy steps, and hence thou deem'st I move not.

IOLAUS.

Behold'st thou not the swiftness of my pace?

SERVANT.

Thou to thyself I see appear'st to hasten,  
Altho' thou gain'st no ground.

IOLAUS.

When in the field  
Thou seest me, thou wilt own I speak the truth.

SERVANT.

What great exploit atchieving? I could wish  
That thou might'st prove victorious.

IOLAUS.

Thro' his shield  
Some foe transfixing.

SERVANT.

We at length may reach  
Th' embattled plain, but this I greatly fear.

IOLAUS.

Ah, would to Heaven, that thou, my wither'd arm,  
Again wert vigorous, as in former days

Thee I remember, when thou didst lay waste  
 The (13) Spartan realms with Hercules; thus fight  
 My battles now, and singly will I triumph  
 Over Eurystheus, for that dastard fears  
 To face the dangers of th' embattled field:  
 Too apt in our ideas to unite  
 Valour with wealth, yet to the prosperous man  
 Superior wisdom falsely we ascribe.

[*Exeunt IOLAUS and SERVANT.*

CHORUS.

O D E.

I i.

O fostering Earth, resplendent Moon,  
 Who gladd'st the dreary shades of night,  
 And thou, enthron'd at broadest noon,  
 Hyperion, 'midst exhaustless light,  
 To me propitious tidings bring,  
 Raise to the skies a festive sound,  
 And waft the gladsome notes around,  
 Till, from the palace of our King,  
 They echo thro' Minerva's fane:  
 My house, my country, to maintain  
 Against the ruthless spoiler's pride,  
 Menac'd because this realm extends  
 Protection to its suppliant friends,  
 I with the sword our contest will decide.

(13) "This passage refers to the history which relates that Hercules, on account of their having slain his Cousin Oeonitis, Son of Lycymnus Alcmena's Brother, made war on the Sons of Hippocoon and Lacedæmon, and having overcome them, and taken the city of Sparta, reduced it under the dominion of Tyndarus, with whom he nearly connected himself by marriage, taking to Wife Deianira, the Daughter of Oeneus and Althea, and Niece of Leda. See Scholiast on the Orestes of Euripides, v. 457, Pausanias Lacon, p. 244, ed. Kuhnif, and Apollodorus, L. ii, c. 7, §. 3, after taking Pylos, Hercules fought against Sparta, wishing to punish the Sons of Hippocoon; which is here spoken of by Euripides, because he was not fond of the Lacedæmonians."

BURKE.

490 THE CHILDREN OF HERCULES.

I. 2.

Altho' there seem just cause for dread,  
When cities like Mycene blest  
Whose triumphs fame hath widely spread  
Enter this region to invest  
Our bulwarks, harbouring ruthless hate.  
Think, O my country, think what shame,  
Should we reject the suppliant's claim  
Appall'd by Argos' haughty state.  
Resistless Jove shall aid the spear  
I brandish unappall'd by fear;  
The tribute of eternal praise  
From all that breathe, to him is due:  
Nor magnified by our weak view  
Shall men above the Gods their trophies raise.

II. 1.

Descend with venerable mien,  
O thou our Guardian and our Queen,  
For on thy fostering soil we stand,  
These walls were rear'd by thy command,  
Drive from our menac'd gates the lawless host,  
Suppress that Argive tyrant's boast;  
For if by you unaided, is this hand  
Too weak their fury to withstand.

II. 2.

Thee, O Minerys, we adore,  
Thy altar ever streams with gore;  
We on each Moon's concluding day  
To thee our public homage pay;  
Thro' every fane harmonious numbers sound,  
Sweet minstrelsy then breathes around,  
And th' echoing hills their nightly dance repeat  
As the Nymphs move with agile feet.

SERVANT, ALCMENA, CHORUS.

SERVANT.

O royal Dame, the message that to you

THE CHILDREN OF HERCULES 491

I bring, is both concise, and what reflects  
On me abundant glory to relate,  
In fight have we prevail'd, and trophies rear'd  
On which the armour of your foes is hung.

ALCMENA.

This day hath brought thee hither, O my friend,  
Thy freedom for such tidings to receive :  
But one anxiety there still remains  
To which thou leav'st me subject ; much I fear  
For the important lives of those I love.

SERVANT.

They live, and have obtain'd from all the host  
The greatest fame.

ALCMENA.

And Iolaus too

My aged friend ?

SERVANT.

Yet more, he hath perform'd  
Thro' the peculiar favour of the Gods  
Exploits most memorable.

ALCMENA.

What glorious deed  
Hath he atchiev'd in fight ?

SERVANT.

From an old man,

He is grown young again.

ALCMENA.

Thou speak'st of things  
Most wonderful. But first, how fought our friends  
With such success, I wish thee to inform me.

SERVANT.

All that hath pass'd, at once will I relate :  
When, to each other in the field oppos'd,  
We had arrang'd both armies, and spread forth  
The van of battle to its full extent,  
Hyllus alighting from his chariot, stood  
In the mid-way 'twixt either host, and cried ;

## 492 THE CHILDREN OF HERCULES.

“ Thou leader of the Argive troops, who com’st  
“ With hostile fury to invade this land,  
“ Thy interests recommend what I propose,  
“ Nor can Mycene suffer from the loss  
“ If thou deprive her of a single warrior;  
“ Therefore with me encounter hand to hand,  
“ And if thou slay me, seize and bear away  
“ The Sons of Hercules; but if thou die,  
“ My palace and hereditary rank  
“ Permit me to enjoy.” The troops assented,  
And prais’d what he had spoken as the means  
Of finishing their labours, and a proof  
Of his exalted courage. But Eurystheus  
Unmov’d by reverence for th’ assembled host  
Who heard the challenge, and with terror smitten,  
Forgot the General’s part, nor dar’d to face  
The lifted spear, but acted like a dastard:  
Yet he who was thus destitute of courage  
Came to enslave the Sons of Hercules.  
Hyllus again retreated to his rank;  
The Prophets too, when they perceiv’d no peace  
Could be effected by a single combat,  
Without delay the blooming Virgin slew,  
Auspicious victim, from whose pallid lips  
Her trembling spirit fled. The lofty car  
Some mounted, o’er their sides while others flung  
Their bucklers to protect them. To his host,  
Meantime the King of Athens, in a strain  
Worthy of his exalted courage, spoke:  
“ Ye citizens, the land to which ye owe  
“ Your nourishment and birth, now claims your aid.”  
Equally loth to sully the renown  
Of Argos and Mycene, in like terms  
The Foe besought his partners of the war  
Their utmost vigour to exert. No sooner  
Had the loud signal by Etruria’s trump  
Been given, than they in thickest battle join’d.

## THE CHILDREN OF HERCULES. 493

Think with what crash their brazen shields resounded,  
What groans and intermingled shouts were heard!  
First thro' our lines the host of Argos burst,  
And in their turn gave way: then foot to foot,  
And man to man oppos'd, in stubborn conflict  
We all persisted: multitudes were slain.  
But in this language either Chief his troops  
Encourag'd; " O ye citizens of Athens,  
" O ye who till the fruitful Argive field,  
" Will ye not from your native land repel  
" The foul disgrace?" But with our utmost efforts  
Scarce could we put to flight the Aigive host.  
When Iolaus saw young Hyllus break  
The ranks of battle, he with lifted hands  
Entreated him to place him in his car,  
Then seiz'd the reins, and onward in pursuit  
Of the swift coursers of Eurystheus drove.  
As to the sequel; from report alone  
Let others speak, I tell what I have seen:  
(14) While thro' Pallenè's streets he pass'd, where rise  
Minerva's altars, soon as he descried  
The chariot of Eurystheus, he a prayer  
Address'd to blooming Hebe, and to Jove,  
That for that single day he might recover

(14) The Pallenè here spoken of, by the slight accounts of it which Brodæus has collected from Stephanus Byzantinus and Herodotus, appears to have been a small town in Attica, situated between Athens and Marathon, the scene of this Tragedy. Athenæus, in his sixth book, mentions the inscriptions on some votive offerings in this temple at Pallenè, which Dalechamp, one of his commentators, confounds with Pellene, in Achæa. In vain do we recur to Strabo for farther particulars; the Pallenè spoken of in the gleanings subjoined, in Causabon's edition, to his seventh book, being the peninsula in Macedon, otherwise called Phlegra, where the battle was fought between the Gods and Giants. From Minerva being called by Eurystheus, in the last scene of this Tragedy, the Pallenian Goddess, we must infer that the temple there erected to her was one of the most celebrated in the Athenian territories, which it is well known were crowded with her altars, she being considered as the tutelar Deity of the land, and having given her name to its capital city.

The pristine vigour of his youth, and punish  
 His foes as they deserve. You now shall hear  
 What a miraculous event ensued ;  
 Two stars 'bove Iolaus' chariot stood,  
 And overshadow'd it with gloomy clouds,  
 Which, by the wise 'tis said, were Hercules  
 Your Son, and blooming Hebe : from that mist  
 Which veil'd the skies, the Chief grown young again,  
 Display'd his vigorous arms, and near the rocks  
 Of Scyron, seiz'd Eurystheus in his car.  
 Binding his hands with chains, he hither brings  
 The Argive tyrant, a distinguish'd prize,  
 Who once was happy ; but on all mankind  
 Loudly inculcates by his present fortunes  
 This lesson ; not too rashly to ascribe  
 Felicity to him who in appearance  
 Is prosperous, but to wait till we behold  
 His close of life ; for Fortune day by day  
 Doth waver.

## CHORUS.

Thou great author of success,  
 O Jove, at length am I allow'd to view  
 The day, by which my terrors are dispell'd.

## ALCMENA.

'Twas late indeed, when thou, O Jove, didst look  
 On my afflictions ; yet am I to thee  
 Most grateful for the kindness thou hast shewn me.  
 And tho' I erst believ'd not that my Son  
 Dwells with the Gods, I clearly know it now.  
 Now, O my Children, ye from all your toils  
 Shall be set free, and of Eurystheus, doom'd  
 With shame to perish, burst the galling yoke,  
 Behold your Father's city, the rich fields  
 Of your inheritance again possess,  
 And sacrifice to your paternal Gods,  
 From whom excluded, in a foreign land  
 Ye led a'wandering miserable life.

But with what sage design yet undispos'd,  
 Hath Iolaus spar'd Eurystheus' life,  
 Inform me: for to us it seems unwise  
 Not to avenge our wrongs when we have caught  
 Our enemies.

## SERVANT.

He thro' respect to you  
 Hath acted thus, that you might see the Tyrant  
 Vanquish'd, and render'd subject to your power,  
 Not by his own consent, but in the yoke  
 Bound by Necessity; for he was loth  
 To come into your presence, ere he bleed,  
 And suffer as he merits. But farewell,  
 O venerable Matron, and remember  
 The promise you first made when I began  
 These tidings, and O set me free: for nought  
 But truth should from ingenuous lips proceed.

[Exit SERVANT.

## CHORUS.

## O D E.

## I. 1.

To me the choral song is sweet,  
 When the shrill flute and genial banquet meet,  
 If Venus also grace the festive board:  
 I taste a more refin'd delight  
 Now I behold my friends (transporting sight !)  
 To unexpected happiness restor'd.  
 For in this nether world, eventful Fate,  
 And Saturn's offspring Time, full many a change create.

## I. 2.

Follow the plain and beaten way,  
 From Justice, O my country, never stray,  
 Nor cease the Powers immortal to revere.  
 To heights scarce short of frenzy rise  
 The errors of that mortal, who denies  
 Assent to truths confirm'd by proofs so clear.

496 THE CHILDREN OF HERCULES.

Jove's power by signal judgements is desir'd,  
Oft as his vengeance blasts the towering crest of pride.

II. 1.

In heavenly mansions with the blest,  
Thy Son, O venerable Dame, doth rest ;  
He hath confuted those invidious tales,  
That to loath'd Pluto's house he came  
Soon as he perish'd in that dreadful flame : (15)  
He under roofs of burnish'd gold regales,  
On the soft couch of lovely Hebe plac'd ;  
Them two, both sprung from Jove, O Hymen, thou  
hast grac'd.

II. 2.

Events, which strike man's wondering eyes,  
From a variety of causes rise.  
For fame relates, how Pallas sav'd the Sire,  
And from her city far renown'd,  
Her race, protection have the Children found ;  
She hath suppress'd th' o'erweening Tyrant's ire,  
Whose violence no laws could e'er control ;  
Curse on such boundless pride, that fever of the soul.

MESSENGER, EURYSTHEUS, ALCMENA,  
CHORUS.

MESSENGER.

Your eyes indeed behold, O royal Dame,  
Yet shall this tongue declare, that we have brought  
Eurystheus hither, unexpected sight,  
Reverse of fortune his presumptuous soul  
Foresaw not, this oppressor little deem'd  
That he should ever fall into your hands,  
When from Mycene, by the Cyclops' toil

(15) "On mount Oeta, where Hercules, tortured by the poisoned  
"vest which the Centaur Nessus had given to Deianira, threw himself  
"into a funereal pyre, and was burnt to death. See Apollodorus,  
"Natalis Comes' Mythology, the Trachiniae of Sophocles, and Seneca's  
"Hercules Oetaeus." BARNES.

Erected, he those squadrons led, and hop'd  
 With pride o'erweening to lay Athens waste ;  
 But Heaven our situation hath revers'd :  
 And therefore with exulting Hyllus joins  
 The valiant Iolaus, in erecting  
 Trophies to Jove the author of our conquest.  
 But they to you commanded me to lead  
 This captive, wishing to delight your soul :  
 For 'tis most grateful to behold a foe  
 Fall'n from the height of gay prosperity.

## ALCMENA.

Com'st thou, detested wretch ? at length hath Justice  
 O'ertaken thee ? First bither turn thy head,  
 And dare to face thine enemies : for, dwindled  
 Into a vassal, thou no longer rul'st.  
 Art thou the Man (for I would know the truth)  
 Who did'st presume to heap unnumber'd wrongs,  
 Thou author of all mischief, on my Son  
 While yet he liv'd, whereever now resides  
 His dauntless spirit ? For in what one instance  
 Didst thou not injure him ? At thy command,  
 Alive he trayell'd to th' infernal shades ;  
 Thou sent'st, and didst commission him to slay  
 Hydras and Lions. Various other mischiefs,  
 Which were by thee contriv'd, I mention not,  
 For an attempt to speak of them at large  
 Would be full tedious. Nor was it enough  
 For thee to venture on these wrongs alone,  
 But thou, moreover, from each Grecian state  
 Me and these Children hast expell'd, tho' seated  
 As suppliants at the altars of the Gods,  
 Confounding those whose locks are grey thro' age  
 With tender infants. But thou here hast found  
 Those who were men indeed, and a free city  
 Which fear'd thee not. Thou wretchedly shalt perish,  
 And pay this bitter usury to atone

500 . THE CHILDREN OF HERCULES.

That after I had wearied out and slain  
Those I abhor'd, I might no longer lead  
A life of fear : for well I knew thy Son  
Was no mere cypher, but a man indeed :  
Tho' strong my hate, on him will I confer  
The praise he merits from his valiant deeds.  
But after he was dead, was I not forc'd,  
Because I was a foe to these his Sons,  
And knew what bitter enmity 'gainst me  
They from their Sire inherited, to leave  
No stone unturn'd, to slay, to banish them,  
And plot their ruin? Could I have succeeded  
In these designs, my throne had stood secure.  
If thou my prosperous station hadst obtain'd,  
Would'st thou not have attempted to hunt down  
The lion's whelps, instead of suffering them  
At Argos unmolested to reside ?  
Thou canst prevail on no man to give credit  
To such assertions : therefore, since my foes  
Forbore to slay me, when prepar'd to lose  
My life in battle ; by the laws of Greece,  
If I now die, my blood will fix a stain  
Of lasting guilt on him who murders me.  
This city hath discreetly spar'd my life,  
More influenc'd by its reverence for the Gods  
Than by the hatred which to me it bears.  
My answer to the charges thou hast urg'd  
Against me, having heard, esteem me now  
A suppliant, and tho' wretched, still a King,  
For such is my condition : tho' to die  
I wish not, yet can I without regret  
Surrender up my life.

CHORUS.

To you, Alcmena,

A little wholesome counsel would I give,  
This captive Monarch to release, since such  
The pleasure of the city.

ALCMENA.

If he die,  
And to the mandates of th' Athenian realm  
I still submit, what mischief can ensue?

CHORUS.

'Twere best of all. But how can these two things  
Be reconcil'd?

ALCMENA.

I will inform you how  
This may with ease be done. I, to his friends,  
When slain will yield him up, and with this land  
Comply in the disposal of his corse:  
But he shall die to sate my just revenge.

EURYSTHEUS.

Destroy me if thou wilt; to thee I sue not:  
But on this city, since it spar'd my life  
Thro' pious reverence, and forbore to slay me,  
Will I bestow an antient oracle  
Of Phœbus, which in future times shall prove  
More advantageous than ye now suppose;  
For after death, so have the Fates decreed,  
My corse shall ye infer before the temple  
Of the (17) Pallenian maid: to you a friend  
And guardian of your city, shall I rest  
Beneath this soil for ever; but a foe  
To those who spring from this detested race  
When with their armies they invade this land (18),  
Requiting with ingratitude your kindness:  
Such strangers ye protect.—But thus forewarn'd,  
Why came I hither? Thro' a fond belief  
That Juno was with far superior power  
To each oracular response endued;

(17) Minerva.

(18) Which the Lacedæmodians, the descendants of the Heraclides,  
"did more than once, during the time of the Peloponnesian war."

MUSGRAVE.

502 THE CHILDREN OF HERCULES.

And that my cause she ne'er would have betray'd.  
On me waste no libations, nor let gore  
Be pour'd forth on the spot of my interment,  
For I to punish these their impious deeds,  
Will cause them with dishonour to return :  
From me shall ye receive a double gain,  
For you I will assist, and prove to them  
Most baneful e'en in death.

ALCMENA.

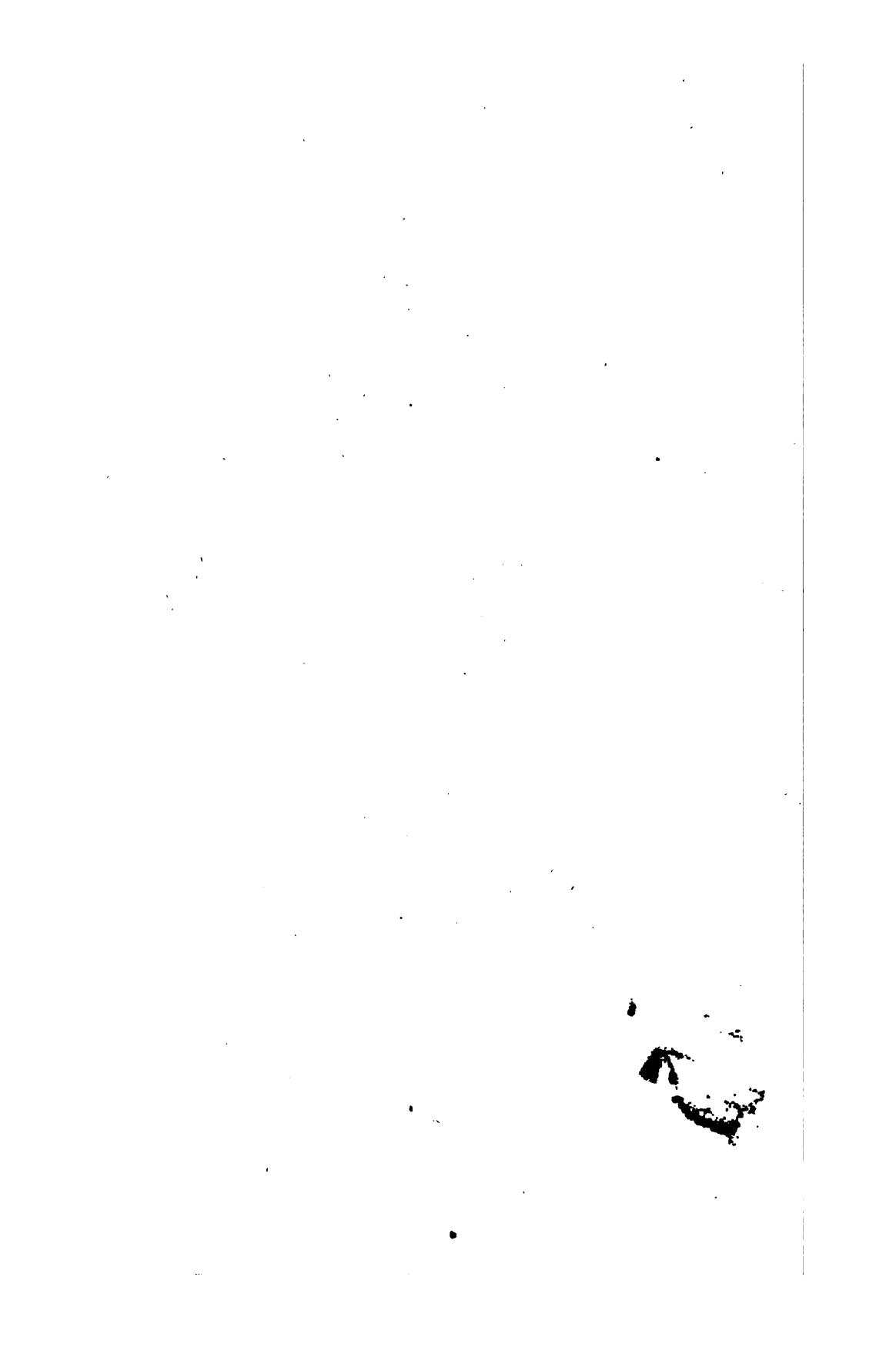
Why are ye loth  
To slay this man, if what ye hear be true,  
That welfare to this city hence will spring,  
And your posterity? For he points out  
The safest road. Alive he is a foe,  
But after he is dead will prove a friend.  
Ye servants bear him hence, and to the dogs  
Cast forth without delay his breathless corse :  
Think not, presumptuous wretch, that thou shalt live  
Again t' expel me from my native land.

CHORUS.

With this am I well pleas'd. My followers, go.  
For hence in our King's sight shall we stand guiltless.

END OF VOL. II.









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